WELCOME TO THE CHICAGO THE
CHICAGO

THE CHICAGO FOLIOS

A SOURCEBOOK FOR

VAMPIRE

THE MASQUERADE

THE CHICAGO FOLIOS

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Modern Times

On the side of a dirt road just outside of Chicago, three dead people staked a bright white cross into the ground. From afar, it looked no different than any other roadside memorial, both a sign of mourning and a warning to others. On closer inspection, perhaps they would realize that the name on the cross, Randy Zelley, belonged to a man that died in the middle of the last century.

In truth, he had only died a week ago, at the hands of an Anarch enforcer. He sacrificed himself so the Wolf Pack could escape and safely deliver the Prince's childe to the Seattle Camarilla. In doing so, he saved Tyrus and thwarted a vision of the future.

A vampire worth their salt has no body to bury, and this was true for Randy, or Ramrod, as the Wolfpack knew him. The Pack attempted to collect his ashes on the return trip, but by then it had mixed into the soil of the cornfield where he was murdered. His killer disposed of most of his clothing and his personal items, but they found his comb and belt. Ramrod's packmate, Dread, placed them in front of the cross.

Nadine threw the soil and ash mixture above the cross. A cold wind blew most of it away. She made the sign of the cross, the first time since her brother died six months ago.

Tyrus smoked the last of his cigarette and flicked it away. "I should say something, right?"

Dread answered, "By all means."

"Ramrod was a good guy. Always talked big, but that's what I liked about him. Most of the time, he really could pull it off, even to the end."

Dread nodded. "We've lost a lot of good people. A-Rod. Sledge. Inyanga."

"Inyanga isn't dead," Tyrus said, "Just in some desert."

"From what I hear about what's going on there? She might as well be."

"I'm done," Nadine said. She turned and started to walk back to her motorcycle. "I can't do this."

"What do you mean you're done?" Tyrus asked.

Nadine stopped. "I'm quitting. I'm leaving. I mean, why am I even here now? Mom and Dad? They're gone. Ray's gone. Now it's Ramrod. It's just me now, and I'm going to live forever and it's always going to be like this. I'll have to kill people and eat them. I have to watch them die. It was fine when I was with someone close, it was even *fun*. But now it's just me! I have to live with this!"

Dread said, "It's not just you, Nadine. There's me, and there's Tyrus. We're the Wolf Pack, and we will pull through this together."

She said, "You don't have to make me feel better."

"I'm telling the truth. Ramrod had many ghouls, but he only sired you. That's because you're a survivor, and he could see that. You belong here, Nadine."

"Ok." She nodded her head. "I'll give it another shot."

"All right," Tyrus said. "If we're all good, it's time to see the Prince."

Prince Jackson asked the entire Wolf Pack to give the report in a private room in the Succubus Club, which was the first sign something was wrong. If he couldn't use secured cell phones or coded messages to communicate, he'd settle for one-on-one meetings in public places, under a bodyguard's watch. A group debriefing in a building too-large to easily escape from meant that he was either about to give the gang a lavish reward or harsh punishment. Dread expected the latter.

Jackson insisted that only Tyrus could tell the full story. He explained everything as the Prince sat stone-faced across from them at the table. Dread and Nadine watched with a nervous silence.

When Tyrus finished, the Prince clasped his hands and leaned forward.

He said, "I gave you all a very simple task. I could have sent anyone to do it, but I chose you all. Do you know why?"

Nadine started to speak, but Jackson said, "I want to hear this from Tyrus."

Tyrus shrugged. "You needed us out of the city while you broke bread with the Lasombra."

"I wanted to see if Chicago's Archons could do *something* without drawing trouble." Jackson stood up and circled the table. "As you completed your mission, you were seen speaking with agents of Indianapolis' Ministry, one of which is rumored to be your childe, Tyrus. You all sparked a conflict with Gary's Anarchs, which ended in a fake bomb threat and a casualty. One of your own, in fact."

He stood at the head of the table once more. "We are the vanguard of the Camarilla's future. We're the example the entire world looks to. Do you think you're living up to that?"

"Darius got to Seattle," Tyrus said. "Job's done. That's what matters."

The Prince slammed his hands on the table. "No! Maybe that was good enough for Lodin, but not for me! If you can't do it cleanly, I have no use for you."

"Call a Justicar." Dread's voice was quiet but tinged with fury.

Jackson narrowed his eyes. Dread wasn't sure if the Prince was offended that he spoke out of turn, or surprised that the Gangrel spoke up at all.

Dread locked his gaze with the Prince. "It's proper procedure. A Justicar liquidates us, chooses a successor, and life goes on. But which one? Geoffrey walked out with Theo years ago. Once the city knows we're ash, everyone will wonder which clan you chose to replace us, and why. So you either have to take it further upstairs to keep the peace, or you do something right here, right now."

After a moment of uncomfortable silence, Prince Jackson stood up and crossed his arms.

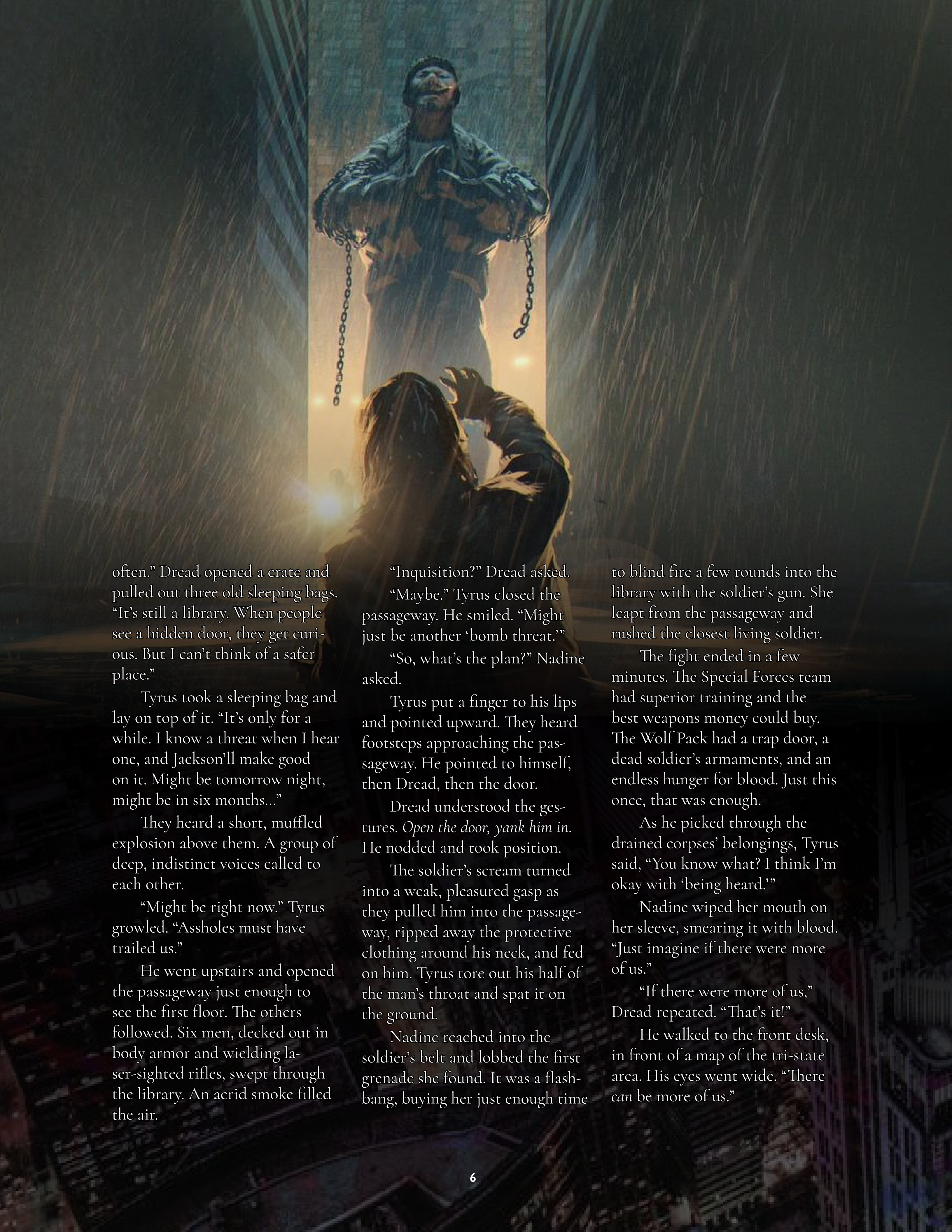
"Fine," he said. "I won't do anything now. But you'll need to *prove* to me that I should keep you around. Now, get out of my sight."

As the Wolf Pack rose to leave, he added, "If you keep going loud, somebody's going to hear you. Remember that."

Within the Rock Island Public Library, the entrance to a secret passageway hid between the media center and the front desk. It led to a bomb shelter, where the town's citizens were expected to hunker down if the Cold War went hot. These days, it was Dread's home away from the road. Tonight, it was going to be the Wolf Pack's refuge.

"You never told me about this place, Dread," Nadine said. She turned on the lights and saw drab, stone walls and some crates.

"I try not to come here too



often." Dread opened a crate and pulled out three old sleeping bags. "It's still a library. When people see a hidden door, they get curious. But I can't think of a safer place."

Tyrus took a sleeping bag and lay on top of it. "It's only for a while. I know a threat when I hear one, and Jackson'll make good on it. Might be tomorrow night, might be in six months..."

They heard a short, muffled explosion above them. A group of deep, indistinct voices called to each other.

"Might be right now." Tyrus growled. "Assholes must have trailed us."

He went upstairs and opened the passageway just enough to see the first floor. The others followed. Six men, decked out in body armor and wielding laser-sighted rifles, swept through the library. An acrid smoke filled the air.

"Inquisition?" Dread asked.

"Maybe." Tyrus closed the passageway. He smiled. "Might just be another 'bomb threat.'"

"So, what's the plan?" Nadine asked.

Tyrus put a finger to his lips and pointed upward. They heard footsteps approaching the passageway. He pointed to himself, then Dread, then the door.

Dread understood the gestures. *Open the door, yank him in*. He nodded and took position.

The soldier's scream turned into a weak, pleasured gasp as they pulled him into the passageway, ripped away the protective clothing around his neck, and fed on him. Tyrus tore out his half of the man's throat and spat it on the ground.

Nadine reached into the soldier's belt and lobbed the first grenade she found. It was a flashbang, buying her just enough time to blind fire a few rounds into the library with the soldier's gun. She leapt from the passageway and rushed the closest living soldier.

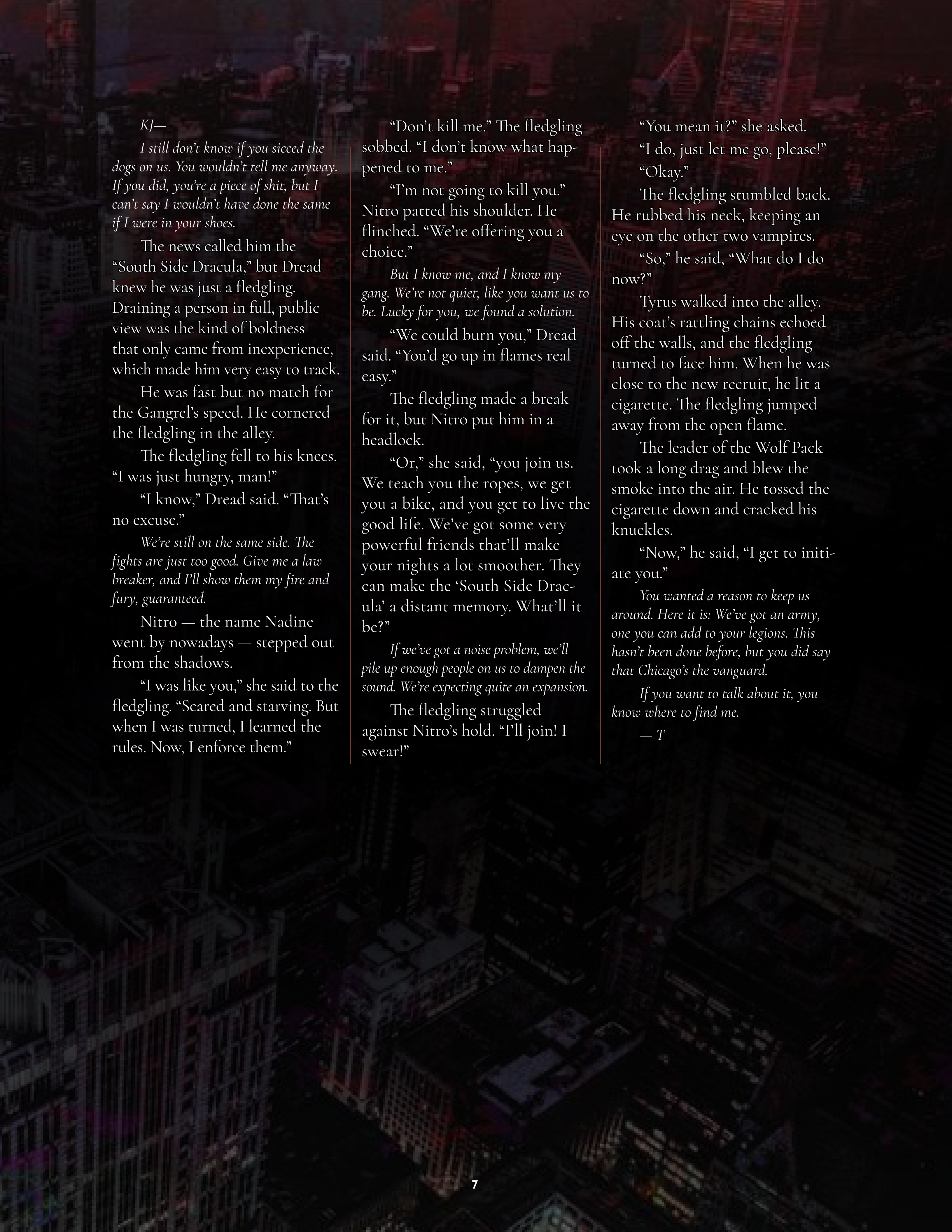
The fight ended in a few minutes. The Special Forces team had superior training and the best weapons money could buy. The Wolf Pack had a trap door, a dead soldier's armaments, and an endless hunger for blood. Just this once, that was enough.

As he picked through the drained corpses' belongings, Tyrus said, "You know what? I think I'm okay with 'being heard.'"

Nadine wiped her mouth on her sleeve, smearing it with blood. "Just imagine if there were more of us."

"If there were more of us," Dread repeated. "That's it!"

He walked to the front desk, in front of a map of the tri-state area. His eyes went wide. "There *can* be more of us."



KJ—

I still don't know if you sicced the dogs on us. You wouldn't tell me anyway. If you did, you're a piece of shit, but I can't say I wouldn't have done the same if I were in your shoes.

The news called him the "South Side Dracula," but Dread knew he was just a fledgling. Draining a person in full, public view was the kind of boldness that only came from inexperience, which made him very easy to track.

He was fast but no match for the Gangrel's speed. He cornered the fledgling in the alley.

The fledgling fell to his knees. "I was just hungry, man!"

"I know," Dread said. "That's no excuse."

We're still on the same side. The fights are just too good. Give me a law breaker, and I'll show them my fire and fury, guaranteed.

Nitro — the name Nadine went by nowadays — stepped out from the shadows.

"I was like you," she said to the fledgling. "Scared and starving. But when I was turned, I learned the rules. Now, I enforce them."

"Don't kill me." The fledgling sobbed. "I don't know what happened to me."

"I'm not going to kill you." Nitro patted his shoulder. He flinched. "We're offering you a choice."

But I know me, and I know my gang. We're not quiet, like you want us to be. Lucky for you, we found a solution.

"We could burn you," Dread said. "You'd go up in flames real easy."

The fledgling made a break for it, but Nitro put him in a headlock.

"Or," she said, "you join us. We teach you the ropes, we get you a bike, and you get to live the good life. We've got some very powerful friends that'll make your nights a lot smoother. They can make the 'South Side Dracula' a distant memory. What'll it be?"

If we've got a noise problem, we'll pile up enough people on us to dampen the sound. We're expecting quite an expansion.

The fledgling struggled against Nitro's hold. "I'll join! I swear!"

"You mean it?" she asked.

"I do, just let me go, please!"

"Okay."

The fledgling stumbled back. He rubbed his neck, keeping an eye on the other two vampires.

"So," he said, "What do I do now?"

Tyrus walked into the alley. His coat's rattling chains echoed off the walls, and the fledgling turned to face him. When he was close to the new recruit, he lit a cigarette. The fledgling jumped away from the open flame.

The leader of the Wolf Pack took a long drag and blew the smoke into the air. He tossed the cigarette down and cracked his knuckles.

"Now," he said, "I get to initiate you."

You wanted a reason to keep us around. Here it is: We've got an army, one you can add to your legions. This hasn't been done before, but you did say that Chicago's the vanguard.

If you want to talk about it, you know where to find me.

— T

CHICAGO
WELCOME TO THE CHICAGO THE

Introduction

“Camarilla is just a word. But as long as everyone believes it means something, we’re all good and safe. Do you want to be something in this town? Then you have to decide what you want people to believe about you.”

— Alan Sovereign, in conversation with his childe Milena Aronyan

A domain as vast as Chicago can feel intimidating to its resident vampires. It’s easy to get lost in the city’s many streets, alleys, underground passages, and great Elysia.

The domain might also intimidate a Storyteller. When presented with a book like **Chicago by Night**, the scope of the geography, politics, plots, and characters might seem overwhelming.

A Storyteller doesn’t have to utilize every character, chronicle thread, or corner of the city. For the Storyteller running their first chronicle or wanting to introduce a handful of tightly-knit, interesting characters, this book, **The Chicago Folios**, is an excellent place to start.

You will find seeds and hooks here to fuel your stories for dozens of chronicles, with characters who can drop in and out of the plot as you see fit. They can be merged with the ideas in **Chicago by Night** and **Let the Streets Run Red** or stand alone. While there are crossover elements between all three books, each works as a sole volume.

Chronicle Rewards

Many of the chronicles seeded throughout this book describe how certain actions might yield dots in Backgrounds, Advantages, and occasionally Flaws. The awarding of these dots should be temporary, ending when the session or chronicle ends depending on the dots’ nature. However, the Storyteller should give the players the option of making these dots permanent through the expenditure of experience points.

Entering the City

The Chicago Folios are a deep selection of chronicle hooks, illustrative pieces of in-game fiction, character biographies and stat blocks, and new powers for you to play with in **Vampire: The Masquerade**. Any of this information can be altered or transposed to any other domain, so please use a character in your city or a plot for your coterie. Change place names, character ambitions, and clans: This book encourages you to use it as you wish for **Vampire: The Masquerade**.

- **Introduction** — It’s good to see you here.
- **Modern Times** — Follow the dangerous path of the Wolf Pack, Gangrel members of the Camarilla Archons and personal dogs of war for Prince Jackson of Chicago.

- **Chapter One: The Camarilla Record** — Chronicle hooks and characters focusing on the politicking of the Camarilla and what happens when Traditions get broken.
- **Chapter Two: The Anarch Accounts** — Multiple story seeds for Anarch-themed chronicles, ranging from sabotage and assassination to liberation and freedom from Camarilla rule.
- **Chapter Three: Independent and Mortal Perspectives** — Chronicles involving mortal investigations into the city's Kindred problem, and activities concerning the few Hecata and Caitiff of the domain.
- **Chapter Four: Heretical Threats and Observations** — Plentiful chronicle hooks encompassing Kindred religions of all stripes and banners, from the Church of Caine and Bahari to the Cult of Mithras and the thin-blooded Ashfinders.
- **Chapter Five: Character Folios** — Over 20 individual vampires with their own stories of life and undeath, each with their own plots and intrigues, and every one of them with a unique stat block. These characters are perfect for inclusion as supporting characters and antagonists in your games.
- **Chapter Six: Loresheets** — Several fresh Loresheets connecting to characters, events, organizations, and esoterica from Chicago and the surrounding area, all usable from character creation onward.
- **Chapter Seven: Blood Sorcery Rituals** — New Blood Sorcery Rituals to expand the range of those introduced in **Vampire: The Masquerade**. Though created by the vampires of Clan Tremere, any vampire with a Mawla who practices Blood Sorcery might find some new toys with which to play in this chapter.

Setting your Stories in Chicago

Chicago is an iconic city for **Vampire: The Masquerade**, and may therefore feel daunting to the prospective Storyteller. **Chicago by Night** provides dozens of characters and story hooks, and this book expands the content even further. A Storyteller might look at all these options and feel paralyzed with indecisiveness or overwhelmed with options.

There is, however, no need for such concern.

This book is a toolbox, and just as when you need to build or mend a machine, you only require the tools for the job. Everything else can stay in the box until it's needed. Consider the type of story you're hoping to run and which characters from this book (or any of its fellow sourcebooks) fit the task ahead.

The following examples provide advice for setting stories in Chicago without drowning in its depth of content.

Intimate Stories

Are you aiming to participate in an intimate game of personal horror, mainly focusing on the player characters and their mortal contacts? In that case, select one of the non-political stories in this book, such as **Oh Brother** (p. XX), and populate the supporting cast with kine the characters know and one or two other vampires, such as Claudi Aymerich (p. XX) and Shejana (p. XX) as detailed in that section of **The Chicago Folios**. You do not need to familiarize yourself with every Elysium in the city, the movers and shakers on the Primogen Council, or the aspirations of Prince Jackson. Such a story will be entirely confined to areas the characters know and affect SPCs in their immediate orbit, to make any threat seem pressing.

If you intend to create a story wholesale but use a character from this book to help flesh it out, select someone like Mateo Garcia (p. XX) or Amelia Locke (p. XX) as they're both apolitical and can add flavor to any story, the former showing the horrifying lows vampires sink to and the latter offering a form of hope and love in their behavior and activities. Do not feel you need to have player characters attending the Succubus Club and rubbing shoulders with every Toreador in the domain if the intimate story you have in mind is about the fear of losing Touchstones or the drama and terror of sating your Hunger.

Thrilling Stories

The Chicago Folios is filled with threats, whether they're aimed at player character areas of concern or the entire city. Stories surrounding the hunt for a killer or flight from the same, the urgent protection of loved ones or a mystery in need of solving can energize players. **Reopening a Cold Case** (p. XX) and **Bad Medicine** (p. XX) each deal with a different kind of mystery that can be played as time sensitive. When a mortal is snooping around Kindred affairs or hunters target vampire havens, the pressure to handle the situation escalates.

When running tales involving thrills and suspense, a Storyteller should consider expanding the roster of characters from the intimate one or two to provide background detail. They would also benefit from noting down the key points of a handful of locations around the city, perhaps because bodies are going to be found at those sites, or those are the places an illicit handover is destined to take place.

Characters such as Eustace Lancaster (p. XX) and Zal (p. XX) make for interesting characters to throw into a story where the PCs need to be on edge. Both are characters teetering on the brink of alien or monstrous behavior. Ensuring the player characters can't trust the word or motives of those around them is a good way to ratchet up suspense.

Stories of Faith

Chicago is not a center of worship for any major religion, Kindred or otherwise, making any stories of introspection, searches for enlightenment, and encounters with the miraculous all the more special and inviting. Stories where a Golconda-seeker appears in Elysium or a wise elder claims to know the best method by which one can chain up the Beast appeal to many vampires in a city as dense and jaded as Chicago.

If your story focuses on faith, again, there's no necessity to use this entire book or the whole roster of Kindred from **Chicago by Night**. Research the city, find three or four places or worship — churches, synagogues, mosques, or even community centers — so you can adequately describe the appearance and feel of such a place, along with their proximity to other amenities. Then, select Kindred such as Salt (p. XX) or Arden Canty (p. XX) to act as counsel or adversary to the player characters.

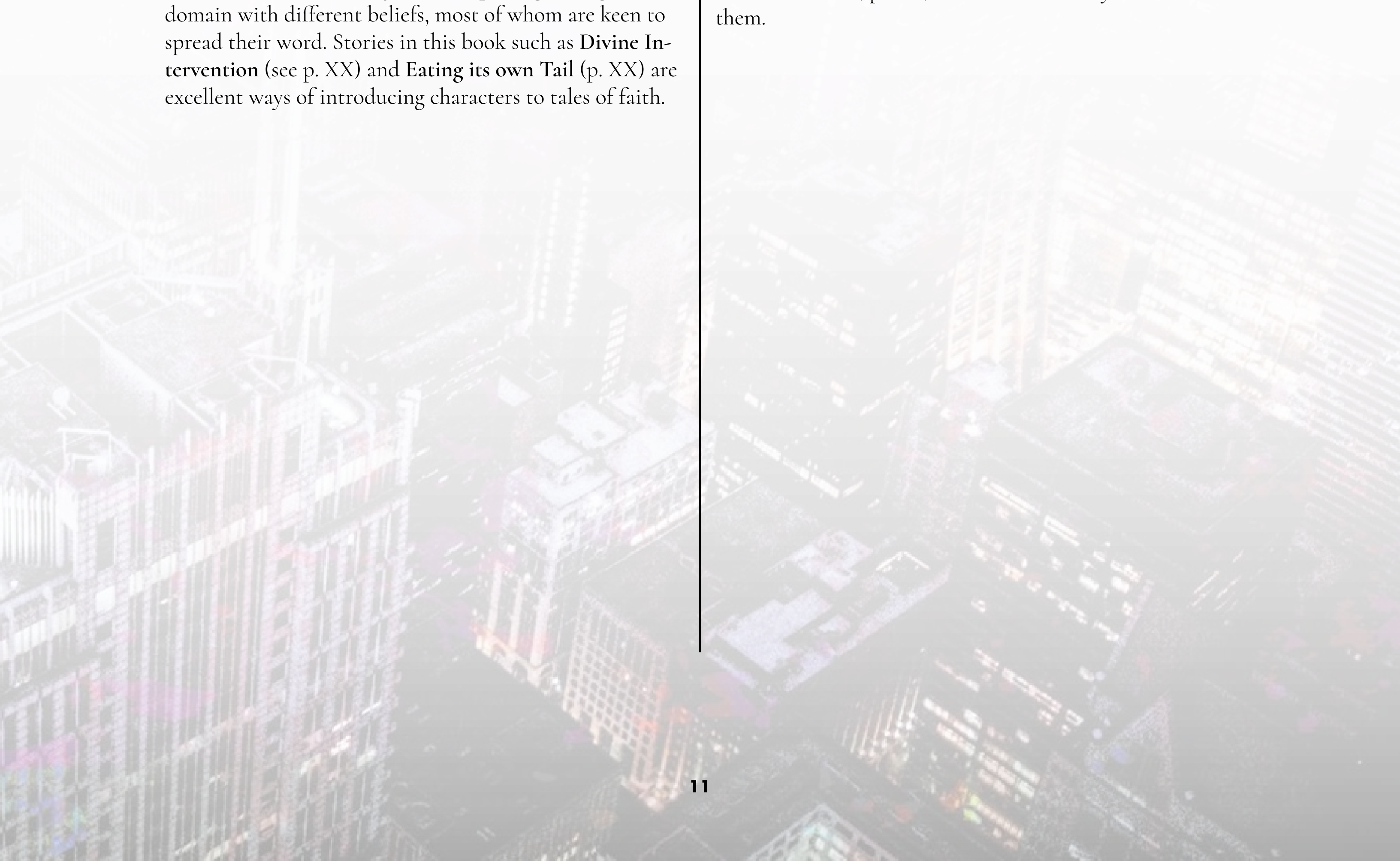
Religious stories have a solid place in Chicago because there are so many Kindred passing through the domain with different beliefs, most of whom are keen to spread their word. Stories in this book such as **Divine Intervention** (see p. XX) and **Eating its own Tail** (p. XX) are excellent ways of introducing characters to tales of faith.

Political Stories

Stories requiring the greatest amount of research are likely the political ones, as it benefits the Storyteller to acquaint themselves with the Prince and Primogen of the city, along with other titled vampires. However, these stories don't have to play out with PCs entering Elysium, meeting every Primogen, and being chastised by the Prince. Instead, consider making a political story about one clan's struggle to achieve greater territory for its members, the story of how the Gangrel are being pushed out of the Primogen Council since their clan joined the Anarchs, or of how the Caitiff feel they deserve representation in Chicago.

This book contains a host of Camarilla and Anarch stories, with **Changing Allegiance** (p. XX) and **The List of Ten** (p. XX) as prime examples of chronicle hooks that can cover a local level of politics or an expansive plot that might concern all the Anarchs in the city. Characters such as Jennifer MacKay (p. XX) bring an explosive fire to any political plot while Alphonse Gabriel Capone (p. XX) introduces a subtle, behind-the-scenes look at political stories.

Never feel you need to utilize everything in this book or any other sourcebook to be an excellent Storyteller. Only incorporate the elements you need. Doing so makes your task simpler and prevents players from floundering in lists of names, places, and events that may not concern them.



chapter one

The Camarilla Record

"You can beg and grovel and plead, but if you can't even uphold six simple laws, what's the point of you?"

— Prince Kevin Jackson, before ordering the decapitation of Anarch Raymond Wallace

If Chicago is a crown jewel, the Camarilla is the crown upon which it sits. The sect that claims ownership over the elite Kindred souls is certainly powerful and rightly feared by their most hated enemies. Kindred in Chicago would benefit from being doubly cautious as the goings on there are seen to be a reflection of the health of the sect as a whole in the United States. What once was a torrid battleground between their stalwart cities and the predations of the Sabbat has now settled into an uneasy peace.

With the guns of war silent, the whispers of power-hungry and ambitious Kindred who make up the Camarilla's body spring into action. It is in organization that preaches an important lesson: Kindred wishing to continue to survive in the modern nights must practice a form of civility. Sadly, the Camarilla is also home to the old-school attitude of under-the-table deals, backhanded remarks, and advancement based on who has the more powerful friends.

Whatever one's opinion of them, they are the true gatekeepers of vampire life in Chicago. To survive here, a Kindred must somehow deal with their princely court and ride the tides of its savage political intrigues.

The Once and Future King

The abandoned building stood as a once-great employer in Riverdale. A factory, from back when industry was something to invest in. Olaf couldn't help but feel it was quite like himself: disused, broken down, irrelevant to those of a modern mind. But, even as they moved on without him, anyone could see they now lacked something he provided: stability, strength, gravitas.

As the lights from a passing car flickered across the exposed, red brick of his new palace, the man known to his gathered lieutenants as the One-Eyed King slumped heavily into an opened dumpster that had been crudely reshaped with sledgehammers into a mock throne — the inside of which also served as his daily bed. His one good eye scanned the room, darting to each broken window in a flicker of paranoia as the car's lights passed by. Expecting at any moment the burst of gunfire and the arrival of his former protégé's goon squad.

"Let there be darkness! This mocking glare offends mine sight, let it be no more!"

The lieutenants shifted uneasily in their places. Sure, the old man had guided them faithfully to lucrative lives of crime so far, but his ridiculous demands and sermons were still, at best, difficult to understand and, at worst, life threatening. Some of them moved to the windows and pulled cardboard and corrugated iron over the openings.

"What do you have for me, my childer?" enquired Olaf, casting his gleaming eye over the young men before him. Each one a reflection of his former progeny in some manner, be it physical or something he had seen in them. "What news from my domain?"

"T-Bone said some kids have been snoopin' around our patch lately. Said they ain't from down here. Sumbitches got nerve, for true."

The One-Eyed King observed the speaker with a tilt of his head, causing a tattered hat to slide somewhat to the left, perching on a scar above his left eye.

"Tell me Mr. J. What manner of men are these? And do they travel by night or by day? For when the eye of heaven is hid behind the globe that lights this lower world, then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen."

A chuckle rose nervously from the small group of street-thugs.

"Silence!"

And ended abruptly. Olaf turned once again to the now startled looking lieutenant.

"You were saying...?"

"Uh... they was here at night, for sure. And they've been back a coupla times, always at night, like you say. Should we fuck these suckers up?"

After a long, pregnant pause for consideration, and to the dismay of the more violent of Olaf's henchmen, the hideous monarch spoke. "No. Extend them an invitation to the court."

Bottom Rung

Cast: *Terry "T-Bone" Jenkins — Street Pimp, Michelle Jacobs — Escaped Sex Worker*

WHAT HAPPENED:

The coterie has been operating in Riverdale for a while, trying to get some purchase in low level crime. They have made the acquaintance of a street thug and pimp, known to the locals as "T-Bone" for his penchant for using brass knuckles with a single spike on them to kill people interfering with his girls. He runs his small-time operation out of a seedy motel called the Top Rung, and the Kindred are hoping to secure a piece of it. Unfortunately, they have discovered T-Bone is part of the network of the minor crime boss known as 1IK.

While trying to muscle in on T-Bone's racket seems simple enough a task, gaining access to 1IK would be considerably more valuable.

T-Bone promises the coterie that he can arrange a meeting between them and the boss, but they have to scratch his rather massive back first. One of his girls has run out on him and he can't have word of that getting out. The coterie is asked to bring her back in line or take her out of the picture. In return, T-Bone will put the word out to the king that he's got guests.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The coterie point-blank refuses to harm this innocent woman who is simply trying to escape the dreadful life T-Bone and his crew dragged her into. Upon refusal, they are forced to fight T-Bone and his three accomplices. If successful, the coterie gains the Enemy Flaw with Olaf and will be attacked by any street-level criminals they encounter when trying to pass through or operate in Riverdale and its surrounding environs.
- Swallowing their morality, the Kindred succumb to their darker nature and kill Michelle, satisfying their agreement with T-Bone. He makes the arrangements, but the coterie is forced to jump through further hoops for one of Olaf's lieutenants before he will allow an audience. In Olaf's mind, violent Kindred who kill without mercy are likely to be Prince Jackson's assassins, rather than mere fledglings looking for allies. These actions will also test the Humanity of all but the most depraved Kindred.

- Through cunning and judicious use of their undead abilities, the Kindred convince Michelle to return to the Top Rung and her life in T-Bone's operation. They are met back at the motel by a large group of men, protecting an incredibly scarred and filthy homeless man with a bizarre crown on his head. They gain Olaf as a three-dot Mawla and when dealing with Riverdale gangs are considered to have one dot of Influence.

Attribute Focus: Physical / Social

I Live With Bread, Like You

Cast: *Olaf, the One-Eyed King (***Chicago by Night***, p. 221)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Now inducted into the outer reaches of Olaf's circle of trust, the former Prince quickly ascertains that these new charges are Kindred. For that reason, they are capable of performing tasks his other lieutenants simply are not.

The coterie's attempts to influence him all seem to fail against his iron will, and he laughs at their attempts to control him. He asks them to monitor certain persons of interest to him and report back. His knowledge of Kindred politics in the city, while perhaps a little rusty, is too well-developed to be mortal, and they are easily able to identify him as a vampire.

How will they respond to the eccentric former Prince's demands? Will they turn informer for him, hoping to elevate him to a loftier position, and them alongside? Will they seek to turn him in for their own gain? Will they simply murder him on sight? Of course, doing so will lead to no benefit for them, and the killing of a broken-down homeless man — even if he was an undeclared Kindred — will not win much praise at court.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The coterie works on the tasks Olaf gives them for long enough to earn his trust. Over time, he has them kill former lieutenants and take their place, always beginning to refer to them as one of his former childer. The coterie is now considered to have four dots of Influence in Riverdale and gain Olaf as a three-dot Mawla. Their work with the One-Eyed King's gangs also earns them a communal two dots of Resources to share, up to a maximum of Resources 3.

- The coterie humor the madman long enough to garner more information about who he is. Once they do so, they inform Prince Jackson of his survival and presence in the city. Discerning his true identity as Lodin is not an easy task for a group of people who likely haven't even heard his name before, but it is rewarded by gaining one dot of Status with the Camarilla in Chicago and the opportunity to seize control of Olaf's former network for themselves. Of course, if Olaf somehow survives Prince Jackson's purge, he becomes their mortal enemy and will stop at nothing to destroy them.

- The coterie is only interested in taking what 1IK has, not who he is. They cannot influence him, but they are more than a match for the heavily wounded Kindred. Though he, no doubt, severely wounds at least one of the coterie members. They also need to contend with whichever of his lieutenants remain loyal to him when they attack. Of course, some may be happy to see the back of the old fool and new blood taking his place. Unfortunately, no benefit is gained as the enterprise relied on Olaf's knowledge and will need rebuilding. Also, without knowledge of his identity, Olaf is just another dead vagrant to the Camarilla.

  Attribute Focus: Physical / Social

Tortoise and O'Hare

TELEPHONE RECORD - ROSA HERNANDEZ 2235 HOURS

ROSA HERNANDEZ (RH): Darren, it's Sofia. I need an update on the airport situation.

DARREN O'NEIL (DON): It's been a hellish week, boss. The CIA are onto something there I just don't know what it is, and they're not telling.

RH: Would you describe their position on this problem as… unusually discreet? Or is it just the usual level of G-Man bullshit?

DON: Who can say?

RH: I was hoping you, that's why I pay you so well, right?

DON: Oh yeah, I figured there had to be a reason.

O'Neil chuckles, a brief pause indicates that Hernandez has not found the joke amusing

DON: Right… sorry boss. I'd say it's unusual insofar as they won't even give us a reason for their presence there at all. Normally we'd get at least a hint of a crime. Maybe they're moving something through the airport.

RH: Maybe. Maybe they're watching for something. Or someone.

DON: Well, if they are, they're keeping quiet about the name.

RH: Take a break, Darren. I'll call you tomorrow night. You're the best investigator I know from our line, so if you can't find out what's up, I'll look into this myself.

CALL ENDS

TELEPHONE RECORD - ROSA HERNANDEZ - 2240 HOURS

The call beeps through to an voicemail

RH: Looks like you were right to be worried. Our new buddies are keeping watch. Not sure what Flyboy is up to in there but it's starting to attract attention. I'm going to have to step up my plans.

CALL ENDS

Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?

Cast: *Noah "Flyboy" Grewal* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 117)*, *Rosa Hernandez* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 118)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

For Noah, there's always been risk in trying to hold on to O'Hare Airport. So far, he's been willing to face up to them in whatever way he could, but things are starting to heat up.

He's not sure if Rosa Hernandez is coming for the airport or for him. But, she is coming, slowly and surely. He's already picked up on her clanmate and PI, Darren O'Neil, snooping around. He sometimes wakes up from demented dreams of her claws around his throat. Is she on to him? Is she aware that he's been passing information to the CIA all this time? Or is it just greed bringing her to his door? Whatever the case, this won't be as simple as last time. He'll need some help finding out what he needs to know to take out someone as powerful as Hernandez.

When Rosa finally comes to meet him, their conversation is unusual. She talks to him of an imminent danger. The mortal authorities are monitoring the airport more closely than usual; they're looking for something, or someone. Maybe they've picked up on his peculiar feeding habits. Either way, he should get the hell out of there until things die down.

Sounds reasonable, right? Wrong. Flyboy built this little empire by taking risks and he's not about to walk away from all of that because some spooky old vampire told him a scary story. Plus, the mortal authorities are interested in the airport.

If she finds out why they're interested, it could be a problem. He identifies a coterie of young Kindred trying to make a name for themselves as useful people he could take under his aircraft wing.

Flyboy approaches the coterie, seeming agitated but cordial. He offers them refreshment and comfort in a private lounge in the airport. He tells them a tale of how he came from nowhere and started with nothing, now all this belongs to him. He's a success story. He asks the coterie to investigate the doings of Rosa Hernandez in relation to the airport: frustrate her efforts, hinder her investigations and, if possible, discover the location of her haven. This would be rewarded with exclusive access to the fruits his domain has to offer.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- Rosa exposes the coterie's attempts to hinder her and it drives her to step up her investigation of the airport and Flyboy. This failure severs their relationship with Flyboy and grants them the Enemy Flaw, with Rosa Hernandez as a two-dot Adversary.

- A number of Rosa's contacts and leads are covered up and silenced without drawing too much attention to themselves, however they do little to distract Rosa from continuing her investigation. Flyboy informs them that he cannot have them lurking around the airport while she's watching so closely.

- The coterie succeeds in deflecting Rosa's attention from Flyboy's activities and convinces the Gangrel Primogen that the CIA presence in the airport is not linked to the presence of Flyboy, all the while keeping their involvement a secret. Flyboy awards them his permanent hospitality, saying that he now sleeps easier. The coterie each gain him as a one-dot Mawla and will find themselves strangely passed over by any Second Inquisition investigations through the city, at least for a time. If they manage to track down Rosa's haven, they later hear she was torched during the day, sparking a contest for Gangrel leadership.

  Attribute Focus: Mental

In and Out

Cast: *Catherine Maia — High-End Cocaine Smuggler, Paula Lange — Crooked Customs Official, Walter Kravic — Down on his luck DEA Agent, Rosa Hernandez* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 118*)

WHAT HAPPENED:

The airport isn't just a place where people fly in and out of the city, it also handles a great deal of the goods traded, legally and otherwise. One of the people assigned to monitor the traffic in the airport is Agent Walter Kravic; however, he's been struggling to deal with the machinations of one of the local crime kingpins for some time, and it has hurt his reputation.

Rosa approaches the coterie with this sad tale of a mortal down on his luck. She describes Walter as a decent family man who deserves a break, and she's going to give it to him. If they can help her expose the methods of the gang smuggling cocaine through the airport, she'll have the pretext she needs to mount a full-scale investigation of the involvement of the Department of Aviation management's role in the scandal. Plus, the coterie will have potentially gained a valuable contact who can keep an eye on the comings and goings of the city's major airport for them.

Catherine's drugs are being shipped in sealed containers, supposedly full of refined petroleum. Rosa suspects Paula may be handwaving these shipments through.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- While investigating Paula, the coterie foolishly brings themselves to the attention of airport security. Paula accuses them of stalking her and calls for them to be arrested. The coterie narrowly escapes and are considered wanted by the police, requiring them to lay low. When they emerge, they will find that Rosa is unwilling to entertain their incompetence any further.
- The coterie successfully helps Walter expose Paula but not the gang to which she is connected. Rosa thanks the group for their assistance but indicates that there's not enough evidence to pursue the DoA for being linked to the corruption. However, Walter gains a commendation for his work and becomes a two-dot Contact for the group.
- The coterie takes their time and investigates Paula's movements thoroughly. They successfully identify her accomplice, Catherine — a ghoul to one of the city's Nosferatu — who is an important player in drug running within the city. Following her, they later find her having a secret meeting with a DoA executive. Rosa is elated as she closes in on seizing the airport from under Flyboy's nose. Walter, taking credit for the investigation, is promoted and becomes a two-dot Ally for the coterie. Rosa's friendship, alongside Walter's, grants them one dot of Influence over the airport.

  Attribute Focus: Mental

Iron Fist: Velvet Glove

I can never stand the heat in places like this.

I mean, not places like this, but you know, places like this. That's why I always come to the Blue Velvet, dear. Space, fine décor, and the smell. Do you smell it, Darling? No, of course you don't. And that's the point, isn't it?

What you're not smelling is a tangled mass of bodies thrashing around, burning out their ear drums, and soaking each other with who-knows-what to prove they're alive, or just to feel alive again. It's so small, so childish, don't you think? This act of chasing what one can never have back.

You'll find those chasers can be quite... attractive, in their sordid way. All that passion, all that zeal. If only they had a single thought in those desperate heads as to what to do with it all. And of course, that's where we come in, Dear. You're not with them, you're with me. And we're in Blue Velvet, where more civilized Kindred come to be ourselves. The selves we can't be elsewhere.

See that man over there? That's one of the Prince's closest associates. That lady there recently started working for the Sheriff. And him... hmm... I'm not sure who that is, but the man he's talking to is the Seneschal. That's what coming here is about. Finding your way is simpler with the right companions, and this is where you'll meet them.

Of course, the most important lesson you learn about survival these nights is what you don't see. I know it sounds pretentious, even monstrous, but all those beating hearts on a dancefloor can only drag you down. It's just a risk not worth taking.

As for the exertion... Ha! Exercise? Not like we're getting fatter, are we?

Fountain of Knowledge

Cast: *Bronwyn* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 141), Dominic Le Salle — Reclusive Jeweler, Alan Smythe-Winters — Jazz Pianist, Dominic's Ex*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Bronwyn is hosting an event she plans to call "A Taster for a Taster". She has already drawn up the Kindred invitation list, selected the appropriate vessels for their tastes, and hand-picked the new childer for introduction at the event. Of course, only the established membership will be partaking of the prime herd, so she needs something for the newcomers. Something exquisite to whet their appetite and enthrall their senses at the same time.

She tells of a prodigious jeweler who she became aware of through some mutual acquaintances. However, he always spends his time socializing in loud, obnoxious spaces, despite his own timid nature. That simply won't do. If someone could go and secure from him a piece of his to act as the centerpiece of her latest extravaganza, perhaps they themselves could earn an invite to an exclusive soirée later. Not to mention they'd have Bronwyn's gratitude.

Dominic is not a difficult man to track down at a lavish studio event, but he insists that his works are not for sale to anyone at this time, as he is still mourning the end of his last relationship. His "prior" is simply obsessed with him and won't leave him alone. If they could do something about that, perhaps he'd do business.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The coterie sees this as a simple task. They beat Alan to within an inch of his life and tell him never to go near Dominic again. Upon returning to speak with Dominic about their reward, they find he has gone into hiding after hearing about what they did to Alan, afraid that they are some sort of gangland thugs. Bronwyn is not pleased and banishes them from Blue Velvet in disgust.
- The coterie speaks to Alan, and he agrees to stay away from Dominic for the sum of $5000. The price seems worth it to secure the jewels for Bronwyn. Dominic is, however, offended at how little a price he was worth to Alan. He gives the coterie one of his drabber works; Bronwyn thanks them for their efforts, but they can tell she isn't fully satisfied with the results.
- Seeing this interaction as an opportunity, the coterie discovers more about Alan. It turns out he's quite the up and coming name in the jazz world. Bringing him into their service as a ghoul — or by other means of persuasion — the coterie not only secure Dominic's latest and finest work for their service, but they ask if Bronwyn needs entertainment for her event. She gleefully accepts and is pleased with the group's initiative. The exquisite jewelry becomes the centerpiece of the event as a grotesque and beautiful blood fountain lined with rubies. The active participants gain an invite to a future event at the Blue Velvet and a two-dot Retainer in Alan, whose performances at the Blue Velvet earn him or his domitor two dots in Resources.

Attribute Focus: Social

Long Live the Prince

Cast: *Prince Kevin Jackson* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 209), Alan Sovereign* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 216)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

There's nothing quite like an audience with the Prince to help a Kindred get ahead in Chicago. Although, opportunities to enjoy such an event don't come around all that often. For those who frequent the Blue Velvet, it is far more likely.

The coterie, planningfor their evening in the high-class establishment's lounge, happen to spot the Prince and his Seneschal entering and being shown to a table. After a short while, they are approached by one of the waiters and asked to join their conversation.

The Prince and Seneschal question these young bloods on their plans and ambitions, their loyalties and their views on various aspects of politics.

An audience with the Prince can help a Kindred get ahead in Chicago, but the wrong words can be death, or worse, a total shunning.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- One or more of the coterie's members takes the opportunity to get all their beefs with how things are run in this city off their chest. Jackson seems almost amused by their candor while Sovereign simply stares and continues to invite them to dig themselves deeper in the hole. The relatively brief encounter ends with the Prince promising to take their complaints "very, very seriously indeed". He uses a level of sarcasm not requiring a check to detect. The active participants lose one dot of Status. If they have no Status, they simply gain the apathy of the Prince.

- A member of the coterie nervously let slip sympathy for the Anarch Movement and their goals of democracy and total Kindred freedom. The Prince abruptly calls the conversation to a close and leaves. The active participants in this event are subject to a shunning by Camarilla Kindred for a period of the Storyteller's choosing — at least one chapter of game time.

- The coterie's loyalty and witty repartee impresses and entertains Prince Jackson and Alan Sovereign. He spends a good amount of time enjoying their company and, before he departs, asks each in turn for their names once again. Sovereign hands them each a business card. All active participants in this event gain one dot of Status in Chicago and gain Alan Sovereign as a three-dot Mawla.

  Attribute Focus: Social

From the Ground Up

"Look out at it, our city. Every shining light is another life, another story being told. And what does that story tell you? Are those people sitting down in front of a television set, enjoying an evening of mind-numbing entertainment? Are they consuming a candlelit meal with a special someone? Or better yet, taking it to the bedroom? Are they using their time or wasting it?

I suppose those mortals deserve a break after a hard day's work, if they've done one at all. But it's night now and our work has just begun. I was like you once; I came here with nothing. Not even a dream to sustain me or really any hopes or ambitions beyond surviving day to day. My mother taught me that time was the only gift any of us are ever truly given by God and how we spend it is the most important thing there is. So, I spent mine working. Working to make something enduring and bigger than me, that would be here after I was gone and would provide what was left of my family with the rest they needed.

The Camarilla isn't so different. You look at it and you see the building, like that tower there. Huge, impressive, almost garish, indeed. It almost seems like there is no need for something that big. But it has been working hard, every night for longer than any of us have been alive. It has been grinding away at the threats to our existence that would put an end to us given the chance.

I don't believe there's a plan for us, like my mother did. I believe that each one of us has a duty to those who not only come after us but who came before. We have to guide them, teach them and show them a better way.

The Camarilla moves slowly, it improves by degrees, that's why it needs people like us, cleaning up the shit so that it stays clean and doesn't fall into shambles and ruin.

Prince Jackson is a visionary, Friend. He has a plan for us. I don't know if God does, or whatever you might believe in, but he certainly does. Are you going to work hard to help him, or are you just another television-watching nothing?" — Milena Aronyan, Clan Ventrue

Grindstone

Cast: *Milena Aronyan (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

From small beginnings, great things are built. Like the Camarilla, or so Milena believes. She takes an interest in new Kindred, looking to see if any of them have what she believes it takes to be a player in the kingdom that Prince Jackson is trying to build. She's willing to invest in that talent to bring them into the meritocracy the Prince is ostensibly cultivating. Through proving themselves, any Kindred or coterie can improve their lot and reap their just rewards.

Milena recently came into the ownership of a logistics warehouse in the docks. The previous owners were lax in getting new business in and the place had fallen into disrepair. The coterie is given a stipend to refurbish the place and get it operational, bringing goods and supplies in and out of the city as a front for moving items — and even boxed up Kindred — to whatever destination the Camarilla deems fit. If they can accomplish this simple task, it'll be a first step on the big ladder.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The coterie laughs at Milena's rose-tinted view. They turn the warehouse into a communal haven for themselves and secure it against intrusion. While this grants them a two-dot Haven, their laziness irks the rising Ventrue and she whispers to the Prince of their unwillingness to contribute to his reign.

- The business proves more difficult than the Kindred expected, with customs officials monitoring their imports and exports, as well as other companies being unwilling to deal with this new start-up with no history in the business. Milena appreciates their efforts but shakes her head at their failings.

- Through a combination of resourcefulness, commitment, and hard work, the coterie works together to turn the fledgling business into a successful start-up. Clients request their services and they take several truckers and delivery drivers into their employ. The business gains two dots of Influence (Logistics), and the coterie gains Milena as a one-dot Mawla.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Social

Impresario

Cast: *Alan Sovereign* (Chicago by Night, *p. 216)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Business is a veneer, pull it back and you often find very little or even nothing beneath it. The financial world found that out to their cost in 2008. Alan Sovereign knows more than most the value of confidence, both in markets and in Kindred. To anyone who he chooses (or is handsomely paid) to advise, Sovereign talks about the art of winning people's trust. He rose to Seneschal by being seen as dependable but relatively harmless. He's a man interested in accumulating power without necessarily breaking anyone's bones.

Sure, many of his schemes leave people destitute and homeless, but then those people are a new opportunity, ripe for investment.

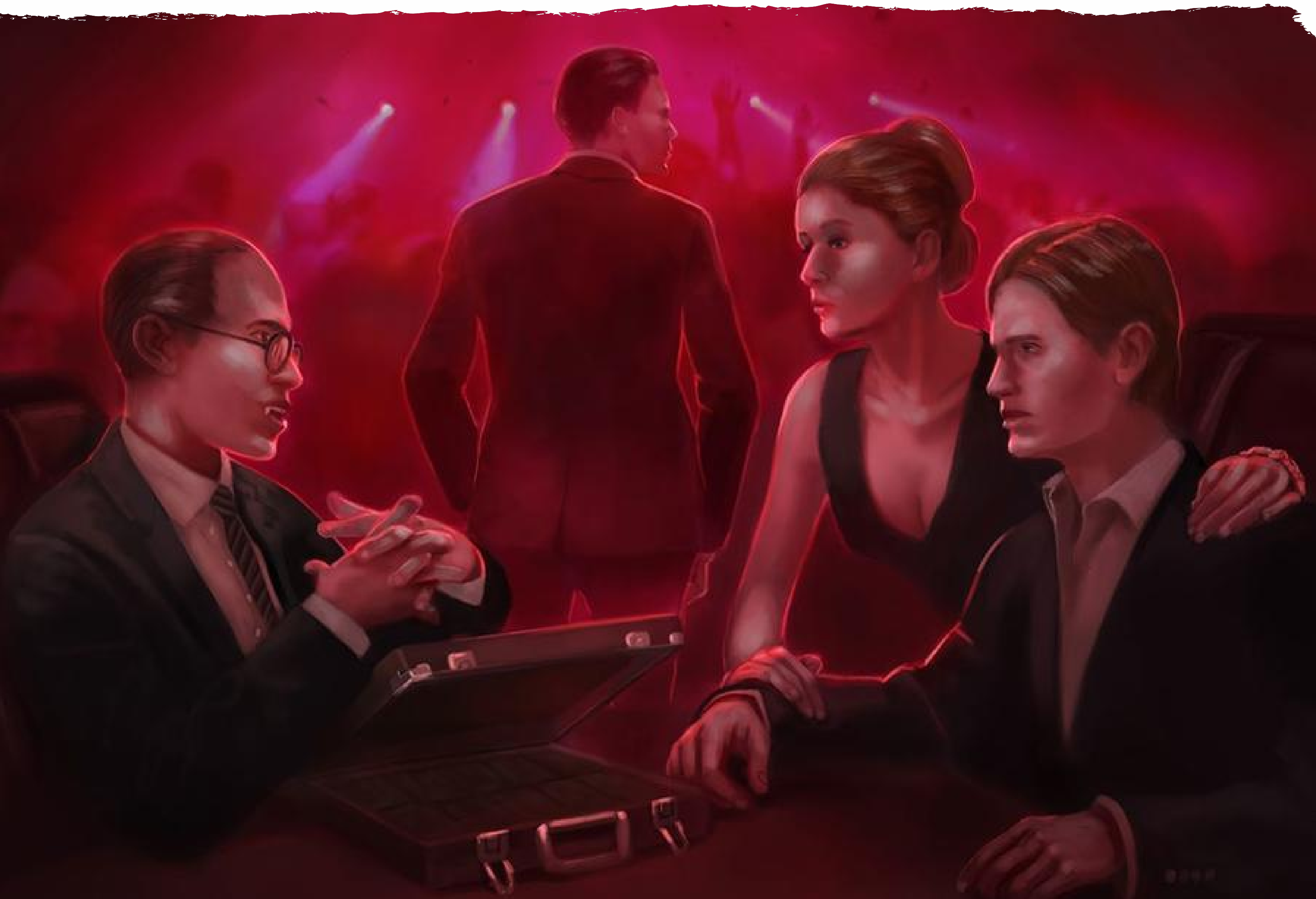
Alan understands that the Camarilla is one big confidence trick. It's a gold standard brand. It's the big prize all Kindred secretly want to buy into: the idea that they are all part of some super-secret boy's club in control of the world, which keeps its members safe.

Sovereign knows the Camarilla only keeps itself safe, often at the expense of its weaker vampires.

Sovereign is introduced to the coterie while attending a gathering at the Succubus Club. Among the crowds on that temple-to-decadence's dancefloor, Alan stands out like a sore thumb. He tells the coterie that how one presents themselves is important in this city. He decides to give them a chance, similar to the one his dear sire gave him. He gives them a healthy sum of $10,000 and instructs them to double it within a week, or he will convert the debt into a major boon upon each member.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The coterie laughs at Sovereign's foolishness at being parted with such a large sum of money so easily. However, when they do not return a single cent, he simply smiles and informs them that the major boons will now be due at the time of his calling. Those boons will naturally be called in at the most inopportune times for the players and require sacrifices far greater than a week's worth of work for



$10,000. The coterie also finds that owing a boon to the city's Seneschal is a debt all serious Camarilla Kindred take very seriously.

- The coterie hits the streets with the money and through various foul means manages to double it. Alan is amused but snorts that he was hoping for Kindred who could exceed expectations. He will call upon them in the future for other errands as required.
- In a show of entrepreneurial spirit, the coterie plan to invest the money Sovereign has given them carefully, using it to cultivate not just repeated returns, that over time will add up to far greater than the initial investment, but which also gain a great deal of goodwill or influence for Sovereign in the meantime. Ideas include: using it to bribe one of Alan's competitors in business and expose them as corrupt or securing a retainer on an up-and-coming artist whose works are known to sell for hundreds of thousands. Whatever the solution, creative use of the money bringing great long-term benefits impresses Sovereign. He tries to remain coy, but the coterie can see that he has identified them as Kindred worth doing business with. They gain Alan as a three-dot Mawla, and he will begin inviting them into high society events as his protégés. They also keep whatever skim they can muster from their investment return.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Social

Good Evening, Nightwalkers

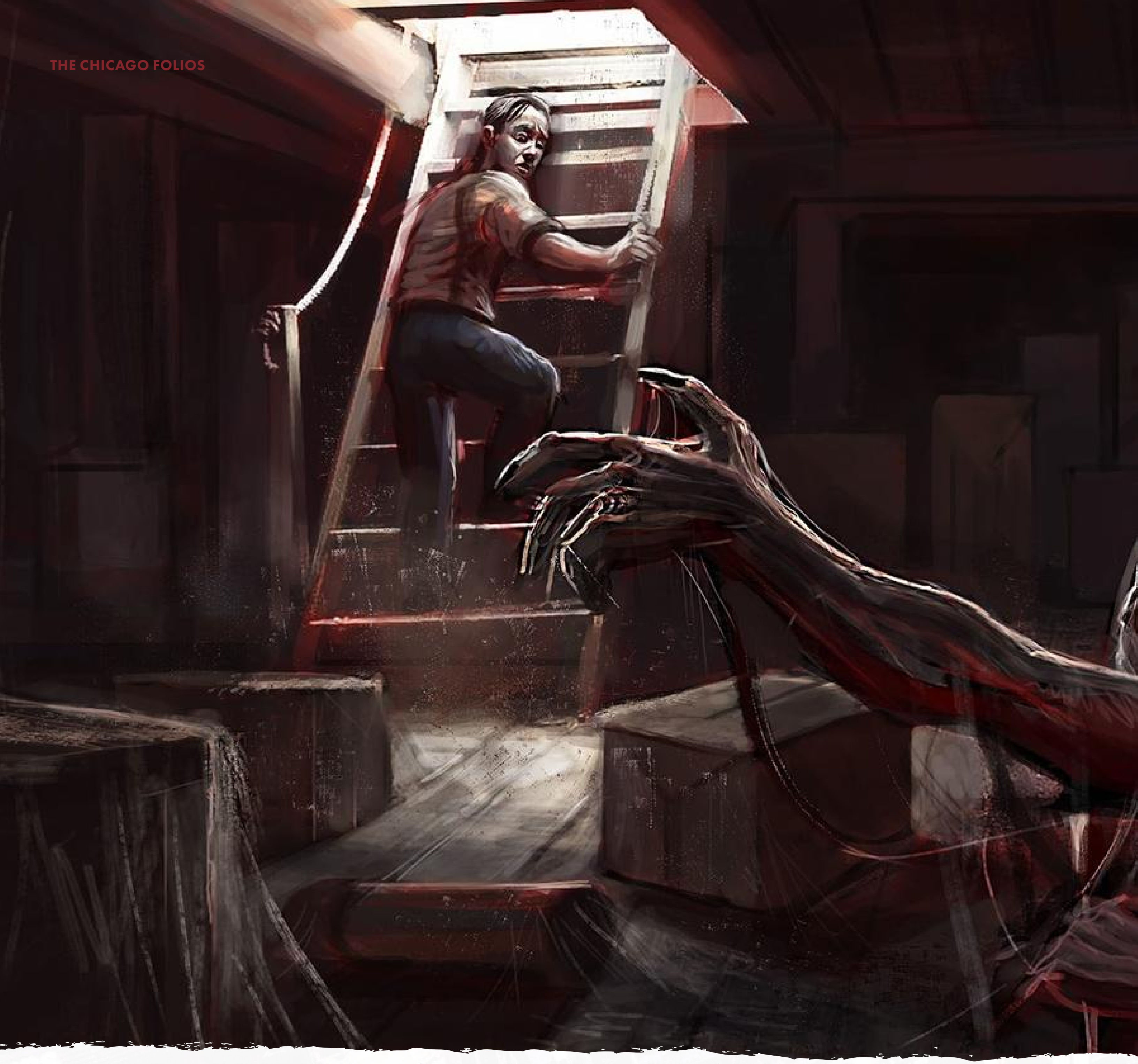
What?! He isn't dead? No. I am indeed still alive, or something along those lines. To be honest with you, I am not entirely sure what I am anymore. Throughout my years as a paranormal blogger, I have never experienced anything like what I am about to tell you. Frankly, I am not really sure what to do. If you are a regular Nightwalker, you know I post every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and I have done so ever since 2008 without missing a single day. So why does a week suddenly pass by without any sign of my existence? Let's try and turn back time for a brief moment.

So, as you know, running a blog doesn't pay enough for me to cover rent, food, and do something social and fun once in a while. This is why I've actively been searching for a part-time gig to cover some of the costs. I've had a few unsuccessful jobs in the past, ones I just couldn't keep up with because of my back-injury, so I try to avoid anything too physically demanding. Also, I want something fairly nearby, since I don't have a car and public transport is a fucking pain. Other than that, you can put me in a factory and have me slap labels on cans of tomato soup for all I care — I just need the money. Naturally, some of my demands limit my choices, and on top of this I live in the middle of nowhere which doesn't exactly help my situation. But after a couple of weeks searching for something suitable, I stumbled upon a newspaper ad (yes, I was so desperate I went twenty years back in time and resorted to newspaper ads) and some elderly guy, living just two blocks from me, was searching for someone to clean his basement. The pay was good, and I could basically walk there and back in a matter of fifteen minutes. So, I called the guy up with the number provided, but a younger guy answered the phone and presented himself as his grandson. We discussed the details, the payment, and so on. He did ask me about my living situation and whether I was living alone, which I thought was a little odd, but I suppose it was nice for him to know what kind of stranger he'd allow access to his grandfather's house, which was situated around Ashburn. He even offered to pick me up every day as he worked nearby! I agreed to be ready at 6 PM the next day.

An Odd Job

He picked me up in a white SUV on the dot, and just like I suspected, the driver didn't look a day older than me. I found my seat and he shook my hand, presenting himself as "Patrick Addison". The car-ride was painfully quiet from there. I tried to spark conversation, but he just smiled at me or answered with short comments like "fun" or "interesting". I wasn't there to make friends anyway, so I just stopped trying, and by that time we were already at the house.

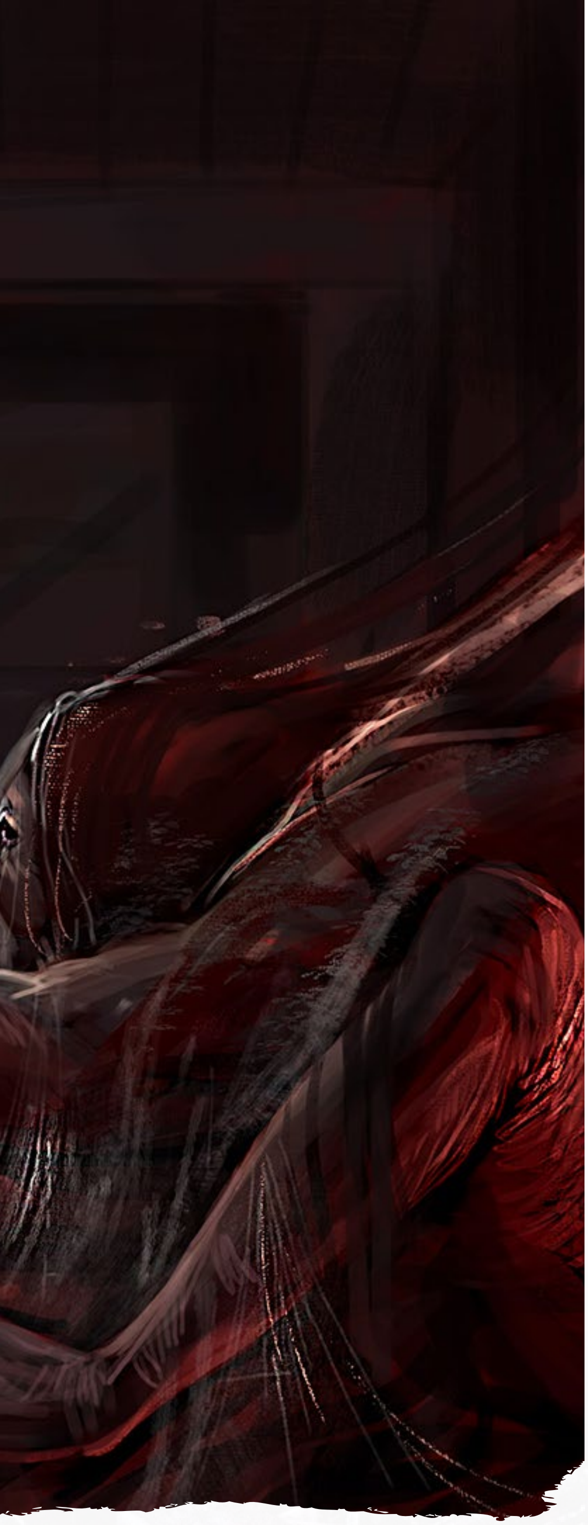
Thinking about it, "house" is a rather big word to use, as it was leaning more toward "shack". It was a tiny wooden box of a trailer-park home, and frankly, it looked abandoned. I was surprised he would let his grandfather live in something like that, and my astonishment didn't lessen as I entered the home, as it was practically empty aside from a few pieces of plastic-covered furniture and a TV set from the '90s. I was confused as to where the old man was, which I guess the grandson noticed, because he announced his grandfather was asleep on the second floor and asked me not to wake him. I thought to myself that wouldn't be a problem since I am mainly working in the basement. After showing me the cleaning tools, Patrick left, and I got to work. The basement really wasn't that bad, and it absolutely wouldn't take me a week to clean it. Only a couple of boxes, a bit of dust here and there, some expired beers were scattered around, and a chair



needed repairing, but that was it. What stood out to me was the boxes didn't contain much. For a guy in his 70s I expected him to own a lot more. But there was nothing remarkable, not even any heirlooms or pictures. I quickly finished the job for the day, but Patrick wouldn't return before later that evening. The entire situation seemed a little odd. The grandson acting weird, the empty house, the grandfather I worked for but had yet to greet… It just seemed off. So, I took some time to snoop around. As you know, since you are on my blog about paranormal activities, I see myself as quite the investigator, and I already had a plan in mind: I needed to check every room of the house to figure out what the hell was going on.

Exploring the House

As I climbed up from the basement, I was surprised it was already dark outside. I figured I had spent more time in the basement than initially calculated. This only meant I had to hurry my investigation. I needed to see this mysterious grandpa myself. I figured he would be happy



to actually know who roamed his home, and my interest was so piqued I couldn't stop myself. I had to dig deeper. Climbing the stairs, I made sure to be as loud as I could without seeming too obvious, mostly because I wanted him to wake up as naturally as possible. My purpose was to meet the guy, not give him a heart attack. The corridor on the second floor was just as empty as the rest of the house and as I flicked the light-switch I realized, admittedly not to my surprise, the lamps were not working. The lack of windows made it hard for me to see any details, but I did distinguish a couple of closed doors in the dimness, and one door slightly cracked open at the very end of the hallway. I automatically stepped towards it, my arm stretched out in front of me, reaching for the doorknob. What happened next is difficult for me to understand and even put into text. All I remember is my chest pushed so hard every single ounce of air disappeared from my lungs, my back hitting a wall, and the face of Mr. Addison right in front of me. The world turned dark.

Important Changes

To this day I am not sure how long I was out. All I remember is the hunger. The intense, gnawing, psychosis-inducing hunger. I've been in major surgeries before because of my back, and been fasting for days on end, but this hunger was unlike anything else. Oddly, I woke up in the backyard of the house, and although I was only in my shorts and a short-sleeve t-shirt, I wasn't cold at all. I couldn't feel the temperature shifting from day to night, but I didn't think about it for long. I had to find food urgently, and in my desperation, I ran back into the house. As I opened the back door, I realized the house was completely empty. Not even the TV or couch was there. I flung open the kitchen cabinets, searched the fridge and freezer, checking every single shelve and drawer — nothing. The empty house didn't faze me, and I didn't even consider the possibility my attacker might still be in the house. My body was out of my control, and it eventually brought me to the basement where I, in a matter of seconds, and I honestly don't remember how it happened, had my teeth plunged into a screaming rat. I shit you not. I drank its blood.

So now I am here, back in my apartment, everything back to normal, right? Wrong. My body has undergone a transformation I don't even know what to do about. I vomit every time I eat food; I can't stay outside anymore because the sun feels like it's burning through my fucking skin. I can't even see my friends or family because I... want to attack them. The only possible lead I have is a note from someone called "Tatyana" who apparently "knows what I am and wants to help me". The note just appeared out of fucking nothing in my jacket pocket. I guess I am writing this partly because I need to vent but also in the hopes someone out there has experienced the same thing as me. Or maybe one of you Nightwalkers are a doctor or something. What am I supposed to do? Please, help me.

— Varnas, Vitas

Nightwalking

Cast: *Mr. Addison — frenzying wight (see* **Vampire: The Masquerade** *p. 375), Tatyana Makarova (p. XX), Vitas Varnas — paranormal investigator turned fledgling (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

The Embrace is a traumatic experience for anyone, whether it comes as a gift or as a curse. The moment one passes from life to undeath, all perspective changes. Hunger shifts from food and drink to nothing but blood. The Beast growls constantly in one's heart. Many fledglings last little more than a handful of nights before they lose control.

The blogger known as Vitas Varnas responded to a want ad innocently enough, only to find himself Embraced by a reclusive Tremere named Mr. Addison, unknown to the majority of Kindred in the city. Vitas is now asking about his new vampiric condition, which in turn might raise the attention of the Second Inquisition or the Sheriff. Whichever one notices first, the outcome for Varnas is unlikely to be good.

This is where Tatyana Makarova comes in. She intended to visit her associate, Mr. Addison, and instead found the freshly Embraced Varnas. His new sire, out of his mind, stood over the body. After harrying the frenzying Addison from his haven, Tatyana left a note with Varnas offering assistance if he needed it. She then pursued Addison into the nearby park and never returned to check on Varnas.

A Masquerade breach is waiting to happen. There could be three casualties, or, if the coterie is conscientious and smart enough, there could be none. Depending on who they aid (if anyone) the coterie may gain some new allies or enemies. The first the coterie hear of the Varnas problem is when word of his blog reaches Elysium, or when Tatyana — if the coterie know her — approach them for assistance.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The coterie reports the Masquerade breach directly to the Prince or the Sheriff, attempting to gain favor with the hierarchy. The gambit works, in part. Varnas' blog is explicit enough for the Sheriff to call his Hounds on the wight once known as Mr. Addison, and the immediate destruction of Varnas, if he can be found. Tatyana receives a stern warning and a massive boon debt to the Prince. The coterie earns Tatyana as a two-dot Adversary, but the Sheriff grants each vampire involved in the ploy one dot of Status (Chicago), if it doesn't raise them above three dots.

- The coterie leaks word of the blog to Second Inquisition contacts. The result is not the inferno they might expect. FIRSTLIGHT reach out to Varnas and make him a stalking horse for their various plots in the city, for as long as he's useful. They have no luck tracking Addison and cannot find Tatyana under her various identities. The Inquisition may reward the coterie for their dubious loyalties with one dot of Contacts among one of the fringe agencies aware of vampires, though this will only last the duration of the chronicle.

- If the coterie assists Tatyana in trying to clean up this mess, they'll need to track Varnas and bring him to Tatyana so she can act as an adopted sire. She has no desire to see the fool destroyed, even if he is risking the Masquerade. Tatyana becomes a one-dot Mawla in exchange for aiding her, with Varnas reachable for his online knowhow. The coterie will want to purge all records of his blog from the internet, however, and this is no easy feat.

- The coterie may identify the real threat as Mr. Addison. In truth, the Tremere is quietly stalking through the Chicago suburbs, committing grisly murders and showing no sign of return to Humanity. Perhaps using his mortal retainer, Patrick, as a mouthpiece might placate the wight, but it's no sure thing. Addison is likely to attack any vampire who comes close. Providing evidence of Addison's destruction to the Sheriff earns the coterie a minor boon from Damien or one of his Hounds.

Attribute Focus: Physical / Social

VITAS VARNAS

Clan: Thin-Blood

Sire: Mr. Addison

Embraced: 2019 (Born 1992)

Ambition: Survive another night

Convictions: None

Touchstones: None

Humanity: 8

Generation: 14th

Blood Potency: 0

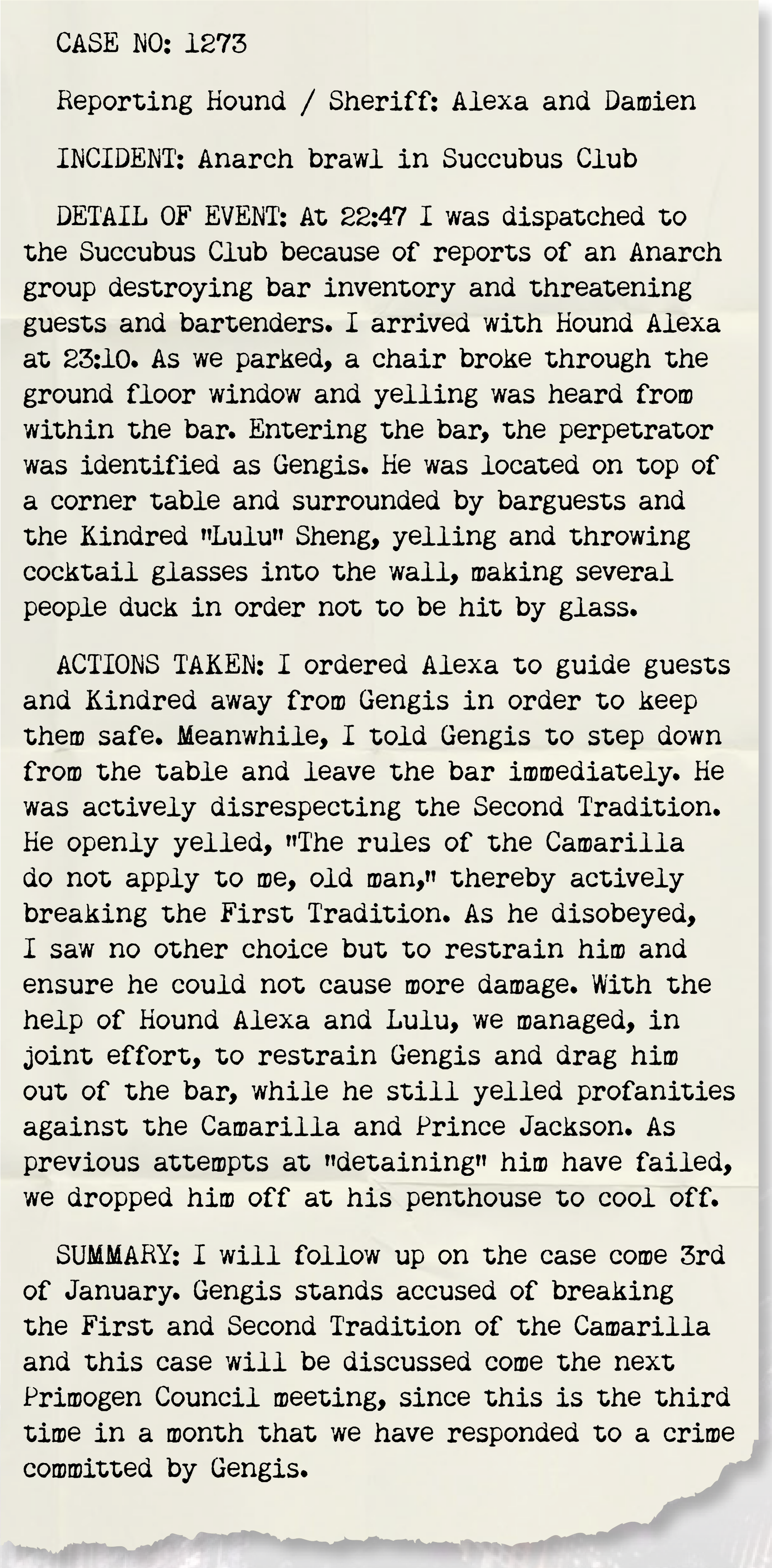
Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3; Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 2; Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 6, Willpower 5

Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Drive 2, Stealth 2; Insight 2, Intimidation 1, Persuasion (Begging) 3; Academics (Research) 3, Awareness 1, Finance 1, Investigation 3,, Technology (Internet) 5

Disciplines: Thin-Blood Alchemy 1

Bar-Room Brawl



CASE NO: 1273

Reporting Hound / Sheriff: Alexa and Damien

INCIDENT: Anarch brawl in Succubus Club

DETAIL OF EVENT: At 22:47 I was dispatched to the Succubus Club because of reports of an Anarch group destroying bar inventory and threatening guests and bartenders. I arrived with Hound Alexa at 23:10. As we parked, a chair broke through the ground floor window and yelling was heard from within the bar. Entering the bar, the perpetrator was identified as Gengis. He was located on top of a corner table and surrounded by barguests and the Kindred "Lulu" Sheng, yelling and throwing cocktail glasses into the wall, making several people duck in order not to be hit by glass.

ACTIONS TAKEN: I ordered Alexa to guide guests and Kindred away from Gengis in order to keep them safe. Meanwhile, I told Gengis to step down from the table and leave the bar immediately. He was actively disrespecting the Second Tradition. He openly yelled, "The rules of the Camarilla do not apply to me, old man," thereby actively breaking the First Tradition. As he disobeyed, I saw no other choice but to restrain him and ensure he could not cause more damage. With the help of Hound Alexa and Lulu, we managed, in joint effort, to restrain Gengis and drag him out of the bar, while he still yelled profanities against the Camarilla and Prince Jackson. As previous attempts at "detaining" him have failed, we dropped him off at his penthouse to cool off.

SUMMARY: I will follow up on the case come 3rd of January. Gengis stands accused of breaking the First and Second Tradition of the Camarilla and this case will be discussed come the next Primogen Council meeting, since this is the third time in a month that we have responded to a crime committed by Gengis.

Handling Gengis

Cast: *Damien* (Chicago by Night, *p. 88), Gengis* (Chicago by Night, *p. 96), Lewis "Lulu" Sheng (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Gengis and a bunch of his Anarch buddies got hopped up on some cocaine-infused blood and decided to smash up the Succubus Club for the thrill of it. They didn't think of the consequences at the time, feeling unstoppable until Damien, Alexa, and Sheng removed Gengis from the premises. The only reason they didn't eliminate him then and there was because of how much attention was on him at that moment in time, and how Damien knows about Gengis' turncoat service to Prince Jackson.

Now, however, enough of the city knows about Gengis' behavior and expects a public punishment. The coterie may seek to smuggle Gengis out of the city before his trial, may aim to defend him before the rest of the court, or could jump on the bandwagon to see the end of this troublesome Anarch.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The coterie offers Gengis a way out of the city, and if they're wise, they extract a sizeable fee from him for doing so, either in the way of Resources or a boon to be paid in the future. Doing so earns them Gengis as a two-dot Mawla, but if their actions can be traced, Damien calls for them to answer to the court. If they somehow evade punishment for assisting an enemy of the Camarilla, they gain Damien as a two-dot Adversary. Prince Jackson shows subtle appreciation for their assisting a longtime resource.

- Anarch PCs might stand up for Gengis. If they speak with him before the trial, he is morose over having drank such intoxicating blood and having played the fool in front of so many of his peers. It's a challenge, but the coterie may elicit some sympathy from other vampires for pointing out Gengis' contrition. This action gains them Gengis as a two-dot Mawla.
- The coterie may use this opportunity to point out all of Gengis' other crimes and join in on bringing the Anarch low. Damien is reluctant to execute Gengis due to the aid he's given the Camarilla over recent years, but if the coterie is persuasive enough, he may see no choice. If any members of the coterie are Anarchs, Damien then pushes the responsibility for Jackson and Gengis' list on to them.
- If the coterie really pushes to find information regarding Gengis' behavior, they'll find the Kindred who supplied him with the drug-infused blood was Lulu, who subsequently assisted in his ejection from the club and public reprimand. Sheng actually dosed the Brujah with vessels spiked with cocaine and wanted him to make a fool of himself. Sheng's boss, Capone, was driven out of power based on information Gengis provided to Jackson. He feels it's high time the Brujah fell far from grace.

Attribute Focus: Social

The Unfortunate Embrace

CASE NO: 1274

Reporting Hound / Sheriff: Alexa

INCIDENT: Sireless Fledgling

DETAIL OF EVENT: Call received at 9:32 PM regarding a suspicious figure attacking doves and blackbirds in Blackhawk Park. This figure had mostly been noticed by mortals and already reported to the Chicago PD; however, its behavior caught the attention of several Kindred especially the Nosferatu with feeding grounds near the park for its bestial behavior. I decided to prioritize the task first and foremost to hopefully get to the individual before mortal police.

I arrived at Blackhawk Park at 9:55 PM and began searching for anyone matching the received description. My search carried on for ten minutes before I heard an animal wailing in the corner of the park, right next to a 7/11 and a local kindergarten. A woman in her mid-twenties, described as small in frame and with long, black, unkempt hair half up in a ponytail, wearing an open flannel shirt, a white tank-top and khaki pants was seen hunched over a cat. Her fangs were deeply set into the creature, which was still screaming in pain. On her arms and chest were several lacerations, however the only blood seems to be coming from the creature she is attacking.

ACTIONS TAKEN: Upon seeing me, she acted with immediate fear, threw the half-dead cat to her side and pressed her back against the wall of the 7/11. Although her pupils were small, she did not seem to be intoxicated. Regardless, I approached her with utmost care, in order to not to create an immediate violent reaction. As I neared her enough to grab her wrist, it became clear, this person no longer lives. Her skin was ice-cold and I was close enough to observe the stillness of her chest. Although she acted with violence against creatures in the park, she willingly followed me back to my vehicle and I took her to the safe house.

Upon questioning and a medical check-up, it was discovered the girl was Embraced by what she described as a "businessman" she met over the app Tinder and arranged a date. She proceeded to describe the attacker as around 6'2', wearing a tailored Italian suit, combed back black hair, constantly checking his phone. The bitemark on her chest, previously assumed to be from the cat, was confirmed vampiric. She is currently placed in custody at the safe house.

SUMMARY: Due to the nature of the case, it is clear three laws of the Camarilla have been broken: Masquerade, Progeny, and Accounting. This is seen as a major break of the Traditions in Prince Jackson's city. The fledgling will be presented before Kevin Jackson and her fate bestowed upon her. Furthermore, an intense hunt will be set in to identify the alleged sire to the child.

More Complicated than it Seems

Cast: *Alexa Santos* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 144*), *Enzo Tovani — nomadic vampire (p. XX), Seraphine de Winter — unfortunate fledgling (p. XX), Talley* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 134*)

WHAT HAPPENED:

Enzo Tovani, a traveling vampire with no designs on remaining in Chicago, was hunting for prey using a dating app while passing through the city. As he swiped through the app, he recognized the ghoul of a Lasombra who wronged him once upon a time in Washington D.C. This woman, Seraphine, was a favored servant of Marcus Vitel, the so-called Emperor of D.C.

Overcome with the desire to taste powerful vitae, Enzo arranged to meet Seraphine in Blackhawk Park, where he drained the ghoul. With a taste of Vitel's vitae on his tongue, he then Embraced the aristocratic lady and abandoned her in the park, in the curious hope of irritating Vitel with a little bit of "Treatment" — an old practice of Tovani's fallen clan.

Seraphine wasn't in Chicago on an idle trip. Her regnant had sent her to the Windy City to deliver a message to Talley, but Enzo got to her first. Talley therefore never received the message and is currently looking for the messenger he believes should have arrived. Alexa discovered the fledgling Seraphine, who has been shocked into silence by the sudden and brutal Embrace.

All manner of secrets stand to come out as a result of this conglomeration of problems. Seraphine's message could end up in the hands of Alexa or Prince Jackson. Talley could lose valuable contact with one of his reliable sponsors. Vitel might find one of his favored ghouls executed and wish to visit retribution on the city responsible. Tovani might send the domain into a tailspin.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- If a vampire comes forward to adopt Seraphine, they stand to gain a great deal. However, she will not speak in her defense when questioned by the Hounds or Sheriff. Her fear of Vitel is so great, she would rather meet final death than betray him. At least initially. Taking her on as a ward brings benefits, but in the long-term might lead to the acquisition of a powerful Adversary Flaw, in the form of the Emperor of D.C.
- Through contact with Talley, the coterie discovers Seraphine possesses something of importance to him. If they can secure her and bring her to the Magister, he rewards them with a major boon to be paid in the future, then makes the young vampire disappear.
- Alexa and Damien have seen and fatally dealt with many unclaimed fledglings, but there is hope if the coterie suggests Critias' school for mentorship or resolve to bring her errant sire to justice. Alexa, despite their lack of Humanity, believes the sins of the sire should not reflect on the childe. If Enzo can be brought before the court — which would require knowing he was involved in this crime — Alexa will speak up for preserving the fledgling's life.

Attribute Focus: Physical / Social

ENZO TOVANI

Clan: Unknown

Sire: Lucafont

Embraced: 1921 (Born 1898)

Ambition: Destroy Marcus Vitel's regime and status

Convictions: Never follow orders blindly

Touchstones: Jillian Rudgley — driver and attendant

Humanity: 6

Generation: 9th

Blood Potency: 3

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4; Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Composure 3; Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 2

Secondary Attributes: Health 7, Willpower 5

Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Craft (Carpentry) 2, Drive 1, Survival (Underground) 4; Animal Ken 3, Etiquette 1, Insight 2, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 1; Awareness 2, Finance 2, Investigation 3, Occult 2, Politics (D.C.) 3

Disciplines: Dominate 3, Obfuscate 2, Presence 2

SERAPHINE DE WINTER

Clan: Caitiff

Sire: Enzo Tovani

Embraced: 2019 (Born 1968)

Ambition: Maintain my vow of silence

Convictions: None

Touchstones: None

Humanity: 7

Generation: 10th

Blood Potency: 1

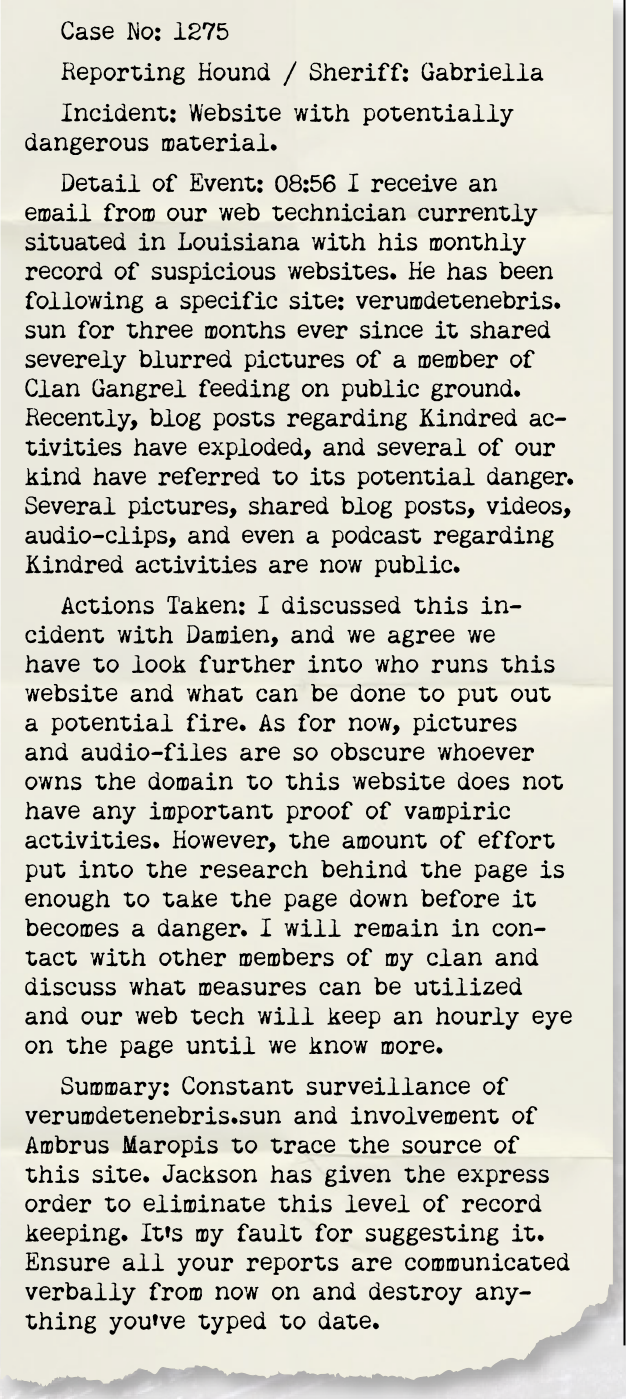
Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4; Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Composure 4; Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 5

Secondary Attributes: Health 7, Willpower 9

Skills: Craft (Calligraphy) 2, Drive 3, Stealth 1; Etiquette (Ghouls) 3, Insight 4, Intimidation 1, Subterfuge (Playing Dumb) 3; Awareness 1, Finance 3, Investigation 1, Occult 1, Politics (D.C.) 2, Technology 1

Disciplines: Fortitude 3

Incendiary Information



Case No: 1275

Reporting Hound / Sheriff: Gabriella

Incident: Website with potentially dangerous material.

Detail of Event: 08:56 I receive an email from our web technician currently situated in Louisiana with his monthly record of suspicious websites. He has been following a specific site: verumdetenebris.sun for three months ever since it shared severely blurred pictures of a member of Clan Gangrel feeding on public ground. Recently, blog posts regarding Kindred activities have exploded, and several of our kind have referred to its potential danger. Several pictures, shared blog posts, videos, audio-clips, and even a podcast regarding Kindred activities are now public.

Actions Taken: I discussed this incident with Damien, and we agree we have to look further into who runs this website and what can be done to put out a potential fire. As for now, pictures and audio-files are so obscure whoever owns the domain to this website does not have any important proof of vampiric activities. However, the amount of effort put into the research behind the page is enough to take the page down before it becomes a danger. I will remain in contact with other members of my clan and discuss what measures can be utilized and our web tech will keep an hourly eye on the page until we know more.

Summary: Constant surveillance of verumdetenebris.sun and involvement of Ambrus Maropis to trace the source of this site. Jackson has given the express order to eliminate this level of record keeping. It's my fault for suggesting it. Ensure all your reports are communicated verbally from now on and destroy anything you've typed to date.

Shut it Down

Cast: *Gabriella (p. XX and see* **Let the Streets Run Red***), the Administrator — a hunter using the internet as a weapon*

WHAT HAPPENED:

The verumdetenebris website looks lazy and ill-defined to the casual observer, discussing common myths surrounding fabled creatures, but behind it is the mind of a hunter obsessed with discovering and capturing a vampire, werewolf, or other creature of the night. Certain subtle points on the site provide evidence of Masquerade breaches, so the Hounds must take it seriously.

The issue is, nobody can tell who set the website up. Gabriella is one of Damien's favorite Hounds, but even with her technological expertise she cannot find the website's source. The Administrator (as she calls him) has buried the lead in so many layers of the dark web that the most she can determine is the Administrator's probably based in Chicago, but that's the sum of her findings.

She is faced with outsourcing to other Kindred, enlisting mortal hackers and cybercrime specialists, or taking the action Damien suggests of "just shut it down". Gabriella fears that if she does shut the site down, which is well within her capabilities, it only lends credence to the rumors the website is fueling.

Gabriella speaks to the coterie— ideally they will have a decent reputation in the city — and asks for advice on how to act or whether they might be able to handle this issue.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- Gabriella shuts the website down. This short-term fix redoubles the Administrator's efforts, however, as he re-opens the site elsewhere, now with evidence of the cybercafé from which Gabriella was operating. If any of the coterie are skilled in Technology, they might see this as the opportunity they need to entrap the Administrator.
- The coterie studies the website for all clues leading to the Administrator's identity, being led on a merry chase around the city. The Administrator is effective at concealing his tracks and sending his pursuers after his enemies before they can reach him.
- The coterie add fuel to the verumdetenebris website fire, but as a way of making the urban legends of its focus more opaque and grandiose. By concealing the truth in further rumor and innuendo regarding vampires, the coterie help discredit the Administrator and gain Gabriella as a one-dot Mawla. If the Administrator detects the intent of their actions, however, he becomes a two-dot Enemy.

Attribute Focus: Mental

GABRIELLA

Clan: Nosferatu

Sire: "Snakeman" Capo

Embraced: 2008 (Born 1985)

Ambition: Prove her worth as a young Hound

Convictions: Never let my friends down

Touchstones: Ali Knapp — best friend since childhood

Humanity: 9

Generation: 11th

Blood Potency: 1

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2; Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Composure 4; Intelligence 5, Wits 4, Resolve 4

Secondary Attributes: Health 5, Willpower 8

Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Craft (Repair) 3, Firearms 2, Larceny 2, Stealth 1; Etiquette 1, Insight (Text Speak) 3, Intimidation 1, Subterfuge 1; Academics (Computer Science) 3, Awareness 1, Investigation 4, Science 3, Technology (Hacking) 5

Disciplines: Obfuscate 3, Potence 2

Chance Encounters with Hunters

Wauneka,

Far be it for a Kindred as influential as I to ask for a Hound's assistance, but due to our close connection, I felt you may wish to know of an encounter I had last night.

As I was traveling from Evergreen Park to Burnham, I stopped at the 7/11 outside Fountain Hills Golf Club to buy gasoline. I noticed two black SUVs of the same model and year parked outside the store before walking in, and upon entering observed a group of four at the front desk, speaking to the clerk who was looking nervously around the store. I decided to stand closer and listen in on the conversation in order to get a sense of why she was alarmed. Upon placing myself about three yards from the group, I noticed they were all unusually heavily armed with military grade automatic rifles. Studying the rifles further, I soon saw a sword and skull marked on their handles.

As I entered the conversation halfway through, I was not able to pick up exactly what their intention was, but it was clear the conversation's nature was an interrogation. The largest member of the group, and the person leading the conversation, was a woman around 6'3" with red curly hair in a ponytail. She was wearing a bulletproof vest. She asked the clerk several times if she had seen any unusual activities displayed by guests entering at night and if they ever look 'exhausted' or 'sick'. The person standing right behind her had one hand planted on the stock of his gun and the other on the surface of the desk. He seemed to be listening intensely to an earpiece in his left ear. He was around the same height as the red-haired woman but was much larger in stature. He wore a black cap and fingerless gloves. The two others seemed to be in training, or at least of lower rank, as they kept fidgeting around nervously and asking questions to the larger male of the group.

I waited until they left the store and immediately followed them from a distance (after paying). As I followed them around the perimeter of the south end of the city, it became obvious they were patrolling the area. I watched them enter the haven of Gabriel Marcus — that new arrival Critias values so highly for his knowledge of Mayan history and connections to Mictlantechutli (remember my tales about that monster?) — but they didn't emerge before I had to move on.

As Gabriel hasn't appeared in Elysium since then, and I fear the intent of these heavily armed mortals, I suspect we may have a cabal of well-informed and equipped hunters in our midst. Maybe a new paramilitary group affiliated with a fringe political group or religious order? I suppose that's for you to find out.

— Khalid

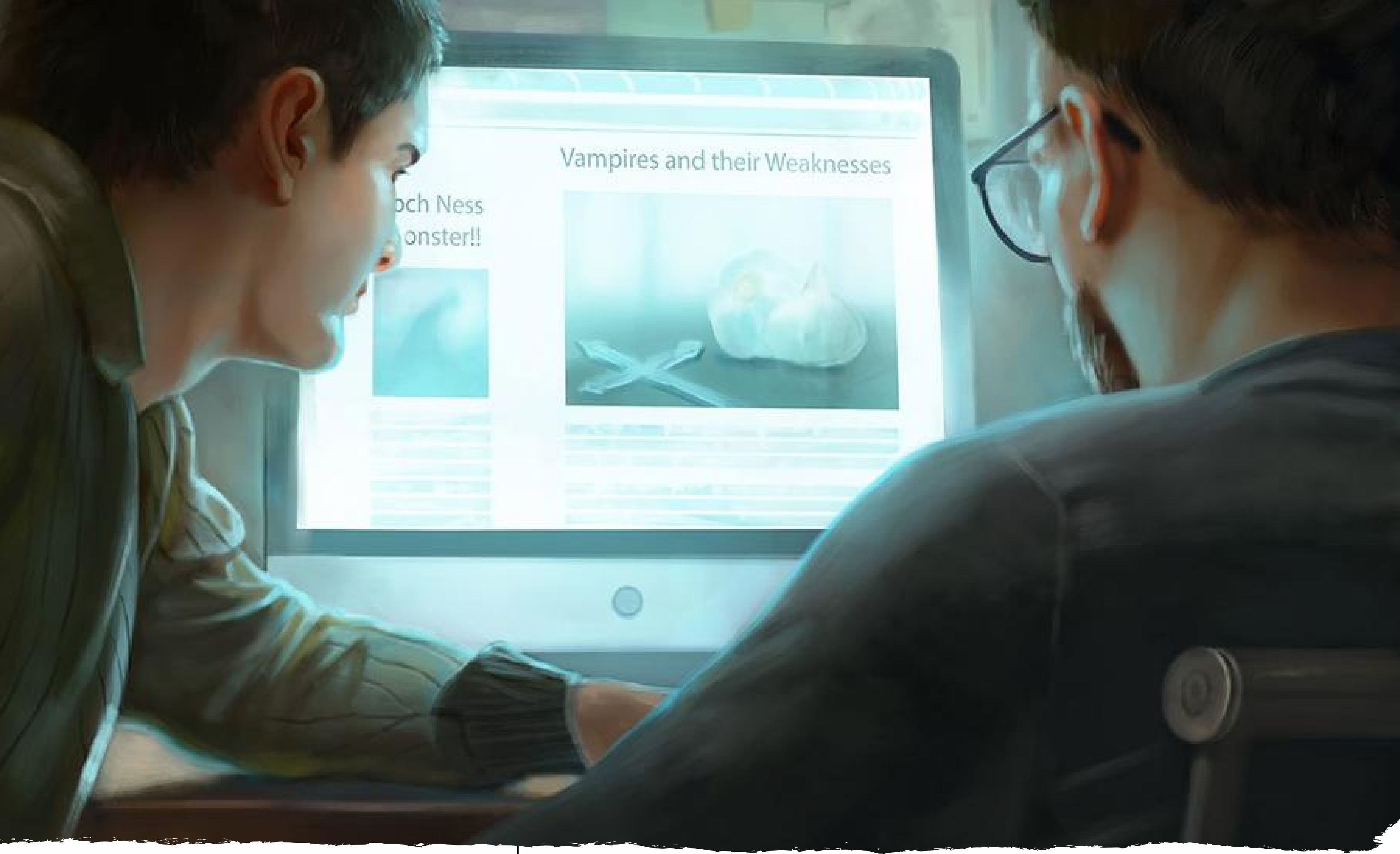
Beware the Huntsmen

Cast: *Cedrick Calhoun (*Chicago by Night*, p. 157), Night's Cross — paramilitary hunter group, Wauneka (*Chicago by Night*, p. 160)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

A hunter cell known as Night's Cross sprung up in Aurora three months ago. Its membership comprises of mortals — mainly ex-military in background — with the group of largely far-right leaning vampire killers sponsored by a local megachurch and a retired head of the Special Activities Division (SAD) of the CIA. It's a small group right now but stands to grow and threaten Kindred in Chicago and beyond if left unchecked. Wauneka and Calhoun (as Khalid) want all eyes open for this group of tooled-up killers. They need to be dealt with quickly and quietly.

Cedrick Calhoun, while disguising himself appropriately, stumbled upon one of the Night's Cross patrols starting to



edge into Chicago itself. Tracking the group through the city, he found them entering the home of the newly arrived Gabriel Marcus, a vampire new to the city, where unknown to Calhoun, they interrogated and then murdered the Kindred scholar.

Night's Cross hoped to find out more about Kindred society from Gabriel, but being a new arrival, he only knew of his sponsor Critias and the Succubus Club. That may be enough, however, to blow the domain of Chicago wide open.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The coterie visits Gabriel's haven to find streaks of bloody ash everywhere from his night-long torture. They also discover the deceased vampire's scholarly works on Mayan religion and South American vampires vandalized, though a trained Kindred may be able to recover valuable pieces of information. Gabriel was a paranoid vampire, and thankfully, cameras in his home record the entire interrogation pointing Night's Cross to the university for Critias, and the Succubus Club for the rest of the city's vampires.
- The coterie sits this one out, allowing a major sea change to occur. If they do this, they can expect to earn enemies from the Nosferatu who attempted to recruit them, and potential positions of power if influential Kindred fall to the Night's Cross guns. The risk, however, is the hunters will cling to power once they have it.
- Tracking Night's Cross to their base — a megachurch in Aurora — may lead to a siege involving all manner of heavy arms and explosives. This cell is equipped to survive an attack or, at the very least, take their enemies down with them. The megachurch does lead to the former head of SAD for the CIA and a potential scandal if his sponsorship of a paramilitary group was made public.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Physical

NIGHT'S CROSS HUNTER

Standard Dice Pools: Physical 5, Social 3, Mental 4

Secondary Attributes: Health 8, Willpower 7

Exceptional Dice Pools: Athletics 6, Brawl 6, Firearms 7, Melee 6; Intimidation 4; Awareness 5, Occult 5, Science 5

Special: Night's Cross hunters are always equipped with bulletproof vests and automatic weapons. They do not possess True Faith.

"Is this one of yours…?"

From: G1182344@destroythisemail.com

To: K92nnm_dksgson@sunburst.org

Hello, dearest Kevin.

I thought this little transcript of a video I found while searching around for something to do on a Saturday evening might be of interest to you. Isn't it funny what's readily available on the world wide web for everyone to see — even what we feed from?

Anyhow, I found this surveillance footage from the Northwestern Memorial Hospital Blood Bank uploaded to a very popular website, where a small crew of Baggers appear to be raiding a blood van.

As I know this is certainly not one of ours, since we have both interest and control over where even our youngest plunge their fangs, I am sure this one must belong to you. I added the comment section for you to enjoy as well, so you can truly see how the world perceives a Masquerade breach.

Enjoy.

The Exchange

WOMAN

"Hey buddy, you got a light?"

Woman approaches the van driver with determined steps and the man follows.

MAN

"Yeah, sorry to bother you, Dude. We've been outside the hospital all day because of a sick relative, you know?"

The driver gets out of the driver's seat and the three of them stand in front of the open side of the van.

DRIVER

"Yeah sure, I think my lighter's in this pocket"

Driver laughs embarrassed.

DRIVER

"I normally keep it right in the inner-pocket of my jacket. I swear, I never lose it. This is the first time."

The couple moves closer and the male pulls out a knife out of sight from the driver behind his back. The girl moves closer to the man, reaching into her front pocket.

GIRL

"Oh look, I had a light all along."

Male steps forward in front of the girl and grabs the driver's shoulders, pushing him into the back of the van. The driver falls with a yell and both the girl and the young man jump in after him. The side door slides closed and muffled screams are heard from 2:34 - 5:56. The van moves once in a while with the additional hollow sounds of flesh meeting metal. The last minute before the couple reappears the muffled screams and the movement of the van stops. The door slides open and the couple steps out. The girl is adjusting a man's watch on her wrist and sliding a wallet into her backpack. With a slow movement of his arm, the male closes the van door, but the foot of what can only be assumed to be the driver, prevents the door from closing completely. The foot twitches a couple of times before it lies completely still. Blood oozes from the van onto the concrete its parked on.

The couple has a short conversation too low-spoken to be audible on camera, and right before leaving the frame, they grab bags of blood from the crates still left on the forklift, stuffing the girl's backpack full.

The clip cuts to four hours after, where an ambulance and police car arrive at the scene, and the lifeless body of the driver is transported away.

The Comments Section

UNSTABLE_GABLE34

Okay, so am I the only one noticing how the couple's breath isn't visible? Like, you can clearly see the driver's breath in the video. Are they even breathing at all?

CEED76CS

First!

LAURIALYLOVE

Can we talk about how fucking '00s that jacket is?

LUCIFERWASHERE

This is literally just outside my house. It's super fucking creepy, and I'm pretty sure I've seen that couple roaming around here before. Remind me not to be in that area alone, yikes!

THESE7IOR64ANTALIO

This is clearly fake.

BIEBERCONNERY

Why the hell are they stealing blood bags? How much do those things sell on the black market? It doesn't seem worth it to be honest.

EYKERMIT4EVER

Nice watch tho.

MEMELORD100

Lol, are they pretending to be vampires or something? They should read up on their stuff, because vampires can't walk in sunlight. FAKE.

SALLYSYCOB

Can we just agree that its super scary those two meth-heads are walking around Chicago and attacking innocents. Like wtf. Why isn't the police doing something? I saw this trending the other day and they are apparently STILL not found. Come the fuck on.

NEWMOONRISING

Pause at 4:34. You can clearly see fangs on the girl. Could just be fakes tho, i dunno. Looks pretty scary to me

Clear as Day

Cast: *Bronwyn (***Chicago by Night***, p. 141), Hugo and Violet Meyer — thin-blooded Baggers (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

A couple of young thin-bloods from out of town have arrived in Chicago and immediately set to claiming the blood bag trafficking business, unaware of the Circulatory System's interest in the field, and certainly uncaring about the city's stringent Masquerade policy.

Hugo and Violet Meyer were, frankly, fucked up by their Embraces. A married couple before they were given the "gift" of undeath by their sire and abandoned to devour their family, Hugo and Violet became traveling horror shows, leaving a trail of carnage wherever they hang their hats. They try not to tackle mortals unless they get in their way, but for the Meyers, most people *are* in their way.

While the Circulatory System is more concerned with trafficking upright, walking blood bags, Bronwyn is concerned these "Natural Born Killer" types will disrupt the less lucrative but still profitable Bagger side of her enterprise. She wants them dealt with promptly.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The coterie lets the Meyers do their thing, trusting them to move on to another domain as they've always done before. However, the Meyers realize they're on to a good thing in Chicago. Their activities draw the attention of the Inquisition, the Sheriff, and the ire of the Circulatory System, sending the city into a fit of chaos while the couple roam free. Additionally, bagged blood becomes much harder to find as mortal security around blood banks increases.
- The coterie resolves to drive the Meyers out of town. The Meyers do not respond well to intimidation and fight back against any coercion with aggression. They identify any interfering vampires with their neglectful sire and won't stop until their tormentors are stains of greasy ash.
- The Meyers are met with force. If the coterie goes after them aggressively, Violet Meyer fights like a berserker, while her husband crumples and bemoans their tragic creation and desperate states. Violet would rather fall to the Beast than subject herself to another vampire's control, but it's possible the PCs sympathize with Hugo and try to make his existence more peaceful. Ultimately, he is inclined to meet final death if his wife is destroyed. On the positive side, the coterie gains a grateful Bronwyn as a three-dot Mawla if they destroy the Meyers.

Attribute Focus: Physical / Social

THE MEYERS

Clan: Thin-Blood

Sire: Arachne Silverlock

Embraced: 2015 (Born 1981)

Ambition: Take control over the blood trafficking trade

Convictions: None

Touchstones: None

Humanity: 3

Generation: 14th

Blood Potency: 0

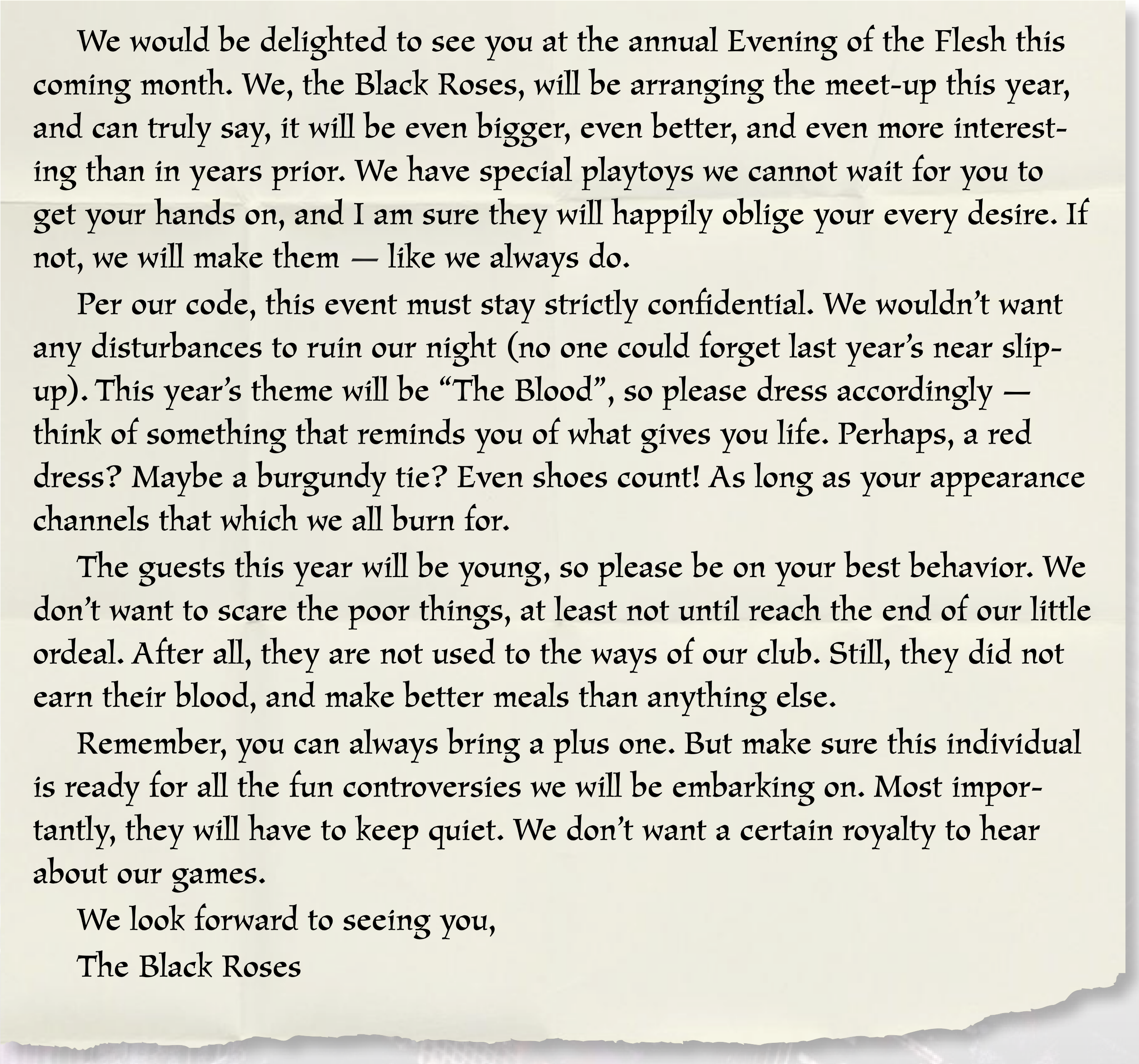
Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4; Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 1; Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 4

Secondary Attributes: Health 7, Willpower 5

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Drive 3, Firearms 2, Melee 2, Stealth 2, Survival (The Streets) 3; Animal Ken 1, Intimidation 2, Persuasion 1, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge (Underestimation) 4; Academics (Biology) 2, Awareness 1, Finance 2, Investigation 2, Medicine 3, Science 2

Disciplines: Thin-Blood Alchemy 2

Dearest Club Member



We would be delighted to see you at the annual Evening of the Flesh this coming month. We, the Black Roses, will be arranging the meet-up this year, and can truly say, it will be even bigger, even better, and even more interesting than in years prior. We have special playtoys we cannot wait for you to get your hands on, and I am sure they will happily oblige your every desire. If not, we will make them — like we always do.

Per our code, this event must stay strictly confidential. We wouldn't want any disturbances to ruin our night (no one could forget last year's near slip-up). This year's theme will be "The Blood", so please dress accordingly — think of something that reminds you of what gives you life. Perhaps, a red dress? Maybe a burgundy tie? Even shoes count! As long as your appearance channels that which we all burn for.

The guests this year will be young, so please be on your best behavior. We don't want to scare the poor things, at least not until reach the end of our little ordeal. After all, they are not used to the ways of our club. Still, they did not earn their blood, and make better meals than anything else.

Remember, you can always bring a plus one. But make sure this individual is ready for all the fun controversies we will be embarking on. Most importantly, they will have to keep quiet. We don't want a certain royalty to hear about our games.

We look forward to seeing you,

The Black Roses

Exclusive Invitation

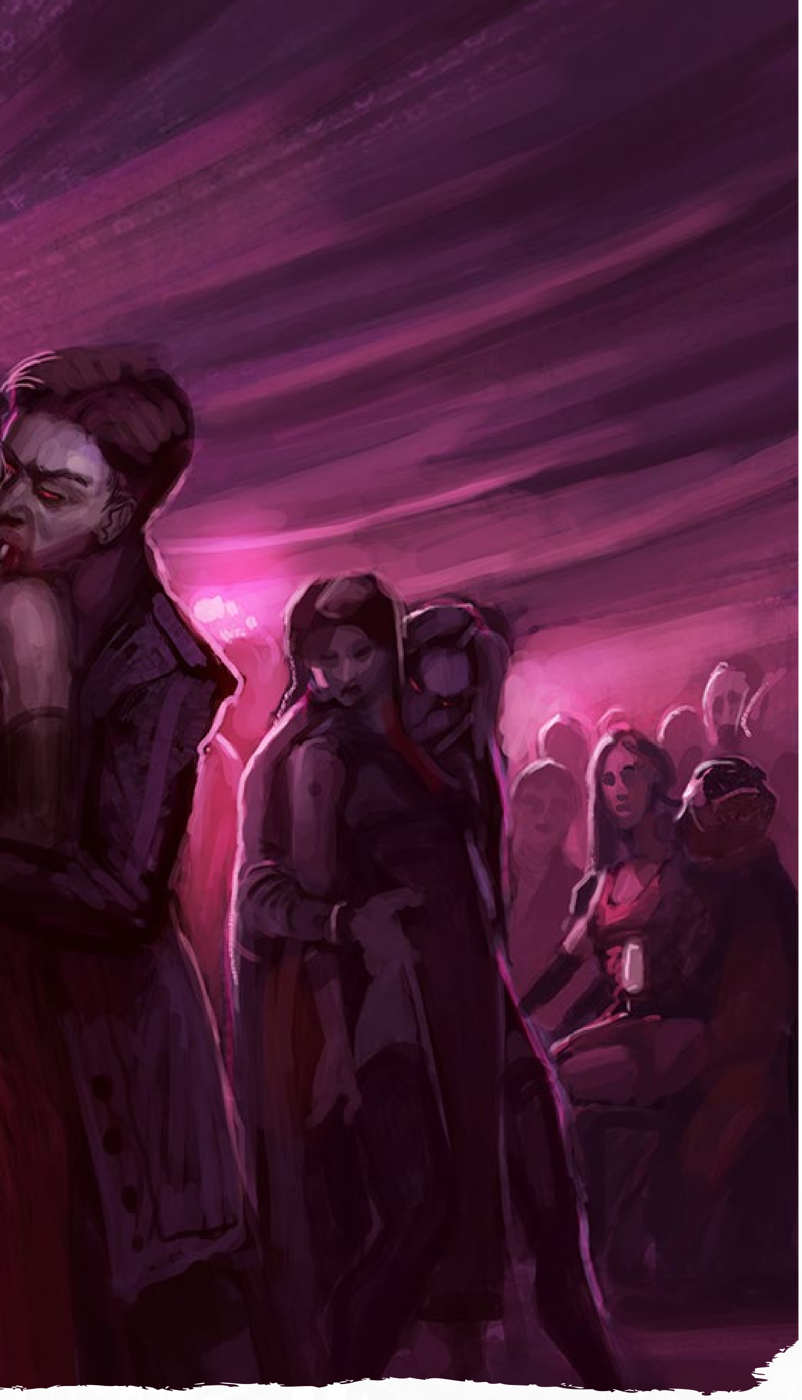
Cast: *Annabelle (***Chicago by Night***, p. 183), Karyn Stanislava (p. XX), The Black Roses — a secret society within a secret society*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Every year for the past decade, a group known as the Black Roses assembles in Chicago for a debauched party in which they enjoy every pleasure flesh and blood can give. Though many such parties take place across the States, the Black Roses' events are a special kind of depravity, as the members of the secret group test each other's Humanity and attempt to tease the Beast to the surface with every sinful act.

Though rumors of the Black Roses have extended beyond Chicago's boundaries, few know the identities of vampires within the club. The Toreador Black Rose known as Karyn Stanislava is only known because she often organizes the more palatable entertainments and has to coordinate with other vampires to hire gifted retainers and Kindred-aware security. Karyn is sworn to silence on the matter of the remaining names on the guest list, and it's possible she doesn't even know them. The club insists its members wear masks and are forbidden from uses of their vampiric Disciplines (at least from using them on each other) when the Black Roses come together.

The group name implies a largely Toreador society, but Annabelle has voiced her displeasure with the vulgar club for its acceptance of diablerie. An invitation found



from the last session discusses feeding from the young, which turned out to be thin-bloods imported into the city, one of whom escaped.

The Prince would like this group shut-down completely; while a secret society for now, the longer the festering debauchery remains contained, the worse the explosion when someone finally penetrates its shell.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- A member of the coterie receives an invitation to attend a party with the Black Roses and finds themselves in an exclusive soiree where no sins are off-limits. Thoughts fly to the debased practices of the Sabbat and the Church of Caine, and any vampire experiencing these "pleasures" runs the risk of falling to their Beast.
- Annabelle recruits the coterie to infiltrate the Black Roses' next party, reasoning that if everyone remains masked, they should find doing so no trouble at all. The party is horrific in every way, compelling vampires with higher Humanity ratings to burn the whole thing down before leaving. During the party, it's possible one of the members of the coterie might discover a known (and ostensibly humane) Kindred is one of the other guests. Keeping their identity a secret is enough to command a boon or gain a Contact, though that vampire might subsequently become an antagonist.
- One of the coterie's thin-blooded associates disappears, with rumors abounding that the Black Roses are snatching up thin-bloods for party food. Annabelle tips the coterie off to Karyn Stanislava's location, giving them the opportunity to get even or gain information.

Attribute Focus: Social

KARYN STANISLAVA

Clan: Toreador

Sire: Hathaway, "The Menshevik"

Embraced: 1930 (Born 1907)

Ambition: Make the Black Roses more impressive year after year

Convictions: Never let them know your true power

Touchstones: Arturo — loyal, long-time retainer

Humanity: 2

Generation: 9th

Blood Potency: 2

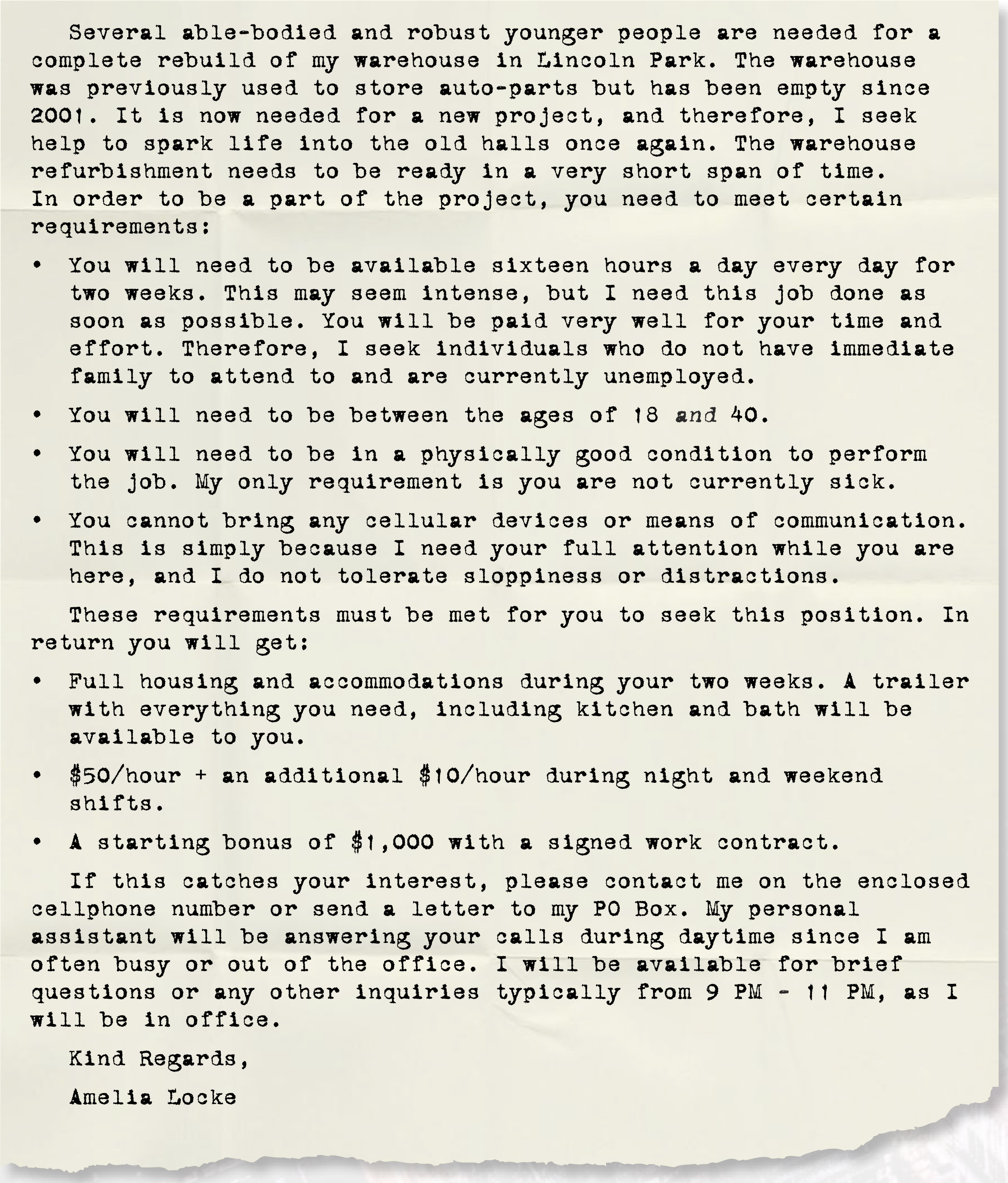
Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2; Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Composure 2; Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 5, Willpower 5

Skills: Athletics 3, Melee 2, Stealth 1; Animal Ken 2, Etiquette 4, Insight 2, Intimidation 1, Performance 3, Persuasion (Seduction) 4, Subterfuge (Innocence) 5; Awareness 1, Finance (Investments) 3, Medicine 1, Politics 1

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 2, Obfuscate 1, Presence 2

Help for Hire — Warehouse Rebuild



Several able-bodied and robust younger people are needed for a complete rebuild of my warehouse in Lincoln Park. The warehouse was previously used to store auto-parts but has been empty since 2001. It is now needed for a new project, and therefore, I seek help to spark life into the old halls once again. The warehouse refurbishment needs to be ready in a very short span of time.
In order to be a part of the project, you need to meet certain requirements:

- You will need to be available sixteen hours a day every day for two weeks. This may seem intense, but I need this job done as soon as possible. You will be paid very well for your time and effort. Therefore, I seek individuals who do not have immediate family to attend to and are currently unemployed.
- You will need to be between the ages of 18 *and* 40.
- You will need to be in a physically good condition to perform the job. My only requirement is you are not currently sick.
- You cannot bring any cellular devices or means of communication. This is simply because I need your full attention while you are here, and I do not tolerate sloppiness or distractions.

These requirements must be met for you to seek this position. In return you will get:

- Full housing and accommodations during your two weeks. A trailer with everything you need, including kitchen and bath will be available to you.
- $50/hour + an additional $10/hour during night and weekend shifts.
- A starting bonus of $1,000 with a signed work contract.

If this catches your interest, please contact me on the enclosed cellphone number or send a letter to my PO Box. My personal assistant will be answering your calls during daytime since I am often busy or out of the office. I will be available for brief questions or any other inquiries typically from 9 PM - 11 PM, as I will be in office.

Kind Regards,

Amelia Locke

Seeking Employment

Cast: *Amelia Locke (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

It's a simple enough sounding ambition: Amelia Locke, childe of Joseph Peterson, wants to create a new Elysium.

She has the property, which was an old warehouse near Lincoln Park gifted to her by her exiled sire. Now, she just needs to figure out what to turn it into. Her lover, Tatyana, suggested a club, but there are already plenty of those in the city. She's reached out to Annabelle and Kathy Glens, who suggested a gallery or an auditorium, respectively, but neither prospect appeals.

This vampire journalist is hard-nosed but willing to listen to ideas. All she needs is a good one. Something that might leave a new mark on the Chicago map. It's the kind of enterprise any aspiring Camarilla vampire might get behind.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The coterie provides Amelia with financial backing for whichever venture she decides to undertake. Doing so earns them Amelia as a one-dot Mawla, but the investment takes a long time to yield results as the Ventrue's many advisors suggest everything from a theatre to a board game café.

- The coterie attempts to directly influence Amelia's decision, living their fantasies through her. Unless they're subtle, she rebukes any attempts at control and becomes a one-dot Adversary for each member of the coterie. She's not interested in being someone's puppet. If they are subtle, they may convince her to invest in a business that matches their interests.

- The one idea Amelia hasn't considered but would gain the backing of the Hellenes and the Tremere of the city, is a new city library. It would appeal to her journalistic desires, and if other vampires get their way, could even provide a secret study and reading room for Kindred texts. It wouldn't make a massive splash on the social scene but would provide a place of quiet contemplation for vampires of the city.

  Attribute Focus: Mental / Social

chapter two

The Anarch Accounts

"No more compromise. No more deals. We hide from the light because it serves us, not because we serve them!"

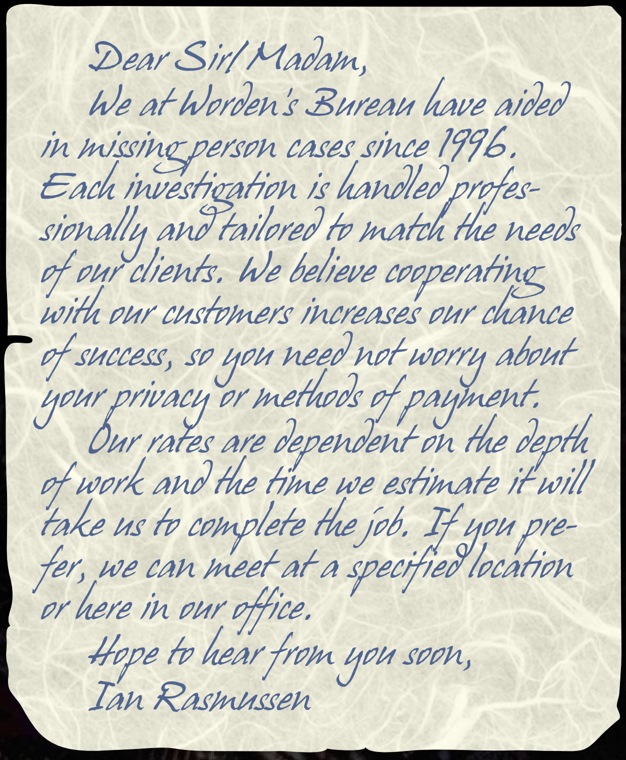
— Anita Wainwright, in a speech to her fellow Anarchs

If the Camarilla are the CEOs gazing down on the city, the Anarchs may be likened to the homeless — hated by the big man for just wanting to survive. Just like city councils spend thousands on trying to rid themselves of the homeless population, the Camarilla would prefer if the Anarchs stopped existing. In truth, many Anarchs just want to spend their unlife free from the shackles of those who, for no reason, have determined that they are superior.

When large groups of Anarchs congregate, it makes the Camarilla nervous about another uprising. They are, at most, tolerated by the Ivory Tower, especially if they all follow the Traditions. Since they are not part of the Camarilla in these nights, Anarchs don't fall under the protection of their laws. Killing Anarchs is an acceptable thing, especially thin-bloods, as long as the murder doesn't cause too much of a stir. To avoid annoying the big man, free Kindred form their own circles and hunting grounds.

Chicago is a big city, so most Anarchs manage to hunt without stepping on the toes of the elite sect. However, some go looking for trouble. Anarchs can't let the Camarilla think their silence is compliance with their laws and rulings.

Beckoning Whispers



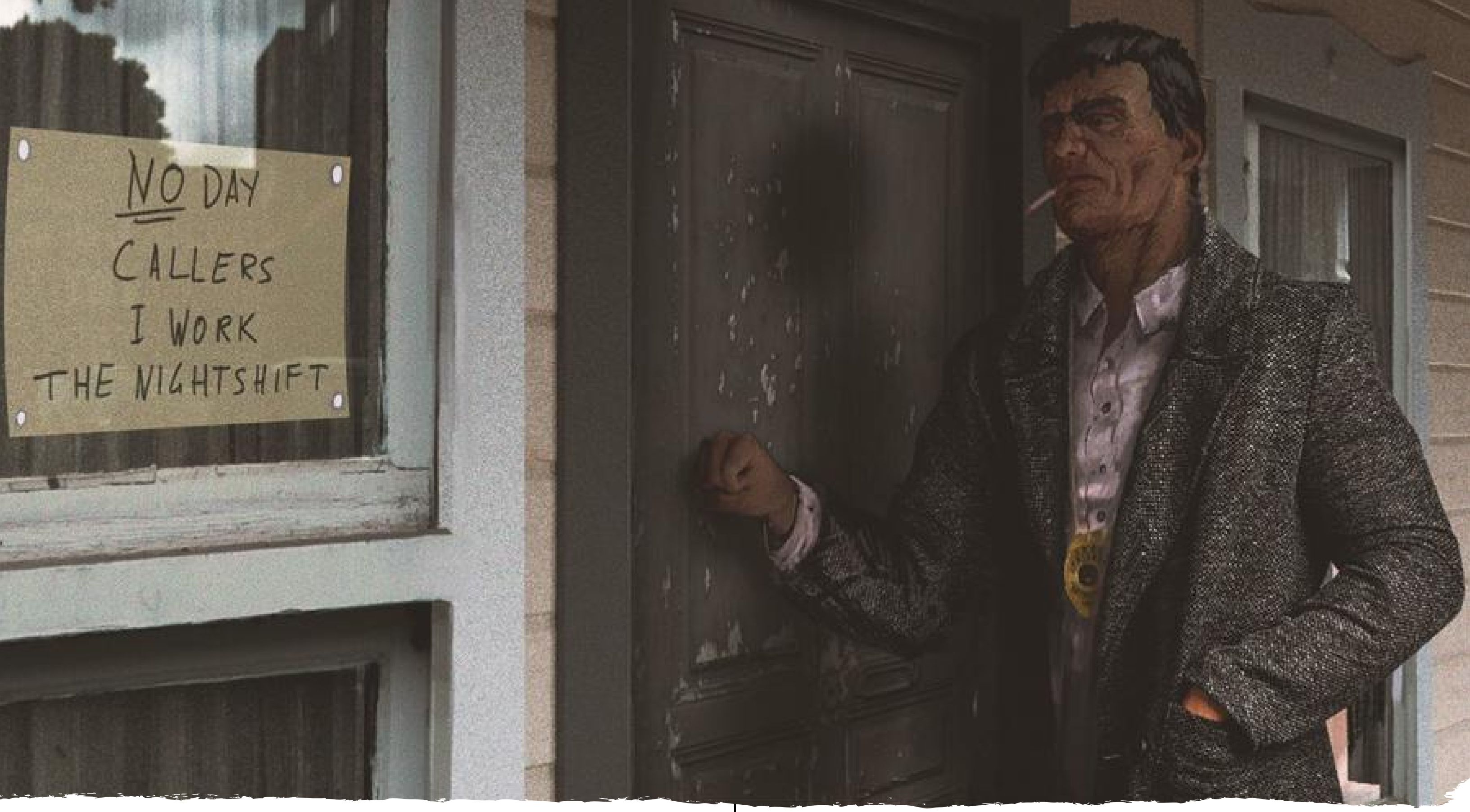
Dear Sir/Madam,

We at Worden's Bureau have aided in missing person cases since 1996. Each investigation is handled professionally and tailored to match the needs of our clients. We believe cooperating with our customers increases our chance of success, so you need not worry about your privacy or methods of payment.

Our rates are dependent on the depth of work and the time we estimate it will take us to complete the job. If you prefer, we can meet at a specified location or here in our office.

Hope to hear from you soon,

Ian Rasmussen



Reopening a Cold Case

Cast: *Ian Rasmussen — mortal private investigator*

WHAT HAPPENED:

The Beckoning affects Kindred all around the world, with elders of all domains disappearing over the last decade. One Anarch — a young vampire named Jasper who was subsequently purged when Gengis was ordered to make this list of 10 "agreeable" Anarch — even hired a private investigator named Ian Rasmussen to track down the location of Tyler, a former Brujah of prominence in the domain.

Not only is Ian Rasmussen on the trail of Tyler, it's possible he could be called upon to investigate the whereabouts of other vampires, exposing him further to Kindred secrets. Rasmussen is a popular P.I. with a late-night talk radio show many Kindred listen to, due to the number of times he's profiled their victims.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- Ian Rasmussen locates a Kindred reported missing, and this vampire divulges many secrets before fleeing the P.I.'s company. This leaves a mortal in a position where he knows a lot about the wrong side of the Masquerade. The player characters may have to find a way to silence him.
- On behalf of the Anarchs, Rasmussen locates Tyler's last known whereabouts — one month ago one of her mortal aliases secured a berth on a train heading east across Europe, from Paris to Sofia. This information could be valuable to retain or sell to Anarch supporters or Camarilla enemies of the notorious vampire revolutionary.
- Discovering the truth of Kindred society, Rasmussen approaches one of the PCs knowing they're a vampire and requests the Embrace. He doesn't know about the rule of 10 Anarchs in Chicago.

Attribute Focus: Social

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

Standard Dice Pools: Physical 4, Social 4, Mental 6

Secondary Attributes: Health 7, Willpower 5

Exceptional Dice Pools: Drive 5, Firearms 5, Stealth 5; Persuasion 6; Investigation 7

Special: Private investigators have a habit of seeing things at their most rational, meaning even if they do find evidence of vampire activity, they will attempt to ascribe it to mundane causes.

Outrunning the Past

Cast: *Andrea Harvey-Staboli (p. XX), Lianne Miller (p. XX), Gengis* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 96), Maldavis* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 102)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Andrea Harvey-Staboli, an independent Kindred said to be a Masquerade breaker, is infamous for her premonitions regarding the Beckoning. She fled Chicago about two years ago, and during her absence from the city, traveled around South America with her long-time companion Lianne Miller, hoping to find ancient knowledge there to help her to understand the Kindred nature. Visions of a growing darkness and whispers compelled Andrea to travel so whatever entity and power was there would not fall into the wrong hands. While they didn't find anything of physical value, Andrea heard a whisper she never thought she would hear again: the voice of her sire. It was weak, but she was sure that it was him. Her head was spinning; had he not met his final death?

"It speaks to me in my voice, summoning me to a place I do not know. Images flood my mind of a place I've never seen but its familiarity is like an old memory."

She returned to Chicago trying to learn more about the place of which her sire spoke. She had gained visions of places she's never seen: a city with foreign buildings, ancient ruins in a sea of sand, a dirt road next to the water that seems to stretch for infinity. After considering what meaning those places could have had to Federico, Andrea determined it must be the Beckoning communicated via flashes of images. She vowed to learn more about this affliction to save her sire and in turn explained everything she'd seen to Gengis and Maldavis — who both offered her shelter — before going into hiding again. Unfortunately for Andrea, Gengis leaked word of these conversations to the Camarilla court.

Both Anarchs and the Camarilla are trying to seize the opportunity of her return to learn everything she knows of the supernatural affliction affecting the elder Kindred.

"Why are they leaving, and where are they going exactly? Can we somehow control the urge, or cause it in others?"

These are questions asked on either side of Kindred politics. Those who have the answers to those questions — or a clue leading to the truth — could possibly cure or weaponize the Beckoning.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- Locating and handing Andrea over to the Camarilla is a morally dubious act, especially due to her susceptibility to the blood bond. However, doing so takes her off the board and keeps her information secure in one place. The risk comes with what the Prince might do, once he knows a little more about the Beckoning's power and how Andrea believes it can be tamed.
- Maldavis would dearly love Andrea to formally adopt the Anarchs as her sect so she could offer the Movement's full protection and, in turn, benefit from Andrea's counsel. If the coterie is involved in seeking Tyler (as in **Reopening a Cold Case** on p. XX), Andrea could assist in knowing the legendary Anarch's motivations. Maldavis would owe a minor boon to the vampires who deliver Andrea to her door.
- Old and powerful vampires in Chicago want a Malkavian like Andrea in their thrall or destroyed. On one hand, she may hold the key to circumventing their own Beckoning. On the other, she could become a valuable weapon for an opponent. Vampires such as Helena and Critias see her value but also realize the benefit of eliminating such a source of information.
- If the coterie provides Andrea sanctuary as she researches the Beckoning, her friend Lianne Miller willingly becomes their bodyguard or aide, acting as a two-dot Ally or Retainer. Any friend of Andrea's is a friend of Lianne's.

Attribute Focus: Social

A Desperate Rescue

Cast: *Damien* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 88), Lianne Miller (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

If Andrea is captured by the Camarilla court of the Chicago in **Outrunning the Past** (p. XX), her closest friend seeks to rescue her. Sadly, she's not prone to spending time strategizing.

Those who know Lianne know her impulse levels are that of a teenager. While she says she's only investigating Andrea's capture, her friends know she's going to try to rescue Andrea without a plan.

Why risk doing this? For Lianne, Andrea is not only a good friend, she is also the one who holds secrets of the Beckoning and the Beast. For her, her fascination with this supernatural affliction is like a mortal's morbid curiosity of death. It comes to us all, but only those who go through it know what it's like on the other side. Time almost stands still for the Kindred, but how can one not be curious about where their journey's going to possibly end? With so much potential of weaponizing this condition, how could a young and ambitious neonate not want to follow up on the clues they have?

Lianne will rant and rave, snarl and seethe to the player characters about how she intends to rescue Andrea from anyone who might bond her and force answers out of her. Aiding Lianne could lead to making a useful, albeit temperamental new friend.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- A prison breakout takes place, with the coterie needing to navigate the security put in place by Damien, his Hounds, and any mortal servants used to guard Andrea's hiding place. Meanwhile, someone important to the court (possibly Damien) is interrogating Andrea for information relating to the Beckoning and its secrets. The player characters may wish to plan this in depth, but Lianne will force their hand due to her impulsiveness.

- The Sheriff discovers Lianne and subsequently deals with the upstart, perhaps because the PCs turn her over. The punishment enacted on the young Anarch depends on how and when Lianne is discovered. The enforcers of Camarilla law will act according to protocol, and either reward the player characters with one dot of Status or declare them enemies of the domain for assisting in this foolhardy rescue attempt.

- Lianne rescues Andrea from the safehouse in which Damien stashed her for questioning. If the PCs assisted in this attempt and failed to cover their tracks, Damien becomes a 2-dot Enemy. In either case, Lianne becomes a two-dot Ally and Andrea becomes a one-dot Mawla, not useful for gaining status but full of information relating to the Beckoning.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Physical

Flowers in the Garden

We believe in autonomy. We believe in free speech. We only believe in whichever Traditions enable us without restriction.

Do not be mistaken into thinking we are mere Anarchs. We are a faith. We are a philosophy. We are the future for all Kindred who desire an eternity of expression without punishment.

We Lilies are but buds growing from the soil, but soon, we will be more than that.

The Dark Mother beckons us east, but it is not physical transit she demands of us. It is mindset. She wants us to think as our ancestors thought, fight as they fought, and reclaim our heritage.

The Lilies shall grow and be the brightest flowers in the garden.

Her garden.

The Lilies

Cast: *Edith Beaubien* **(Chicago by Night**, *p. 162), Maldavis* **(Chicago by Night**, *p. 102)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Recently, Maldavis saw a piece of graffiti in the background of a newspaper photo, which read: "The Dark Mother Beckons to Go East — Lilies Assemble!" It's a long stretch, but the style matches the graffiti used by some Anarch Kindred in Chicago. Maldavis pushes to investigate as she thinks the "go east" part might be in relation to the Beckoning.

What awaits the PCs if they follow up on this clue is a cult the coterie has never heard of before — the Lilies. The Lilies are an Anarch-spirited Lilith cult. The center of the cult's belief is that while the image of Adam rules the mortal world, there will never be equality, and the Traditions set down by the Camarilla were all constructed by two male vampires of legend: Raphael and Hardestadt.

This cult has a restrictive membership requirement. First, you must be an Anarch. Then one must prove their eyes are open to the truth by undertaking a series of trials set by members of the Lilies, usually involving the mockery of Camarilla institutions, the sabotage of high-status Camarilla Kindred influence, or the destruction of bigoted vampires. Harmony can never be accomplished as long as one assumes that one should be either dominant or subservient because of one's characteristics. Freedom belongs to everyone.

When a member is accepted into the cult, they become "Flowerbuds" and eventually, after performing several acts to impress Lilith, they are named "Flowers". There are no higher ranks, as Lilith is believed to lead the cult.

In truth, the Lilies appeared when Edith Beaubien — the member of another Lilith cult in Chicago — lost one of her ghouls, who was subsequently Embraced and reworked Edith's beliefs into this new cult. Maldavis wants to find out what the cult knows about the Beckoning, while Edith wants to find out if this cult has answers that can help the Cultivars with their questions.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The Lilies typically operate in small coteries, usually consisting of a mixture of three individuals, typically a mortal, a ghoul, and a vampire. If the PCs decide against infiltrating the cult, or if they wish to observe them from afar, they spy these coteries running errands. The Flowers rarely leave their havens, but Flowerbuds go and practice acts of sabotage and disruption on their behalf.

- The PCs may attempt to infiltrate the cult. Being affiliated with the city's Anarchs is a good start, though the Lilies expect their members to then start some well-timed fires — figurative and literal — to prove loyalty to Lilith's ideals.

- The graffiti message "The Dark Mother Beckons to Go East" is in part a reference to the Beckoning, which a couple of older members of the cult have experienced. The Lilies believe Lilith is summoning them once they're strong enough to fight in an upcoming battle, but it is a spiritual journey the must undertake, rather than a physical one. Some "Flowers" report experiencing the Beckoning as a smooth female voice telling them to return to the bosom of their mother and rest before their fight.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Social

Words from the Blood

Cast: *Dr. Benway (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

The coterie continues to learn of the Lilies, hearing the cult's founder — who just goes by the name "the Fury" — is in disagreement with some of the other Flowers on the subject of drinking each other's blood. As the Fury was a ghoul before she became Kindred, one might expect her to be averse to the tradition of blood bonding. However, she believes the drinking of vitae is the best way to make one strong and loyal.

The Fury has had a premonition she will soon have to leave the city to travel far away. Therefore, she has filled an amphora with her vitae for the other cultists to drink when they too hear Lilith's voice, so they can find other departed Lilies. Word has escaped the cult of this great quantity of magically preserved vitae, which the vampire named Dr. Benway wishes to obtain so he can study it.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The location of the amphora is a closely kept secret. Only the Flowers know where the vitae is stored. As elder members of the cult are disappearing due to the Beckoning, the cult is presently seeking a new location to store the Fury's blood. Whenever a new member is initiated into the cult, the Flowers take a vitae sample from them and store it elsewhere. This presents the coterie an opportunity to learn of Fury's vitae cache.
- Dr. Benway offers any Kindred prepared to join the Lilies a generous introduction to Annabelle, his Mawla, and to act as a friend within Clan Toreador. Any vampire who locates the amphora gains Benway as a one-dot Contact. Additionally, recovering the amphora with the vitae still inside makes him a two-dot Mawla.
- The Lilies are an aspirational group for many Anarchs, as they represent a spiritual route for throwing off the Camarilla's shackles. The possibility that the cult's founder is blood bonding its members while also relieving them of their vitae for reasons unknown, severely undermines many Anarch principles. The Ministry especially takes umbrage at the Lilies' activities. Eliminating the Fury grants a vampire favor within Chicago's Ministry, represented by two dots of Status within the clan.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Social

THE FURY

Clan: Tremere

Sire: Victor

Embraced: 1999 (Born 1957)

Ambition: Expand the cult's power

Convictions: Never refuse the vitae of another

Touchstones: Alexandra Mason — ghoul and loyal adjutant within the Lilies

Humanity: 5

Generation: 10th

Blood Potency: 2

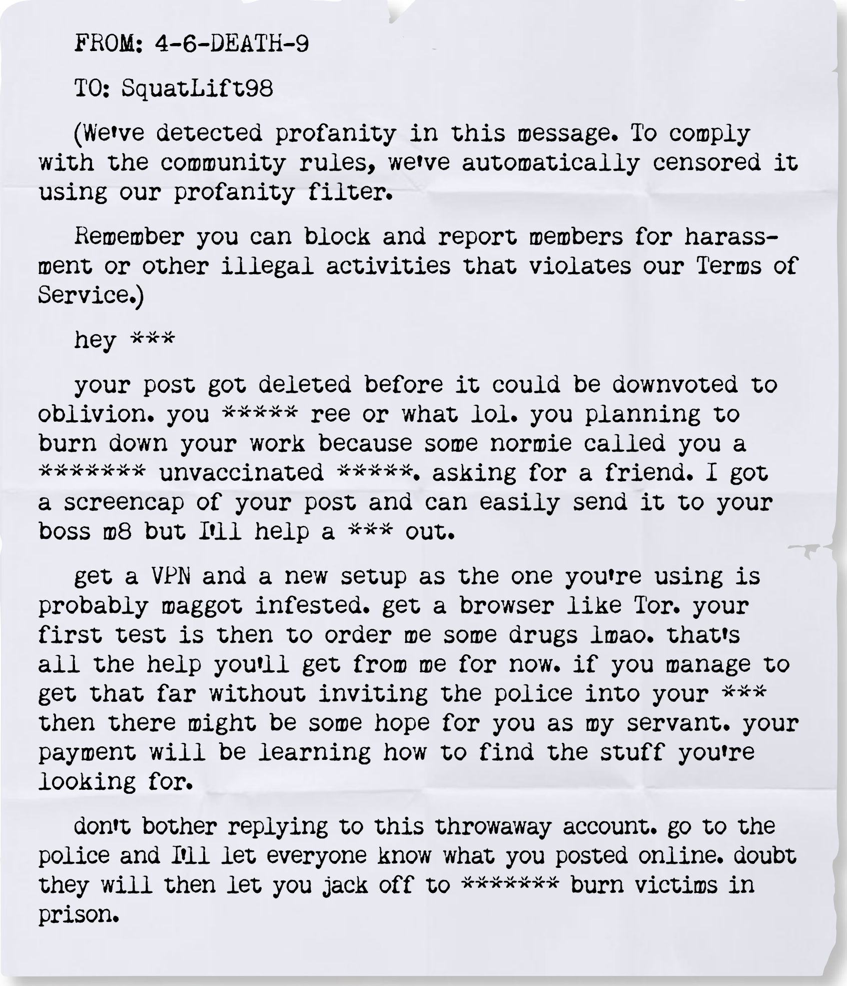
Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4; Charisma 2, Manipulation 5, Composure 3; Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 7, Willpower 6

Skills: Athletics 1, Craft (Sewing) 2, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Melee 2; Animal Ken 1, Etiquette 3, Insight 4, Intimidation 2, Leadership (Lilies) 4, Performance 2, Persuasion (Love Bombing) 3; Academics 1, Awareness 1, Medicine (Hematology) 2, Occult 3, Politics 1

Disciplines: Auspex 1, Blood Sorcery 3, Fortitude 1

Changing Allegiance



FROM: 4-6-DEATH-9

TO: SquatLift98

(We've detected profanity in this message. To comply with the community rules, we've automatically censored it using our profanity filter.

Remember you can block and report members for harassment or other illegal activities that violates our Terms of Service.)

hey ***

your post got deleted before it could be downvoted to oblivion. you ***** ree or what lol. you planning to burn down your work because some normie called you a ******* unvaccinated *****. asking for a friend. I got a screencap of your post and can easily send it to your boss m8 but I'll help a *** out.

get a VPN and a new setup as the one you're using is probably maggot infested. get a browser like Tor. your first test is then to order me some drugs lmao. that's all the help you'll get from me for now. if you manage to get that far without inviting the police into your *** then there might be some hope for you as my servant. your payment will be learning how to find the stuff you're looking for.

don't bother replying to this throwaway account. go to the police and I'll let everyone know what you posted online. doubt they will then let you jack off to ******* burn victims in prison.

An Explosive Entrance

Cast: *Kyra Ripa — abusive, hardline Camarilla sire (p. XX), Mateo García (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Mateo had a plan. Not a good one, but a plan nonetheless. He was going to burn down the club his sire Kyra ran as the front for her hunting grounds: *Bliss*. The club has been his personal hell for years. It's there he met Kyra, and it's there he was subsequently Embraced.

Kyra has been an ultra-conservative Camarilla agent for decades, and while her gothic bar in Arlington Heights is far from Chicago's center, she courts favor with her fellow Toreador whenever she visits the clubs in the city's center and is one of the founding members of the Circulatory System. Somehow, she's always been able to carry off the richest in entertainments while never breaching the Masquerade. Many of these entertainments have been at the expense of Anarchs, who she treats like toys to break and throw away.

Mateo had a mishap online while searching for information, openly asking on a forum about how to best get away with arson. Learning about the dark web has taught him much, even if he now has an internet stalker blackmailing him. If Mateo can pull off this plan, he can get himself a new identity and eliminate one of the most hated Camarilla Kindred in the city. He could even join the Anarchs as a member in good standing.

He can't wait to watch it all go up in flames and is willing to pay any Kindred who assist him very well indeed. Maybe then he'll finally be able to feel happy again — true *bliss*.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- Mateo kills Kyra but doesn't make it out in time. Engulfed in flames, he meets his final death. While the fire is searing his flesh and numbing his brain, Mateo welcomes the end. While Kyra's belongings may be contested, Mateo's haven is available for PCs to "inherit".
- Mateo escapes without killing Kyra, his pride more injured than his body. Sure, he lived to see another night, but he failed in his primary objective. Kyra understands her childe's motive and must deal with him. If Mateo was obsessed before, he's now possessed by the idea of killing her. The PCs are on a dangerous ledge if they aided Kyra, as she has many boons to cash in with Chicago's Toreador.
- The club goes up in flames. Kyra's status isn't guaranteed, so Mateo must lay low while trying to confirm her final death. He may withhold any promised reward until her status is confirmed. Raking through the ashes and determining which are hers may require a vampire skilled in Blood Sorcery or Oblivion rituals.
- The hacker trying to blackmail Mateo signed their first message with 4-6-4-9, a Japanese wordplay on numbers spelling out "Nice to meet you." Since they have not given Mateo any other name to call them by, the

nickname for the hacker is "4-6-4-9". This individual could be Bobby Weatherbottom (see **Chicago by Night**, p. 226) if the Storyteller wishes to use an Anarch blackmailer, Gabriella (see p. XX) if one of the Camarilla Hounds is watching Mateo, or another tech savvy individual should the Storyteller opt for a different route.

Attribute Focus: Physical / Social

KYRA RIPA

Clan: Toreador

Sire: Hansen

Embraced: 1865 (Born 1838)

Ambition: Put an Anarch in their lowly place whenever possible

Convictions: Preserve the Masquerade at all costs

Touchstones: Georgia Stein — mortal owner of the Bliss Club, and only mortal who knows of Kyra's undead state

Humanity: 3

Generation: 11th

Blood Potency: 3

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3; Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Composure 4; Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 4

Secondary Attributes: Health 6, Willpower 8

Skills: Athletics 2, Craft (Cocktails) 3, Drive 1, Melee 1; Etiquette 4, Insight 1, Intimidation (Powerplay) 5, Leadership 2, Performance (Dance) 3, Persuasion 2, Subterfuge 2; Academics (Transit Routes) 2, Awareness 2, Finance (Nightclubs) 3, Medicine 1, Politics 2

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Dominate 2, Potence 3, Presence 4

Flames Spread

Cast: *Charles "Crook" Dawson* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 167), Mateo García (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Immediately following the arson attempt on the Bliss club in Arlington Heights, the attack draws the attention of Kindred miscreant, Charles "Crook" Dawson. Crook loves starting fires, and while he's fairly indiscriminate in his targets, he's hit more Camarilla havens and nightspots than anything else.

If Mateo was not immediately caught in **An Explosive Entrance** (p. XX), vampires in the know look to Crook as the likely party responsible. For his part, he doesn't attempt to defend himself. Instead, Crook goes to ground as he hunts the real party with the intention of making him pay.

Mateo will look to his new allies for defense in this situation, while Crook will discreetly reach out for information regarding the burning down of Bliss. Meanwhile, the Hounds are dispatched to bring Crook in once and for all. As far as the Sheriff is concerned, the Nosferatu arsonist has lit his last fire.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- If the Hounds discover Crook or the PCs turn him over to the Camarilla, the Sheriff will speak for burning the Nosferatu as punishment for the destruction of Bliss. The act may take a toll on the PCs' Humanity; Charles Dawson definitely deserves some form of punishment, but he isn't guilty of the crime ascribed to him.

- If the Anarch Center find out about Mateo, they wish to safeguard him. At least for a time. A Kindred prepared to attack Camarilla hardliners such as Kyra Ripa is welcome in their ranks, even if they have to send Mateo to another domain to carry out his attacks. Mateo resents the Camarilla but is being mistaken for a freedom fighter, when he just wanted to murder his sire. He doesn't want to be in any sect's clutches and wants the PCs to get him away from this asylum.

- If Kyra survived the previous hook, she warily seeks aid to neutralize her unruly childe — careful to not enlist the help of anyone who may leak the news to those above her station. Her pride is at stake, and she dreads the fall from grace awaiting her if Mateo is revealed to be her childe. Better to kill him and blame some Anarchs or claim he succumbed to his final death due to an unfortunate accident. Should she find someone suitable to help her, Kyra attempts to coerce them with the seductive promise of wealth and decadence, becoming their three-dot Mawla.

- 4-6-4-9 plays a mysterious role in this chronicle. They may pass Mateo's location on to Crook if they have not been compensated following the blackmail attempt or could assist Mateo if payments have been forthcoming. This hidden Kindred keeps an eye on all the activities in this story and reaches out to anyone involved with more threats or potential praise, if they work to 4-6-4-9's benefit.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Social

Boyce's Advice

So, how does a lowly Anarch get by in Chicago? Well, if you take my advice, you go underground. Work the system from within. We're safe enough if we stay in Elysium and we're safe enough if we don't announce our affiliation. It's not as if anyone can tell what sect you are by looking at you, not even by tasting your blood.

I know about the Anarch Center but, look at them! They're nearly as establishment as Prince Jackson's gang. They have the right idea about laying low, but I don't trust them. Too many of them just want to be in Jackson's shoes, or his pants, or whatever. Then there's the Nihilists who are frankly past it, stuck in the last century and they're not recruiting either.

So, if you're an Anarch in this city, what do you do? You go the Prince and tell him you're here. You tell him you support him, and you don't want to make any kind of waves. You don't tell him you identify as an Anarch, and you don't tell him you're part of his exclusive club. They tend to assume you are, unless you say different. That's the extent of their arrogance. You hope he will give you just a tiny bit of territory in the city and, if he doesn't, you go somewhere on the outskirts no one else is claiming and just take it for your own. You don't want to go begging. Then you find your niche and you build it. You build your own thing. Your own businesses. Your own influence with the mortals. And you do it your way, not their way. Keep your head down.

You want to get yourselves some plausible deniability, I can introduce you to my little coterie of Duskborn and fledglings. They're useful, but like fighting dogs, don't think you can count on controlling them once they get the smell of blood in their nostrils.

One day though, when there's enough of us, when we've built ourselves enough influence, we will rise up in the streets and reclaim Chicago. I think we could use the Anarch Center as a front.

An Anarch May Look at the Prince

Cast: *Devin Boyce (p. XX), J. Sebastian Hart — the Duke of Cook County and independent tyrant (p. XX), Prince Kevin Jackson (***Chicago by Night***, p. 209) or a representative from the Government Coterie (***Chicago by Night***, p. 250)*

What Happened:

Undercover Anarch Devin Boyce arranges for a group of his sectmates to introduce themselves to Prince Jackson and ask for territory. He is deferent and poses convincingly as a lowly member of the Camarilla.

As the Anarchs go through the motions of bowing and groveling, praising Jackson's accomplishments and speaking nothing but well of his domain, Boyce attempts to up the stakes by pledging unconditional loyalty for greater favors.

This gambit may go many ways, but Boyce is a gambler, and it's the loyalty of his companions — likely the player characters — he's pledging, rather than his own.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The characters turn up at a convenient Elysium and Boyce arranges introductions. It is clear the Kindred here do not have a high opinion of Boyce, but Boyce bears it out and encourages the PCs to do the same. The characters go along with Boyce's scheme and impress Jackson (or his representative), who grants them territory. It will not be good or extensive territory, but it gives them a toehold in Chicago where they can operate reasonably freely (if they stick to the rules).

- The characters go along with Boyce's scheme but fail in their bid for territory; instead, they enter into dispute with the Government. Boyce does his best to smooth over the situation but is unable to make a significant difference. He slinks off, leaving the PCs to handle the fallout.

- The characters refuse to go along with Boyce's scheme and find another way to establish themselves in the city. Declining the wily Anarch's offer earns the coterie a one-dot Adversary, as he's not used to being turned down. However, going it alone means not having to deal with the negative impressions the city court has of Boyce.

- Seeing the coterie establishing themselves within the domain, Boyce pushes farther than they'd like, explaining to Jackson or one of his servants that the coterie is willing to go "above and beyond" in service to the Prince. As a result, the coterie is enlisted to disrupt Anarch meetings, claim Anarch resources, and capture one of Illinois' more dangerous new arrivals, J. Sebastian Hart, the so-called Duke of Cook County and rival to Anarch interests in the region.

Attribute Focus: Social

J. SEBASTIAN HART

Clan: Hecata

Sire: Sergio Rossellini

Embraced: 1914 (Born 1870)

Ambition: Wrest Cook County from the Anarchs and make it independent of all Traditions

Convictions: Always respect the dead

Touchstones: Charles Cornelius Black — business partner and prospective childe

Humanity: 4

Generation: 12th

Blood Potency: 3

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 1, Stamina 5; Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Composure 2; Intelligence 4, Wits 4, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 8, Willpower 5

Skills: Brawl (Body Weight) 3, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Larceny 2, Melee 1, Stealth 1, Survival (Starvation) 3; Etiquette 2, Insight 1, Intimidation 3, Leadership (Hecata) 4, Persuasion 1, Subterfuge 1; Academics 2, Awareness 3, Finance 2, Investigation 1, Medicine 1, Occult 3, Politics (Independent Domains) 4, Technology 1

Disciplines: Dominate 2, Fortitude 2, Oblivion 3

Mendoza is Dead

"Mendoza was murdered." Tim tells Boyce, his Beast barely under control. "Far as we can make out, some Camarilla bastard killed him for no better reason than he happened to be Duskborn. Or in Chicago without PFJ's permission. We found him, or what remained of him, in the gutter. No fucking dignity. Couldn't even challenge him to a decent fight. Just hit him from behind and left a note in his pocket."

Boyce holds out his hand for the note.

"No, I can't show you the note. I hid it. Couldn't bear to look at it. It just said 'Anarchs, get out of town' and it was signed by the Sheriff."

"I don't believe Damien did it," Boyce says. "I just don't believe it. Who's PFJ?"

"Prince Fucking Jackson," Babs spits out the words.

The whole coterie is on the edge of frenzy.

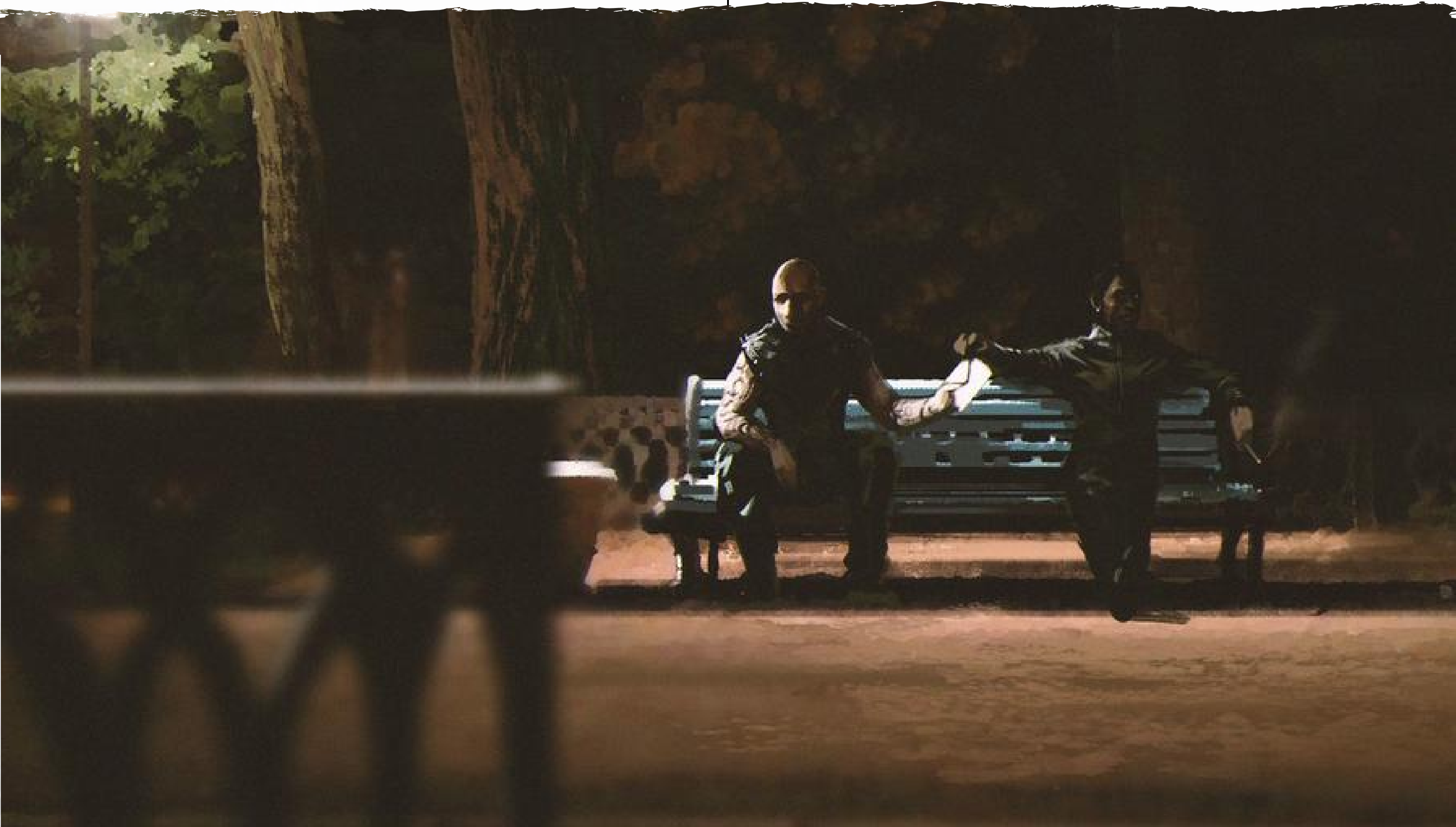
Murder Mystery

Cast: *Devin Boyce (p. XX), Eustace Lancaster (p. XX), the Parkie Mob — a coterie of local gangsters (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Coded tags appear, spray-painted around Patty's Cyber Café in Gage Park. Whoever put them there claims to have murdered Joseph Mendoza, one of Devin Boyce's sometimes-coterie, the Parkie Mob. Boyce is incensed. As someone who has always at least pretended to follow the rules, he rankles at the prospect someone might be trying to push his buttons and cause him social embarrassment. He already knows about the letter claiming responsibility for the murder, but this? This is just crude.

Reaching out to the player characters' coterie, Boyce wants them to look within his own coterie to see if there's a



traitor in their midst, before spreading the search wide to look for outside attackers. Boyce is paranoid, and first wants to rule out whether someone close to Mendoza was responsible for his death and is trying to play it off as an assassination.

Boyce emphasizes that any investigation must take place on the downlow. He's instructed his own coterie to look into the killing, but they are unaware a third party is coming in to offer some discreet oversight. Currently, only Boyce knows about the PCs' involvement, and only Tim Roche of the Parkie Mob knows of the letter found in Mendoza's pocket.

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN:

- The characters investigate the murder. The note Tim Roche found in Mendoza's pocket is as Tim described, but it is not in Damien's handwriting. Assisting with the investigation gets the characters appreciation and a minor possible boon from Boyce but ruling out Damien doesn't confirm who *is* responsible.

- The characters make a mess of the investigation and Boyce will not provide back-up under any circumstances as it would blow his cover. The Parkie Mob take action against the PCs, at best mocking them and beating them up for such a ham-fisted investigation, at worst swearing death on them for their espionage. In both cases, Devin Boyce denies all knowledge of being involved with the characters and the Parkie Mob's immediate instinct is to trust him.

- Successful investigation of this crime is tricky. The handwriting is unlikely to match any the characters recognize, and even if they have contacts among the Hounds, the Camarilla hitmen don't admit to the killing. Rather, the murder of Mendoza was an act of passion committed by the struggling Eustace Lancaster, who after he regained his sense of self hastily scrawled a note placing blame on Damien before fleeing the scene.

- The graffiti claiming responsibility for Mendoza's death is another issue. Lancaster is not responsible for tagging the walls. Instead, the artist responsible is Tim Roche, who wants to make a play for leadership of the coterie. He believes Boyce has had his time and needs a public embarrassment to force the issue.

- The characters may wonder how this issue fits in with the Sixth Tradition. It should not be too difficult to discover Prince Jackson has declared Anarchs and Duskborn fair game, but if the PCs are Anarchs, it's unlikely they're sympathetic to the rules. If they believe the Sheriff was responsible, however, and don't believe Mendoza was given the option to leave town before his murder, they may have a legitimate cause to complain to the Prince.

  Attribute Focus: Mental

The Parkie Mob

The Parkie Mob are an Anarch coterie who love to make trouble. They work with Boyce regularly, with him often taking the leadership role. The coterie meets in a games arcade and named themselves after one of the gangs in a favorite video game. They are all capable thieves and drivers, spending much of their time holding up bars, gas stations, and small stores. The coterie takes a particular thrill in having a shopkeeper unload a gun on them only to get back up to their feet and freak the mortal witnesses out.

TIM ROCHE

Clan: Caitiff

Sire: Unknown

Embraced: 2007 (Born 1989)

Ambition: Turn over a bank some night

Convictions: Make every night more fun than the last

Touchstones: Eli Roche — mortal husband, still in Tim's life

Humanity: 5

Generation: 13th

Blood Potency: 1

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3; Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 4; Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 2

Secondary Attributes: Health 6, Willpower 6

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Drive (Getaway Vehicle) 4, Firearms 2, Larceny (Stick-ups) 4, Melee 1, Stealth 1; Intimidation 2, Leadership 2, Persuasion 1, Streetwise (Fences) 3, Subterfuge 1; Awareness 1, Finance 1, Politics 1, Technology 2

Disciplines: Fortitude 2, Potence 2

PARKIE MOBSTERS (OTHER MEMBERS)

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2; Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Composure 3; Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

Secondary Attributes: Health 5, Willpower 5

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Drive 3, Firearms (Handgun) 2, Larceny 3, Melee 2, Stealth 2; Intimidation 3, Streetwise (Fences) 3, Subterfuge 1; Awareness 1, Technology 1

Disciplines: Celerity 1, Fortitude 2

Mixing It Up

Cast: *The Parkie Mob (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Tim has an idea…

"What I don't understand about Chicago is this: Why is it still under the thumb of the Camarilla? Look at Paris, Berlin, London. Look at the Free States on the West Coast. So, what is different about us? How come the Movement remains a fringe thing, crushed under the heel of Jackson? Maybe it's something to do with Midwest mentality, like Big Boss Boyce says, but that's a load of problematic bullshit just as an idea and, come to think of it, not all the licks here come from the area.

Fact is, we are not organized. We don't have a plan. Or maybe some of us do but those plans aren't moving fast. We're losing momentum. Half those Anarchs who've been around more than 10 years or so are nearly as bad as the Cam, what with their fixed ideas about how to do things.

I reckon we need to go mix things up a bit. I reckon it's time for a bit of direct action."

The Parkie Mob are bored. And frustrated. Frustrated that what passes for the Anarch leadership in Chicago moves so slowly. They know Boyce advises them to play like good kids, biding their time but, sometimes, this gets too much for them. This group does not want to wait for the Anarch Centre to get the movement off the ground and they do not trust the Nihilists, who they regard as a bunch of sad, old men. The Parkie Mob prepare for a night of mayhem.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

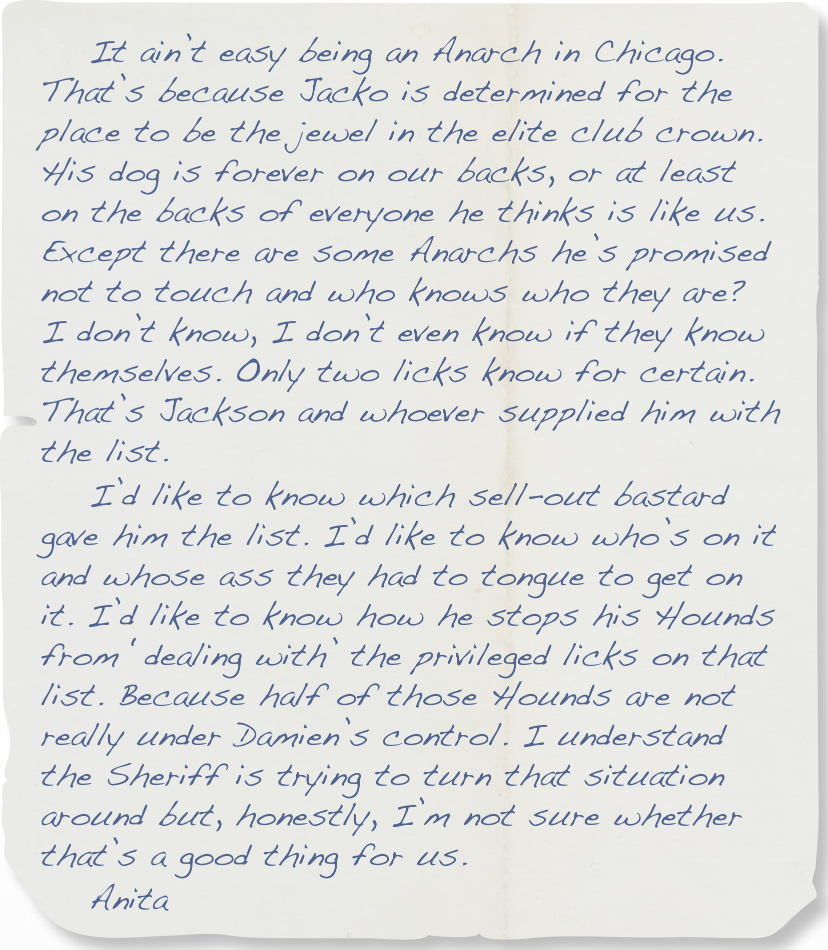
- The characters go along with the idea of direct action. They come up with a scheme to fuck things up. This is a chance for the player characters to get creative but, if they don't come up with anything, there is the idea of running through the loop with crow bars, stealing and/or vandalizing cars at random… Whatever they do is almost bound to attract the attention of mortal authorities and certainly risks a breach of the Masquerade. The consequences of which will impact the group at some point in the future.

- The characters decline to take part in such ill-thought out direct action and start to scheme in colder blood. They have a chance here to recruit this motley crew as allies or even thralls, if they can impress an Anarch coterie as disorganized as the Parkie Mob.

- The characters report this stupid scheme to someone they believe to be in authority — this could be Boyce, Damien, or even the Anarch Center. This could lead to the acquisition of an influential vampire as a Mawla, if they consider the Parkie Mob worthy of the fuss.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Physical

The List of Ten



It ain't easy being an Anarch in Chicago. That's because Jacko is determined for the place to be the jewel in the elite club crown. His dog is forever on our backs, or at least on the backs of everyone he thinks is like us. Except there are some Anarchs he's promised not to touch and who knows who they are? I don't know, I don't even know if they know themselves. Only two licks know for certain. That's Jackson and whoever supplied him with the list.

I'd like to know which sell-out bastard gave him the list. I'd like to know who's on it and whose ass they had to tongue to get on it. I'd like to know how he stops his Hounds from 'dealing with' the privileged licks on that list. Because half of those Hounds are not really under Damien's control. I understand the Sheriff is trying to turn that situation around but, honestly, I'm not sure whether that's a good thing for us.

Anita

Who Made the Deal?

Cast: *Devin Boyce (p. XX), Anita Wainwright* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 93), Duncan MacTavish* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 123), Gengis* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 96), the Parkie Mob (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Gengis made a deal with Kevin Jackson. He offered to prevent the Anarchs from attacking Camarilla Kindred if the Prince would allow 10 named Anarchs to remain in Chicago. Gengis has not told the Anarchs about the deal, but a successful investigation into Mendoza's death in **Murder Mystery** (p. XX) might reveal that some kind of deal is in place.

Anita Wainwright suspects a deal exists and, while she doesn't know who made it or any of the details, she's angry. Not as angry as the members of the Parkie Mob following Mendoza's death, given they've incorrectly made connections between Joseph's murder and the list, but still angry. Anita wants to keep her own hands clean but is keen to find out who the sellout is, and who (if anyone) is on the list.

Anita reaches out to a reliable coterie to investigate on her behalf. She does not trust the Parkie Mob to handle this investigation, but unfortunately, Devin Boyce is mobilizing them without her authority.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The characters start investigating who made the deal with Jackson. This could lead them into all kinds of trouble, as in order to investigate they are almost certainly going to have to reveal that there *is* a list. Most Anarchs in Chicago will not believe them and Gengis will want to shut this investigation down.
- MacTavish believes this 'fiction of a list' is a Camarilla 'divide and rule' ploy to split the Anarchs by setting them against each other. The refusal of the Anarch Center to believe in the list at all indicates they may not be the people who set it up. The Anarch Center are not interested in helping and attempts to pressure them into doing so could lead to the acquisition of powerful enemies. MacTavish believes this kind of tactic should spur the Anarchs into action, though whether his compatriots feel the same is another matter. He will act as a two-dot Mawla to anyone who launches an assault on a Camarilla stronghold.
- Gengis is still pondering what conditions he will set for Anarchs who hope to get on the list. If approached he will deny all knowledge at first but, under pressure, will start to bargain — probably by offering places on the list.
- The Parkie Mob jump to their own conclusions and declare Maldavis or Anita Wainwright as the person responsible for the list, completely missing Gengis. He doesn't correct them. Sure enough, this causes a civil conflict between the Anarchs, from which the player characters might benefit or lose powerful allies.

- If the PCs direct Anita to Gengis as the responsible party, she decides "enough is enough" and hires the coterie to eliminate the traitor Brujah once and for all. She takes no pleasure in the death of another vampire but believes his execution will serve as a valuable message. She becomes a three-dot Mawla to anyone who works with her in this way.

  Attribute Focus: Mental / Social

What Would Tyler Do?

Cast: *Adze* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 172), Babs — a Duskborn from the Blood Disco (p. XX), Anita Wainwright* (**Chicago by Night**, *p.93), Gérard* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 99)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Babs (a thin-blood of the Blood Disco) has gone to the Anarch Center on her own initiative. The rest of her coterie don't know where she is. She is trying to persuade Gérard that Anita is not being true to the pure principles Babs believes Tyler would uphold. Gérard is conflicted; on the one hand he supports Anita and on the other hand he is very much in favor of direct action.

"Whatever happened to Tyler and why did she abandon us? The movement has fallen on such hard times. Well, maybe not in Europe where they are so much more faithful to her teachings. I think we must have lost our way somewhere down the track. Because here we are, under PFJ's heel and no one wants to lead us out.

I think we must have failed her somehow, or why would she have given up the fight? I'm sure she exists somewhere, working behind the scenes. I'm sure she's been busy on the West Coast so, why doesn't she send her armies here? Why does she let Jackson get away with it?"

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- Conflicting emotions could drive Gérard to frenzy, risking the security of the Anarch Center. Babs doesn't know how to handle this, so it is up to the visiting PCs to calm him down, or not. A frenzying Furore out on the streets of Chicago has consequences for the Masquerade and for the careful build-up Anita is attempting to achieve.
- Gérard decides he will do what he can to push Anita toward more direct action. Will the characters support or oppose him in this? If they support him, they could gain his friendship, but lose the respect of the Anarch Center in general. If they oppose him or placate him, he is unlikely to become an enemy (he is impulsive and will get over it), but they could gain themselves respect within the Center for reining him in.
- Babs is being manipulated in this action by Adze, who wishes to shake the dead wood loose from the Anarch Center. He has no immediate plans for Chicago but set-in-their-ways Anarchs are liable to oppose any claim he makes on the throne. Babs doesn't know she's destabilizing the Anarchs on Adze's behalf, as his instructions came to her via a Caitiff in the coterie, who happened to just suggest this action as a good idea.

  Attribute Focus: Social

BABS

Clan: Thin-Blood

Sire: Fortune

Embraced: 2017 (Born 1981)

Ambition: Leave a mark on the city

Convictions: Make the Anarchs a force to be respected

Touchstones: Les McQueen — former rhythm guitarist in Babs' band, and close friend

Humanity: 7

Generation: 15th

Blood Potency: 0

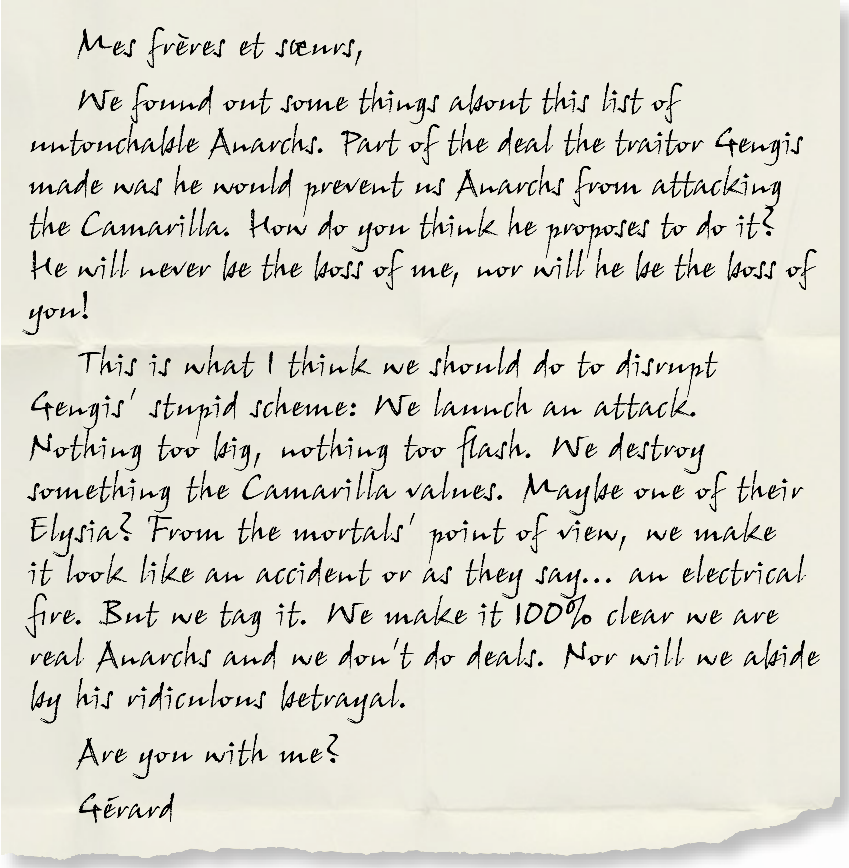
Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3; Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 1; Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 6, Willpower 4

Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Craft 3, Drive 2; Animal Ken (Dogs) 2, Etiquette 1, Insight 2, Intimidation 1, Performance (Drums) 4, Persuasion 2, Streetwise (Music Scene) 3; Awareness 2, Finance 1, Technology 2

Disciplines: Thin-Blood Alchemy 1

Revenge is Sweet



Mes frères et sœurs,

We found out some things about this list of untouchable Anarchs. Part of the deal the traitor Gengis made was he would prevent us Anarchs from attacking the Camarilla. How do you think he proposes to do it? He will never be the boss of me, nor will he be the boss of you!

This is what I think we should do to disrupt Gengis' stupid scheme: We launch an attack. Nothing too big, nothing too flash. We destroy something the Camarilla values. Maybe one of their Elysia? From the mortals' point of view, we make it look like an accident or as they say... an electrical fire. But we tag it. We make it 100% clear we are real Anarchs and we don't do deals. Nor will we abide by his ridiculous betrayal.

Are you with me?

Gérard

The Plan

Cast: *Devin Boyce (p. XX), Gérard (***Chicago by Night***, p. 99), the Parkie Mob (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Gérard is an Anarch not prone to caution. If he sees an injustice, he goes about correcting it as swiftly and as explosively as he can. He cares less for the betrayer who created the "list of 10" as much as he does the principle of the Anarchs being treated like scum yet again. He wants to act.

Not recognizing the Camarilla's authority and bucking at Anita Wainwright's leash, he enlists the Parkie Mob to bomb an Elysia and tag it, so that no one can pretend it wasn't Anarchs. The saboteurs want to enlist the aid of the player characters.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The player characters decide they want nothing more to do with the Parkie Mob. If he's still around, they may decide to betray the Parkie Mob to Gengis, hoping to get themselves on the list. If he's not, it's possible to send word up to Damien, Jackson or another Kindred of their choice, really forcing the Camarilla screws down onto the Chicago Anarchs. This will earn them the enmity of the entire Chicago Anarch Movement, but possibly get them an ally or, at the very least, a boon, from the Kindred to whom they take their information.

- The player characters do not have a major problem with the plan but disagree with the target chosen or the proposed methodology. They can argue this through. Gérard is not beyond listening to reasoned arguments, if they're proposed in a way that emphasizes how an alternative target might be a better symbol.

POSSIBLE TARGETS

- **The Halls of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra:** Easy enough to set a fire here. Security is not tight.
- **Succubus Club:** Security too tight and... Well, I've heard on the grapevine that there's some powerful Kindred pulling the strings here. Have you seen the diary?
- **Blue Velvet:** A bit easier than the Suck but much the same issues.
- **Garfield Park Conservatory:** Too damned big. Who's going to notice? Apart from RH.
- **The Neo-Futurist Theatre:** Best prospect.
- **Backtrack Club:** BS's place. Don't like his damned clan — worst of the lot of them really. Need to find out more about security.
- **Hyde Park Armory:** Word is the Tremere keep a secret library in this place. Easy prospect, but who gives a damn about the Tremere gang now? PFJ would probably give us a medal.
- **Ballard Industries Head Office:** Place is open to public, at least by day, and we can deal with that. We can make it look like a robbery gone wrong so it's less of a Masquerade risk than the other options. And we get to strike a blow against capitalism... win/win.

68 MIN
00:11:06

- The player characters go along with Parkie Mob's preferred target, which is likely to either be the Neo-Futurist Theatre or Ballard Industries. The Mob will assist the PCs for the remainder of the chronicle and Gérard becomes a 2-dot Mawla.

  Attribute Focus: Mental

The Attack

Cast: *Annabelle (***Chicago by Night***, p. 183), Devin Boyce (p. XX), Dr. Benway (p. XX), Gérard (***Chicago by Night***, p. 99), Maldavis (***Chicago by Night***, p. 102), the Parkie Mob (p. XX), Nero (***Chicago by Night***, p. 189)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

The two prime targets Gérard proposes are the Neo-Futurist Theatre and Ballard Industries Head Office, but if Maldavis is looped into the plotting, she proposes an alternative that will strike directly at the city's almost exclusively Camarilla Toreador: The Halls of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Maldavis knows that on the upcoming night of the attack, Annabelle and Nero are preparing auditions at the orchestra. The mortal attendance will be low, meaning the attack will come with a lower likelihood of inadvertent deaths. The symbol, however, would be significant. The halls are Elysium, and that is the only drawback to setting a fire here. Security is light — just a mortal night watchman whose schedule is easy to determine with a little research.

Gérard is unhappy if Maldavis suddenly finds her Anarch spark again just as he's about to launch an attack on Camarilla holdings. He takes some convincing to alter his preferred targets. His argument is that the Neo-Futurist Theatre is also Elysium, very popular with the Toreador and Hellenes of Chicago, and open to the public until very late at night. Therefore, any attack will create quite the show. In the early pre-dawn hours, the only security is the metal shutters covering the doors and windows.

Ballard Industries Head Office is one of Horatio Ballard's havens. Research reveals a time when Ballard is not there; though, being in the financial district, the mortal security employed are top caliber. Any attack here is going to attract the enmity of Horatio Ballard, which delights Gérard but runs the risk of future reprisals.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The ramifications of an assault on any Camarilla target are many. Crucially, characters who go through with this earn support from the city's Anarchs, earning a dot of Status each, and the hatred of the city's Camarilla Kindred — especially among the targeted clans (the Toreador, Hellenes, or specifically, Horatio Ballard) if their involvement becomes known.
- Mortal security at the orchestra and theatre is minimal, but at Ballard Industries it's high. Characters may have to use their Disciplines to subdue innocents who would otherwise stand in their way. Some of these mortals may resist attempts at hypnotism and being cowed, requiring

lethal force to silence them. As a result, PCs risk losing Humanity.

- An attack on the orchestra sends one of the present Toreador fleeing into the night, but the other responds violently. How dare some upstart Anarchs interfere with art? Whether Nero or Annabelle responds is up to the Storyteller based on the challenge they want to provide to the players, though both are capable of swift reprisals and summoning their clanmates.

- The theatre should have no Kindred present on this night, but a raid here runs into Dr. Benway who has a key to the theatre for private practice and is using the stage to run through his Shakespearian monologues. He is incensed to have his private time interrupted and needs to be talked down from going straight to the Sheriff.

- Though Horatio isn't present at the Ballard Industries offices, he has many mortal staff working overtime at night, along with cleaning, maintenance, and security staff. This attack deals a severe blow to the Ventrue face of the city, but risks Humanity loss as peoples' lives are endangered.

- If a bomb is planted and its explosion observed, or a fire started, characters involved must risk a terror frenzy (see **Vampire: The Masquerade** p. 220).

- If the PCs retain their anonymity, instead placing the responsibility for any attacks on the nebulous Anarch Movement, Kevin Jackson invites representatives to Elysium to discuss new terms as Gengis' list is clearly not working. Whether this invitation leads to an ambush or genuine diplomatic talks is up to the Storyteller.

Attribute Focus: Physical

The Traditions – A Feminist Perspective

Jennifer rams the data stick into the USB port. There's some flashing and some camera shake.

On the monitor is Jennifer MacKay preparing to speak at what appears to be a Brujah rant. The flesh-and-blood Jennifer stands next to the monitor, clearly angry.

Scanning the on-screen audience, Naomi Stewart of Clan Ventrue is easily spotted. MacKay points at the screen so her fellow Anarchs can see. "That, my friends, is an upstanding member of the Camarilla. At my rant!"

On the computer screen, Jennifer's rant plays on.

"As you are aware, the Camarilla bases itself around six Traditions. The seventh, of course, is the one you don't hear about too often, though many believe it to be the most important. Not all the Traditions are bad in and of themselves and not all of them are based on the patriarchy. I'll say it again, not all the Traditions demand to be read from a patriarchal perspective. The problem, from our point of view — that's the point of view of feminist licks — is the patriarchy have ruthlessly appropriated the Traditions and enacted them in a manner oppressive not just to those of us who identify as female but to all of us. Let us not forget how white male mortals and licks are hamstrung by their damned privilege.

"So, let's get to the meat of this. The First Tradition, when you strip it of its fancy language, makes sense. More sense these nights than, perhaps, it has for some time. We have the Second Inquisition on our backs and any one of us could bring them crashing down on all of us. It's not the Masquerade itself, because we all respect that, it's the way the remaining authorities enforce it. They use their privilege to set up areas packed with 'blood dolls' for their own use and deny entrance to those of us who fail to meet with their arbitrary standards.

"The Second Tradition also makes sense. Each of us has her territory, whether it's as big as a city or as small as a studio apartment, but it's the patriarchal feudal system that makes it a problem. 'My roof, my rules' is an excellent principle, but I don't want my roof coming under the bigger roof of some jumped up lick. If you look at the workings of the Camarilla, they are constantly in breach of the Second Tradition when they say their word trumps my word… under my own roof.

"The Third Tradition is no more than a blatant attempt to control the reproductive organs of the Kindred, which, as we all know, is a typical patriarchal trick. Making it one of the Traditions is dressing it up as some kind of moral mandate, just like they do with the bodies of womb-containing mortals.

"Do I even have to explain why the Fourth Tradition is oppressive? It puts a young lick entirely in the power of their sire. How many of us here suffered abuse from our sires? There is no recourse to any higher power, no access to mediation or any form of justice. Your sire can destroy you if you fail to please them because until they release you, you don't count as an individual. It legitimizes power over the weak, wielded by the strong.

"Hospitality? Don't make me laugh. The day the Prince honors my territory, I'll consider honoring his.

"Destruction? Well, it might make more sense if there wasn't a long list of licks to which it doesn't apply. Do I need the Prince's permission to destroy a bunch of Sabbat who are nosing 'round my haven? Do Damien's lackeys need an excuse to destroy one of the Duskborn? It's just another ploy to make the Prince the one in charge.

"So, you could argue this is not a feminist issue because a whole load of Princes are female identifying. I call bullshit. Those Princes have sucked up the lies the patriarchy promotes."

The screen goes blank and Jennifer retrieves her data stick. "I want whoever recorded this found and strung up as an example. I want that Ventrue intruder found and punished for being the traitor to her gender that she is. Spy on me for the Camarilla? That earns you a ticket to the bottom of Lake Michigan."

At the Rant

Cast: *Jennifer MacKay (p. XX), Naomi Stewart (***Chicago by Night***, p. 219), a dozen or so Anarchs from Chicago and nearby domains*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Naomi Stewart is curious when she hears tell of Jennifer MacKay, Brujah radical feminist du jour, holding a rant in Chicago. Being a stalwart feminist herself, Naomi decides to attend the rant. Not being an Anarch like the majority of Jennifer's audience, she claims to be a Duskborn from Racine.

None of the Anarchs present recognize Naomi, but if any of the player characters attend the lecture and have encountered her before, they may know Naomi Stewart is a Ventrue considered of elite caliber in the domain of Chicago.

Naomi is genuinely interested in what Jennifer has to say and finds some of the material attractive. She is unlikely to turn Anarch, but she could take ideas away with her to use in her work to make Camarilla and mortal society less oppressive for women and minorities. However, the characters may turn her over to the Anarchs as an intruder and spy.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- If the characters recognize Naomi, they could confront her directly about her presence at the rant. They could try to persuade her to support the movement, or blackmail her, revealing they have digital evidence of her participation in an Anarch event. This could lead to acquiring Naomi as a Mawla, Ally, or Enemy, depending on what the characters do.

- One of the vampires in attendance is surreptitiously recording the rant. If the PCs are perceptive, they notice the Kindred with a phone sticking out of their bag. They could report this surveillance to Jennifer or Naomi, if this activity concerns them.

Attribute Focus: Social

About the Data Stick

Cast: *Jennifer MacKay (p. XX), Naomi Stewart (***Chicago by Night***, p. 219), the anonymous blackmailer*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Someone recorded the Brujah rant on their cell phone. Jennifer was sent a USB stick containing the footage along with a message reading "Word to the wise: Don't let Ventrue in your rants. Leave a briefcase containing $20k in room 1206 of the Motel 46 if you don't want this released". Around a dozen Kindred are filmed in the audience, including Naomi Stewart, and of course Jennifer addressing the crowd. Jennifer will approach the PCs via an intermediary if they've had no contact before, or directly, if they attended the rant, to ask for assistance in identifying the blackmailer.

Jennifer is clearly angry because what she deems to be "a Camarilla dog" snuck into her rant. She also wants to confront Naomi and find out what she was doing. From Jennifer's point of view, the ideal outcome here is for Naomi to dedicate herself and her resources to the Anarch Movement, but her Brujah rage is liable to see her take Naomi's head off before coming to terms with the Ventrue. Naomi is unlikely to change sides though she could agree to assist Jennifer in some ways.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- One or more characters undertake investigation of the data stick. It is easy to establish the recording is not readily available on the internet. If it is available anywhere, the publisher has taken steps to ensure it does not breach the Masquerade. At least, not yet.

- MacKay decides to appease the blackmailer by dropping the cash at the designated location, but naturally, nobody comes to collect. The blackmailer is watching to see if she's amenable before sending further demands — who the blackmailer is, is up to the Storyteller. It could be 4-6-4-9 from **An Explosive Entrance** (p. XX) or any vampire the characters have an existing relationship with, to muddy the waters.

- Introducing Jennifer to Naomi may lead to the forging of a new alliance, or a violent showdown as the justly insecure MacKay attacks the Ventrue. PCs may stand back and handle the remains, side with the vampire they prefer, or attempt to mollify the raging Brujah.

Attribute Focus: Mental

chapter three

Independent and Mortal Perspectives

"I usually find a bolt through the heart is good enough to slow one down.
No, you don't need to wrap it in a rosary or carve a cross into its tip. Are you stupid or something?"

— FIRSTLIGHT Commander Blue Serpent

In the middle of the constant games and struggles between Anarch and Camarilla forces sits a city full of mortals, some unwitting, others less so. They try as best they can to make sense of the actions in a cold war most of them are totally unaware is happening and none fully understand. The Masquerade keeps most of them ignorant to the presence of Kindred in their midst.

When they do find themselves embroiled in the games of the Kindred, they take the limited knowledge they have to try to justify the things they have seen. Meanwhile, modern day inquisitors compile reports, fill notebooks and post on hidden websites the various bits of information, true and false, they have gleaned on vampire society.

Alongside this, the independent clans and groups of Kindred keep their own counsel on the nightlife of Chicago.

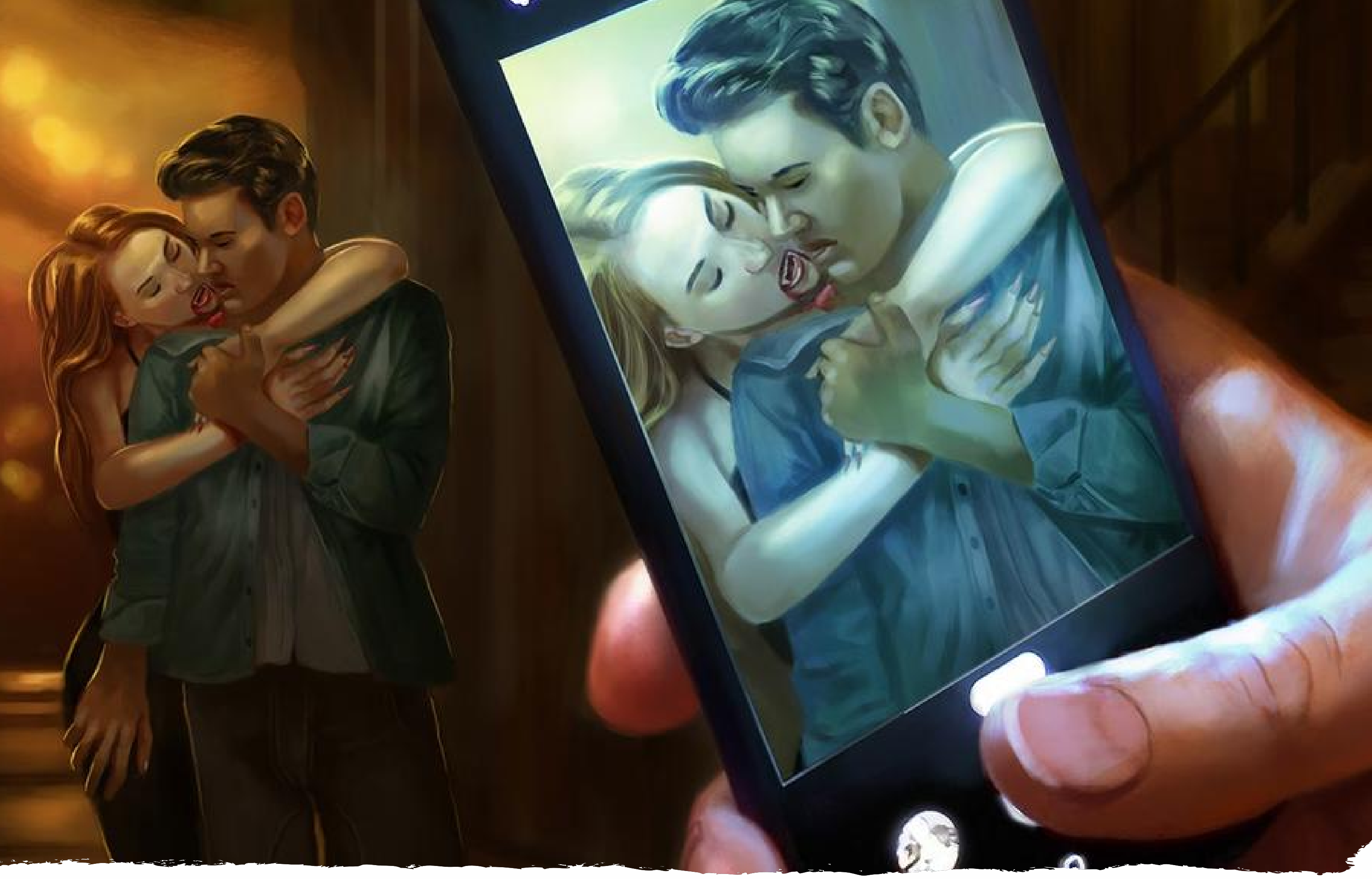
Bad Medicine

STRATEGIC OPERATIONAL DIRECTIVE: SECTOR D-12K **OPERATION PHOSPHOR SUN**

HQ has made a breakthrough in work with the city's nightlife. Following the introduction of the tracer isotope into the bloodstreams of handpicked subjects, we are now able to track the blood of the subjects for up to five days.

Side effects for a single exposure are minimal, but dosing a subject twice in a period of one month is deemed hazardous. Only attempt such if it is imperative to the operation.

BBs target subjects who catch their eye or draw their attention most, therefore, select subjects of high physical attractiveness and gregariousness. The bolder the better, someone who would not object to being isolated with an interesting individual.



Once the isotope is confirmed to have been transferred via ingestion to a BB we are not sure how long it will remain in their system but it should allow more long distance tracking of movement and possibly daytime nest sites.

Await instruction on scale of operation before commencement of Operation Phosphor Sun. HQ wants this infestation cleared before it gets out of hand.

Report back with list of subjects for isotope ingestion, HQ has given us the green light to commence.

Light Up the Night

Cast: *Elisa Keller — Social Queen, Dr. Howard Quinn — FIRSTLIGHT Operative*

WHAT HAPPENED:

The coterie uncovers a document in the home of a man suspected of being one of the cell organizers for FIRSTLIGHT in Chicago. It indicates they have developed a new way of tracking Kindred through their feeding on mortals who have been injected with a blood tracing isotope, allowing satellite surveillance to monitor their movements for up to five days.

Thankfully, with the knowledge of how to track the isotope, the PCs can identify the mortals who have been injected using a version of the same tracking technology. They must trace this effort back to its source and perhaps they can put a stick in the wheels of FIRSTLIGHT activities in the city for now. But will the shutting down of this operation just alert SI agents that the problem in Chicago is worse than first thought?

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- Procuring the appropriate equipment to detect the isotope, the coterie identifies Elisa in one of the usual Kindred feeding spots. By winning her trust, they are able to use her to identify Dr. Howard Quinn as the man who is injecting the mortals with the tracer serum. They are left with a dilemma, do they kill him, try to question him, or investigate his activities further? Furthermore, what to do with Elisa? If an enemy of the coterie were to feed from her, they would be lit up like a Christmas tree for the Second Inquisition.

- Elisa, as it turns out, is not an unwitting dupe. She volunteered for the assignment after a Kindred murdered her sister in a feeding frenzy. It turns out the whole operation was a hoax to entrap Kindred investigators and the SI cell is closing the trap on them, they must fight their way out.

- While investigating Elisa, the coterie are spotted by one of the FIRSTLIGHT operatives monitoring her. The active participants in the discussion with Elisa become the targets of the cell who try to locate their haven and identify the Kindred and mortals with whom they associate. A couple of nights after a conversation with one of their Touchstones, the mortal goes missing. It is made clear FIRSTLIGHT intend to kill the hostage unless they give up another Kindred or themselves. They have a choice to make.

- Dr. Howard Quinn knows very little of the reasoning behind the injections he's been ordered to administer. He is a government agent working for a mission named Operation Phosphor Sun, and he collects his drugs from a facility near North Avenue Beach.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Social

Surgical Strike

Cast: *Dr. Wanda Steele — Isotope Expert, Commander Jacob Truman — FIRSTLIGHT Cell Commander, Duncan MacTavish* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 123*)

WHAT HAPPENED:

In investigating the aptly named "Operation Phosphor Sun", which intends to scorch multiple Kindred havens by day, the PCs learn from Quinn that the tracer isotope is produced at Magadon Labs, near North Avenue Beach.

The isotope is only produced in small quantities by an expert in the field, Dr. Wanda Steele. She occasionally attends the laboratory near North Avenue Beach, thus allowing the coterie to plan a strike to destroy the isotope and the research around it, as well as Dr. Steele herself if they wish.

In stalking the gifted scientist, the coterie discover she is also the single parent of her two children, since her husband was killed in a traffic collision. Without her, the children will be placed in care and their futures irrevocably damaged. Furthermore, the isotope itself is not a FIRSTLIGHT plot but a vital component in a revolutionary new cancer treatment.

As the Kindred ponder this, word of their little investigation has spread. It is made clear to the coterie the eyes of the Camarilla court are upon them. The Prince expects this threat to the Masquerade to be eliminated with all due expediency.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- Resolving to obey the orders of the Prince, the coterie proceed to eliminate the doctor and her research. The local news runs with banner headlines on her disappearance/murder for at least a week and images of the children haunt the Humanity of the protagonists. The police and FIRSTLIGHT pursue them with all of the resources at their disposal.

- Choosing to retain their connection to their Humanity, the coterie resolves to disobey the Prince. The Prince will simply send other agents to do the deed in their stead. They are approached by the mysterious Gangrel, Duncan MacTavish, who offers to assist them in protecting what's important to them. It's unclear why the Anarch enforcer has an interest in Dr. Steele.

- The coterie decides not to destroy the research but to bring Dr. Steele into their service by either forcing her into thralldom or service through use of their Disciplines. They find her an intelligent and resourceful retainer; however, the demands on her time as the sole caregiver for two young children becomes difficult, especially as FIRSTLIGHT operatives are seeking to gain access to the research. The coterie is faced with going into debt with other Kindred in order to try to hide this woman without totally ruining the lives of her family.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Physical

MAGADON SCIENTIST

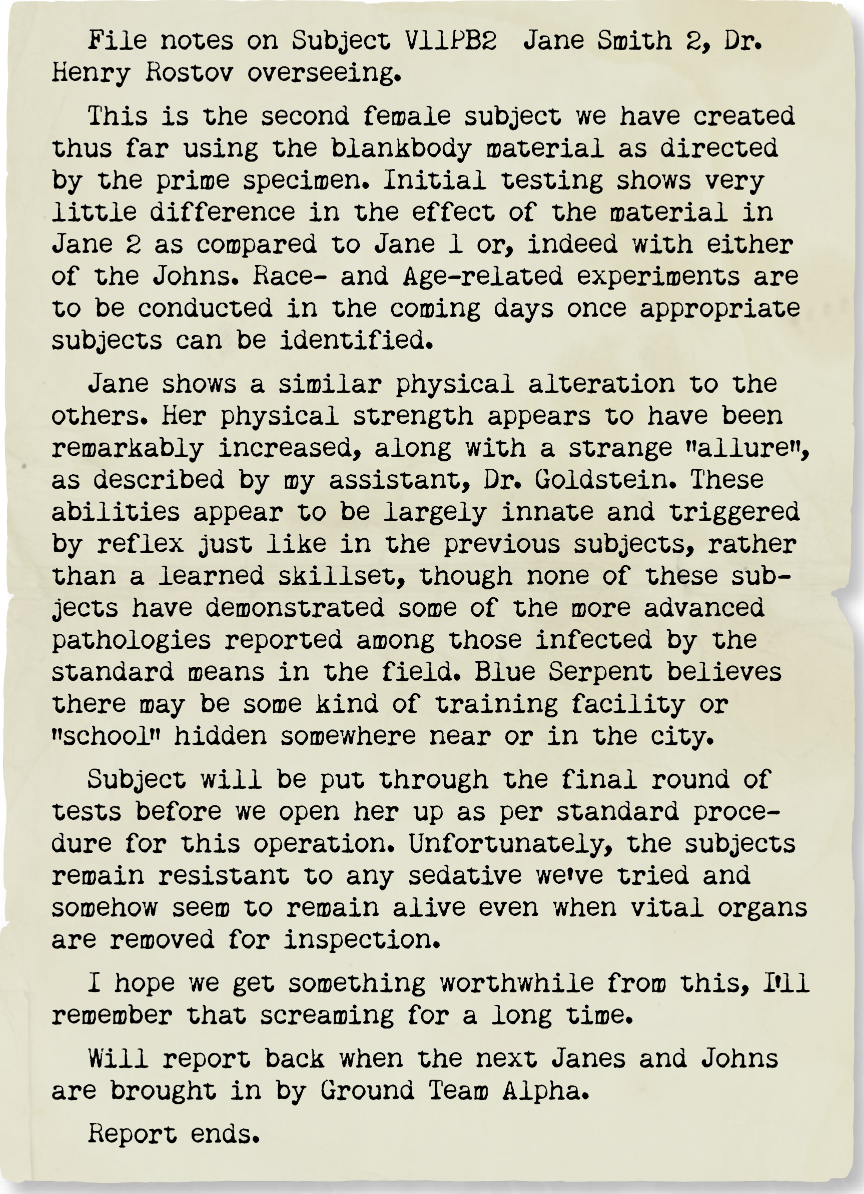
Standard Dice Pools: Physical 3, Social 4, Mental 6

Secondary Attributes: Health 6, Willpower 6

Exceptional Dice Pools: Subterfuge 6; Medicine 7, Science 7

Special: Magadon scientists run the risk of bearing addictions to their own drugs and performance boosters, which when taken add three dice to Physical dice pools and reduce Social and Mental dice pools by two. The long-term effect of these drugs reduces Social and Mental Attributes by one die permanently, for each chronicle in which they're used. Most Magadon scientists are unaware of the negative effects of these drugs, and many do not take them. The Magadon company is particularly unethical and keen to lay waste to anyone who attempts to steal company secrets or harm their interests.

Unholy Autopsy



File notes on Subject V11PB2 Jane Smith 2, Dr. Henry Rostov overseeing.

This is the second female subject we have created thus far using the blankbody material as directed by the prime specimen. Initial testing shows very little difference in the effect of the material in Jane 2 as compared to Jane 1 or, indeed with either of the Johns. Race- and Age-related experiments are to be conducted in the coming days once appropriate subjects can be identified.

Jane shows a similar physical alteration to the others. Her physical strength appears to have been remarkably increased, along with a strange "allure", as described by my assistant, Dr. Goldstein. These abilities appear to be largely innate and triggered by reflex just like in the previous subjects, rather than a learned skillset, though none of these subjects have demonstrated some of the more advanced pathologies reported among those infected by the standard means in the field. Blue Serpent believes there may be some kind of training facility or "school" hidden somewhere near or in the city.

Subject will be put through the final round of tests before we open her up as per standard procedure for this operation. Unfortunately, the subjects remain resistant to any sedative we've tried and somehow seem to remain alive even when vital organs are removed for inspection.

I hope we get something worthwhile from this, I'll remember that screaming for a long time.

Will report back when the next Janes and Johns are brought in by Ground Team Alpha.

Report ends.

Factory Farmed Fangs

Cast: *Arachne Silverlock — Gangrel specimen, Codename Blue Serpent — FIRSTLIGHT Area Commander*

WHAT HAPPENED:

A confused and vitae starved transient attacks a member of the coterie while they are out hunting one night. He is weakened and bears surgical wounds, missing several organs. After overpowering him, the man confesses that he doesn't know who or where he is and that he escaped from a facility nearby that was experimenting on him and others.

Investigating the facility, they uncover a hidden but surprisingly well-resourced clinic, as well as a team of six soldiers armed with military grade equipment guarding it. In the search, they discover the file, above. It seems that the organization based there are somehow producing Kindred and researching them like lab rats. A group of sterile cells is seen, where a number of newly Embraced Kindred are housed. Each are cut open like the man they encountered previously.

In the final cell, they discover the chained and crazed form of a Malkavian who it seems is the specimen mentioned in the report. Sneaking back out, the coterie must decide what to do with this information. Will they put this entire facility to the torch or could it be used to feed misinformation to the enemies of all Kindred?

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The coterie seize the initiative and end the experiment with fire and sword, the compromised Arachne included. While this certainly puts a stop to any research that had been going on there, Second Inquisition forces are placed on high alert as the scale of the Kindred threat in the area is greater than once suspected.
- The coterie patiently waits and monitors the building until a convoy arrives bringing the enigmatic Blue Serpent, leader of this operation, to inspect the work being done there. They now have an opportunity to strike a severe blow to the organization or perhaps even follow him higher up the tree.
- The coterie attacks in a surgical raid and captures all of the staff and materials, including the elusive Blue Serpent. Each member of the coterie who participates gains 1 dot of Status within the Camarilla and gains 3 dots of Contacts within the Second Inquisition, if they blackmail or supernaturally influence them to serve. These individuals will, for a time, keep the PCs informed of the laboratory's plans. They also

gain the Gangrel, Arachne, as a 1-dot Mawla, if they rescued her, though her Willpower is dangerously reduced.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Physical

ARACHNE SILVERLOCK

Clan: Gangrel

Sire: Peck

Embraced: 1175 (Born 1138)

Ambition: Escape this glass cage

Convictions: I will not be someone's victim

Touchstones: Emanuela — centuries-old ghoul, looking for her mistress

Humanity: 2

Generation: 13th

Blood Potency: 3

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4; Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Composure 1; Intelligence 5, Wits 2, Resolve 1

Secondary Attributes: Health 7, Willpower 2

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Craft (Weaving) 3, Larceny 1, Melee 3, Stealth (Hunting) 4, Survival 2; Animal Ken (Spiders) 4, Etiquette 2, Insight 3, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 3, Subterfuge 2; Academics 4, Awareness 2, Finance 1, Investigation 1, Medicine 2, Occult (Hedge Magic) 4, Politics 1, Science 2

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Celerity 2, Fortitude 5, Protean 3

Captured!

Cast: *Dr Henry Rostov — FIRSTLIGHT Research Leader, Dr Myra Goldstein — FIRSTLIGHT Research Assistant*

WHAT HAPPENED:

This chronicle hook requires that the coterie are staked or otherwise captured during the day, likely following events involving the Second Inquisition.

The PCs awaken in one of a number of clear plastic walled cells. They are met by a small delegation of soldiers and scientists, their leader introducing himself as Dr. Rostov and informing them that they will be used in upcoming experiments to determine more about what happened to them and, potentially, discover a cure for their condition.

Over a number of nights, the coterie's abilities and bodies are tested. They are subjected to staking, UV light, garlic and all sorts of things associated with vampire legends. All the while, Dr. Rostov seems clinically detached, but his assistant is more sympathetic to the plight of the poor people she sees being, essentially, tortured in the name of science.

The Kindred protagonists have a choice to make. Will they try to find a way to escape this hellish laboratory? Will they try to seize control of it from within? Or perhaps they are truly tempted by Dr. Rostov's enigmatic promises of a cure for their condition?

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- Taking advantage of Dr. Goldstein's sympathy, a member of the coterie is able to kill her and use her keycard to free the others. Together they subdue the guards and destroy Dr. Rostov and his research.

- One or more members of the coterie decide they want to stay and go along with the experiments in the hope of finding a cure for the plague of vampirism. This leaves the others with a choice to abandon their own friend(s) or free them against their wishes. Storytellers may decide that Rostov does truly wish to help the hapless vampires, or if he is simply stringing them along at his discretion. Either way, no scientific cure for the Embrace of a Kindred can be found and so any attempt to go along with the research should prove futile and painful.

- Dr. Rostov and his team seriously underestimated the resourcefulness of the coterie and the powers of the Blood. Over the course of the story, the coterie's members bring the researchers, starting with Dr. Goldstein, and the guards under their sway and begin running the operation from within. Doors are opened to the higher echelons of FIRSTLIGHT, and critically, the coterie now have a secure military facility from which to operate. The coterie collectively gains the warehouse base as a four-dot Haven and its staff as two dots of Retainers and two dots of Herd. This can be further developed into a fuller investigation of the enigmatic "Blue Serpent" and the commanders running the operation from afar.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Physical

FIRSTLIGHT RESEARCHER

Standard Dice Pools: Physical 2, Social 5, Mental 6

Secondary Attributes: Health 5, Willpower 7

Exceptional Dice Pools: Firearms 4; Leadership 6; Occult 7, Science 8

STANDARD AND EXCEPTIONAL DICE POOLS

When a character is listed as having a standard dice pool, it is the total number of dice used for the majority of actions that fall under the Attribute type listed. If they have an exceptional dice pool, it states the total number of dice rolled by the Storyteller for the Skills named. For instance, if a FIRSTLIGHT Researcher is punching a vampire, the Storyteller rolls two dice because this character has Physical 2. However, if the FIRSTLIGHT Researcher is using one of the flamethrowers in their laboratory, they roll a total of four dice, due to their exceptional dice pool of 4 in Firearms.

Condensed stat blocks do not require the standard dice pools and exceptional dice pools to be added to each other to form an overall dice pool. Characters with such brief information just roll the number of dice listed next to the trait in question.

Special: FIRSTLIGHT Researchers possess a basic knowledge of blankbody vulnerabilities. Most of their laboratories are equipped with flamethrowers.

Oh Brother

I had been watching him for about a week. I suppose it took that long to order my thoughts. The first time I saw him I could scarcely believe it. There he was, all handsome and tall, not at all like I remembered him. So quick to smile, so confident with those college girls. I guess the reason I recognized him was that, in a way, I knew him better than anyone else. Or maybe nobody else was still looking to find him.

My brother, Claudi. He was disabled after falling down the stairs at college last year. I know it was hard for him, big sports star suddenly can't move from the neck down. He had to come, or rather, be carried, all the way back home from Oklahoma. He wasn't the same boy that went away or came back for Christmas. He was bitter, angry. You could understand it.

The doctors told us it was a phase, that he would learn to accept what had happened to him and move on with the best possible quality of life they could give him. To be honest, it wasn't much. Mom and Dad aren't exactly big cheeses around here, but they loved him and they did what they could. Still, it wasn't enough for Claudi. He wasn't interested in moving on, only in going back to the way things were.

He wasted away in that chair, on that bed. He stopped looking like the big quarterback in the photos Mom kept of him. But more than his body, his face changed. He never smiled any more, just stared into space or cried or screamed in the night. Look at him now, he's ordering a drink for all of those girls and not one for himself. Smooth, just like last night. And the night before.

Smooth like that guy who came about the "miracle treatment". Something about stem cells or whatever. They said the procedure was risky, but Claudi didn't care. God, Mom and Dad blame themselves for him dying but how could they pass up that chance, seeing what was happening to our Claudi? It's what he would have wanted. And, well, how can he be dead? He's not dead. But that girl is.

I couldn't believe it was him when I saw him, I almost ran right up to him, but I convinced myself I was hallucinating. So, I watched him and kept watching him. Sweet talking half of the girls in the bar. And how into it they were when he smiled at them and bought them drinks. When he took her outside, the others left her behind, storming off down the street. And she never came home. Why didn't she come home, Claudi?

He's attacked a few girls now, leaving them behind in alleyways. Two of them have died, I found the second body, she was chalk white. So cold. What did you do to her, Claudi? What is it you're doing to those girls? What did that creep do to you? I know you can walk again, but it's not worth it, for this.

I watched you for a week Claudi. Every night it's the same thing. You can't be my brother, you're just some demon wearing his face. That's what Reverend Stevens told me. They did something to you and took you away from us; they're using your body to kill these girls.

I can't let it go on.

I'm sorry Claudi, wherever you are. I'm sorry.

An Errant Childe?

Cast: *Claudi Aymerich — thin-blood fledgling, Melissa Aymerich — grieving sister, Society of St. Leopold, Reverend Roger Stevens — cell patron, Society of St. Leopold (use Faith Hunter stats on* **Vampire: The Masquerade**, *p. 371)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

A small string of nightclub murders occurred in the city and the M.O. of the killer has raised red flags with Kindred monitoring the police. Each victim was drained of blood and left for dead. A rookie mistake.

The PCs are given the task of tracking down the errant childe performing these killings and bringing it to an end, one way or another — as a test from the court to prove their worth. Claudi isn't difficult to track down; indeed, he seems to have little knowledge of what he is. He is a wayward vampire reveling in his own condition. He doesn't want to go back to the way he was, he likes being this way. The coterie must decide what to do with him.

Of course, matters are complicated by the fact that he has been compromised. His sister has spotted his nightly activities and while he seems quite ignorant of her, she has been talking all about him to her local parish priest, a man who happens to be a member of a certain secret society.

Claudi is being hunted by both Kindred and kine, both seek his demise. How should the coterie handle this? Can they use the situation to gain more insight into the secretive religious group? Should they just wrap this up quickly? Could Claudi's killing lead the hunters back to the coterie's members?

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- Claudi flees and escapes the coterie, drawing the attention of his watching sister to the fact that he is being chased. She confronts the coterie, warning them about what he is and what he might do. They could resolve to quickly kill this mortal who seems to know too much, but doing so brings them to the notice of the Society of St. Leopold. They do not care to discern between Claudi's crimes and their existence.
- Without mercy, the coterie execute Claudi for his violations of the Masquerade. Melissa reveals herself to them and bitterly expresses sympathy with them for destroying the killer her brother had become, but states that they too are abominations and must be destroyed. They face off against her and a small group of hunters, led by Reverend Stevens, there to deal with Claudi.
- The party decides to bring Claudi before the Prince. As they leave the club with their quarry, they are confronted by hunters from the Society of St. Leopold. It is possible to successfully convince them that they are undercover cops investigating the murders. If they do so, Melissa and Claudi share a moment of recognition before she tearfully departs and Reverend Stevens asks the "police" to give him a cell with an east facing window. The coterie is intrigued by this request and the Prince notes their cleverness in exposing these hunters. If the PCs successfully dupe the hunters, the active participants gain one dot of Status with the Camarilla and one vampire in the coterie gains the fourth dot in the First Inquisition Loresheet (**Vampire: The Masquerade** p. 388).

Attribute Focus: Mental / Social

CLAUDI AYMERICH

Clan: Thin-Blood

Sire: Blue Serpent Operative 45

Embraced: 2019 (Born 1978)

Ambition: Make meaning of this new condition

Convictions: I will never harm my family

Touchstones: Melissa Aymerich — beloved, conflicted sister

Humanity: 6

Generation: 15th

Blood Potency: 0

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2; Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Composure 2; Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 2

Secondary Attributes: Health 5, Willpower 4

Skills: Athletics (Football) 4, Brawl 3, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Melee 1; Insight 1, Intimidation 3, Leadership 1, Streetwise 1; Academics (Sports Theory) 2, Awareness 3, Medicine (Physiotherapy) 2, Science 1

Disciplines: Thin-Blood Alchemy 1

Fighting Back

Cast: *Shejana (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Shejana, a vampire of a fallen clan, has been observing the activities of FIRSTLIGHT and the Society of St. Leopold in Chicago. Without interfering, she's been watching when they've been plucking innocents from the streets for experiments or persecution, noting when they offer the "miracle of immortality" to down-on-their-luck mortals, and keeping track of the hunters' tactics for taking down solo and coterie-bound vampires alike.

Shejana is, at heart, a dreamer and hedonist. She's not a grand political player and definitely not interested in using the information she's acquired for status within the Camarilla or Anarchs. She is historically familiar with being from a persecuted people — hunted, and routinely murdered. Though she's apolitical, she's not content to be a victim to yet another purge, which is why she reaches out with tentative feelers to a coterie who she thinks might aid her fight against these forces.

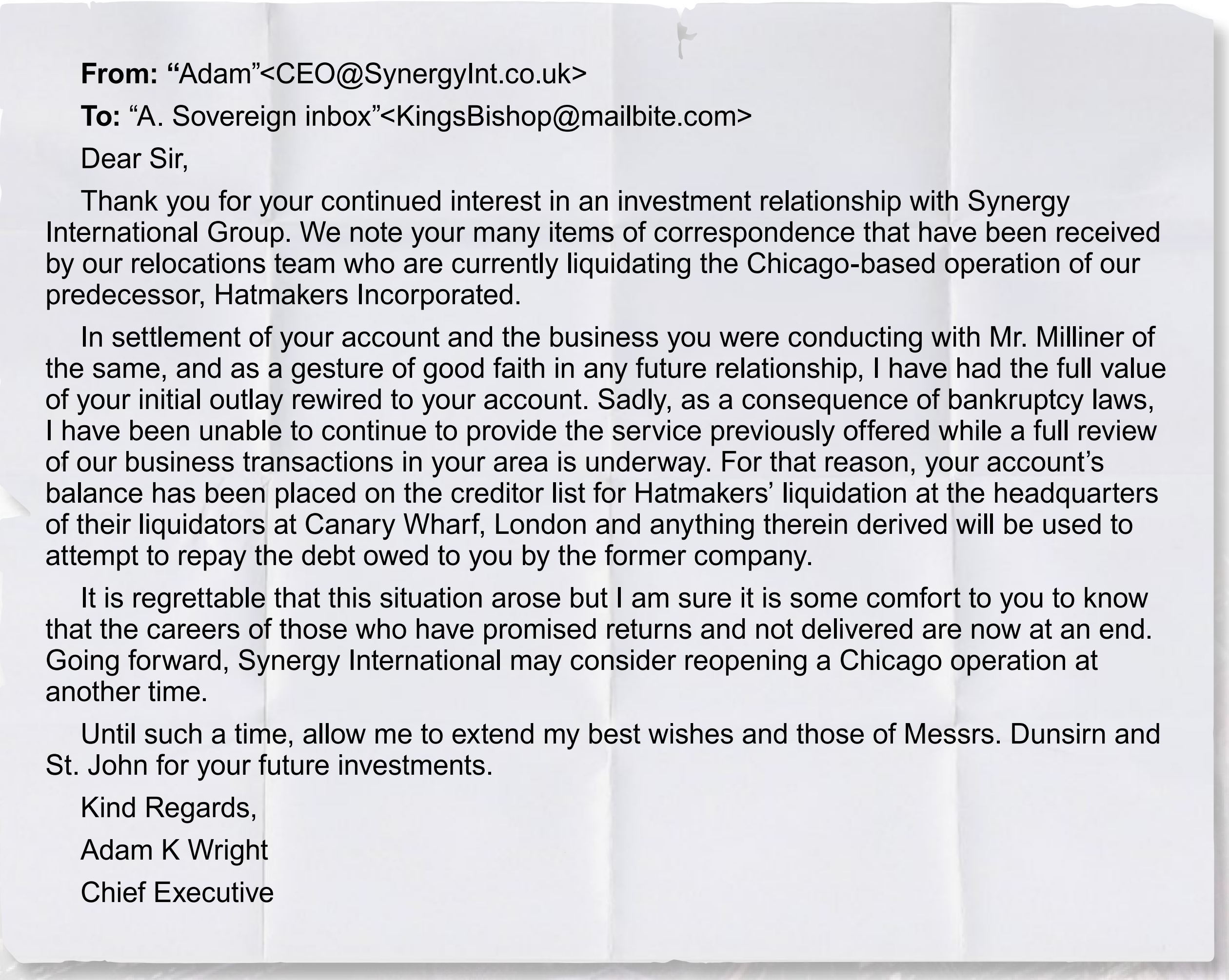
Developing a relationship with Shejana and her trove of intelligence is highly lucrative to the PCs, but she doesn't give anything up quickly. She promises information regarding hunter movements, behaviors, and motives, but needs to trust the player characters first. Only when they've performed a number of tasks for her, will she then work with them in driving these vampire killers out of Chicago.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The PCs decide not to play Shejana's game and track her to a haven, where they hope to steal the information she possesses. Shejana has no fixed haven, however, and stores what little written record she has on the hunters in secluded spots all around the domain. She resists with everything she has before directing the coterie to a "treasure trove" in a broken old newspaper box in Little Village, which actually contains a bomb set to explode in the PCs' faces. Shejana attempts to escape and becomes a two-dot Adversary.
- The PCs turn Shejana over to the Prince so he can grill her on information regarding the Inquisition. Shejana in turn denies all knowledge of the city's hunters, claims to have been dreaming, and aims to irritate Jackson into releasing her. She becomes a two-dot Adversary for the coterie, and starts pointing hunters in their direction out of spite.
- If the PCs earn Shejana's favor she lays out everything she knows about the FIRSTLIGHT facilities, the Society of St. Leopold's targets, and where the two hunter groups operate. She's no tactician herself, so she has no issue with the PCs using this information as they see fit provided it helps save some lives from bloodthirsty hunters. Her one, final condition for giving up her accumulated information is that the coterie agrees to assist her in becoming an endless nightmare for these inquisitors.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Physical

Severed Ties



From: "Adam"<CEO@SynergyInt.co.uk>

To: "A. Sovereign inbox"<KingsBishop@mailbite.com>

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your continued interest in an investment relationship with Synergy International Group. We note your many items of correspondence that have been received by our relocations team who are currently liquidating the Chicago-based operation of our predecessor, Hatmakers Incorporated.

In settlement of your account and the business you were conducting with Mr. Milliner of the same, and as a gesture of good faith in any future relationship, I have had the full value of your initial outlay rewired to your account. Sadly, as a consequence of bankruptcy laws, I have been unable to continue to provide the service previously offered while a full review of our business transactions in your area is underway. For that reason, your account's balance has been placed on the creditor list for Hatmakers' liquidation at the headquarters of their liquidators at Canary Wharf, London and anything therein derived will be used to attempt to repay the debt owed to you by the former company.

It is regrettable that this situation arose but I am sure it is some comfort to you to know that the careers of those who have promised returns and not delivered are now at an end. Going forward, Synergy International may consider reopening a Chicago operation at another time.

Until such a time, allow me to extend my best wishes and those of Messrs. Dunsirn and St. John for your future investments.

Kind Regards,

Adam K Wright

Chief Executive

Whizzkid

Cast: *Alan Sovereign* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 216), Bobby Weatherbottom* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 226)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Alan Sovereign has long been known for his record of shrewd investments and is widely respected as the Seneschal of the city. When he put money into an insurance start-up belonging to the wealthy Milliner family, it seemed a low-risk option with a good rate of return. He hadn't anticipated the Giovanni families to go through their big disappearing act. Now, he's let a few million vanish down a bankruptcy hole, and his reputation (and ego) won't allow him to let it go. He approaches a tech-savvy Kindred with an offer to help him repatriate those funds from London to the good old U.S. of A. But, with word of his misfortune reaching the Anarch movement, some of their brightest minds are trying to beat him to it.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- Loyal to the Camarilla, the coterie sets about investigating the accounts where Sovereign's money is being held, and actively thwarts the efforts of the Anarch's mysterious hackers to hijack their operation. Sovereign bends the ear of the Prince with a tale of their deeds (active participants gain one dot of Status with the Camarilla) and rewards them with a trifling sum of $50,000 to compensate their time. He will likely have more work for them in the future.

- This provides an opportunity for budding Anarchs to shine or those on the fence of loyalty to announce their arrival in the movement with a bang. The coterie retains the illusion of seeking Sovereign's misplaced wealth just long enough to gain the vital information that Bobby Weatherbottom needs to hijack the payment. The city Anarchs are impressed with their acquisition of Sovereign's ill-gotten wealth (active participants gain one dot of Status with the Anarchs) and promises them the money will go to a good cause. If the coterie maintains their secrecy with Sovereign they may even remain as spies within the camp.

- In searching for the lost money, the coterie are exposed to both the security operatives working for Synergy and to either Alan Sovereign or Bobby Weatherbottom as working against them. The coterie loses all status with the offended party, and gains the Adversary Flaw with either Sovereign or Weatherbottom. Synergy, a front company for the Hecata, may also seek recompense for anything the coterie managed to take, in their own way.

Attribute Focus: Mental

Opportunity Knocks

Cast: *Aloysius Slate — Hecata Ghoul (see* **Cults of the Blood Gods**)*, Ching He Gray — Fence*

WHAT HAPPENED:

The old Giovanni have moved out of Chicago and closed up shop behind them. The tower in South Loop where Hatmakers Incorporated made their headquarters is currently lying partially vacant, save for a lumbering grunt-like, nearly seven feet tall security guard who wanders the corridors at night with a flashlight.

The coterie stumbles upon an opportunity when they learn of the Seneschal's lost investment with the company. One of their friends, a street-level fence named Ching He, always on watch for a big score that could change her life, has learned that a good number of valuables and old antiques are still stored in the Hatmakers office, just waiting to be shipped out. If the coterie could find a way to relieve them of these items, they would make money for themselves and perhaps the Seneschal. Of particular value is a collection of colonial era furniture and artifacts said to have belonged to Ulysses S. Grant, though some of these are large, unwieldy items.

The items are due to be shipped out the following morning and so the coterie have only one night to act. Unfortunately, the man left guarding the items is a trusted Milliner ghoul.

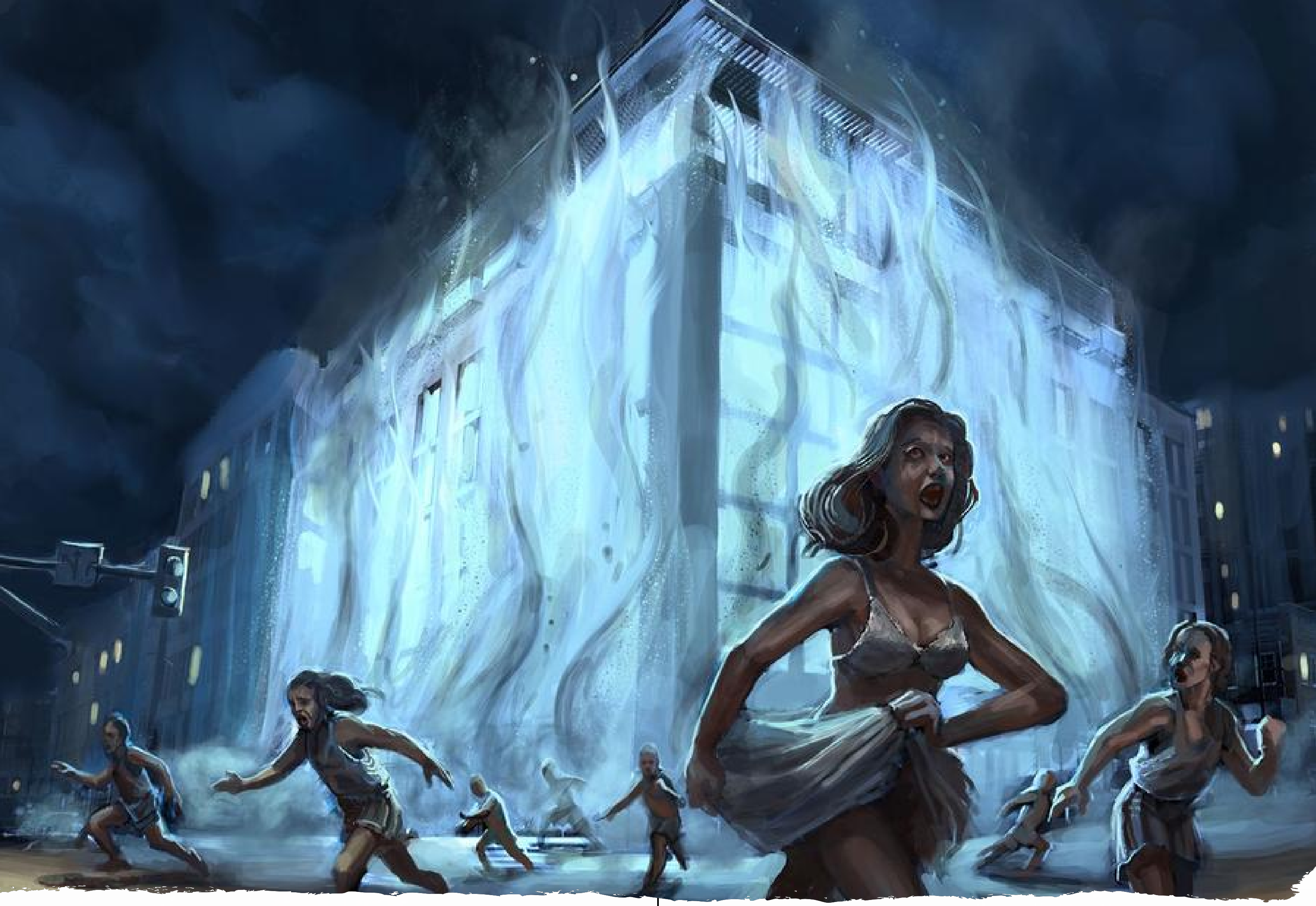
WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- After successfully overcoming Mr. Slate and stealing the items, the coterie gains around $200,000 for the whole job lot. They may choose to disburse some of this to Alan Sovereign as recompense for the losses he has suffered and will gain him as a three-dot Mawla if they do so.

- The coterie struggle to overcome the powerful and relentless Slate in time and the police arrive, forcing them to flee into the night empty-handed. Ching He is outraged at their incompetence and she is lost as a Contact or Ally, or if she wasn't one of these before the chronicle, she has a familiar gang of thieves target the PCs.

- The coterie keeps the furniture and artifacts, thinking perhaps that they can get a better price for it themselves than Ching He is prepared to offer. However, it soon becomes clear the Giovanni did not simply leave one man guarding it and the items are thoroughly haunted. The coterie suffers from unbearable nightmares and screams by day, urging them to return the items. This reduces their dice pools by one die each night until they return the items to the Hatmakers offices.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Physical



Waking Nightmares

"There are more creatures on and underneath this Earth than even the most skilled scientist or learned occultist might believe." The gaunt man, his head covered with long, thin, grey hair and eyes deeply sunken within his skull, pointed a long, slender finger at the Rakshasa in his company. "After all, they believe you are dead, do they not?"

Shejana wasn't at all comfortable in the presence of this emaciated freak, but he seemed to know a lot about her and could hardly decline his invitation to spend time with him in the Rosehill Cemetery (of all places) tonight. "Not me specifically, but yeah. My clan. My family. It's not that they think we're dead, though. Most Kindred around tonight haven't even heard the word 'Ravnos', so I suppose considering us forgotten is a better way to think of it."

"Forgotten. I know how that feels." Sitting on a gravestone and crossing his mottled legs, the man gestured at the dark emptiness around them. "You know what I am, don't you?"

Shejana shrugged, smiling a little. She didn't care for the inner workings of Kindred society but knew enough to identify a clan or bloodline so physically distressed in appearance. "At a guess... You're one of those vampires calling themselves 'Hecata' these nights, or a Tzimisce who made himself look like one."

The gaunt man spat out a chuckle. "It wouldn't be beyond a Fiend, would it? No, your first guess was correct. There are so few of us in this domain, or in America, but now the family has come to an accord we will soon be ready for a grand diaspora again."

Shejana nodded slowly. "And now you get to why you wanted my company, I'm guessing?"

The Cappadocian smiled, showing two rows of sharp teeth. "Yes. Our return to this domain must be kept secret, but someone needs to lay the groundwork and run distraction while we organize ourselves. We are looking for someone, or some discreet someones, to act nightmarish around our preferred territory. A haunting, if you will. Something to move the current Kindred out, have them swatting at shadows, and when the shadows disperse they find us there. We will pay you very, very well."

Shejana jumped down from the roof of the mausoleum upon which she'd been sitting, looking down at the Stiff. "Luckily, nightmares are something I excel at."

Haunted House

Cast: *Clarence Bartleby (p. XX), Jennifer MacKay (p. XX), Shejana (p. XX), the Gaunt Man — a Cappadocian emissary for the Hecata (p. XX), Tim Roche (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

As one of the few truly independent Kindred in Chicago, Shejana has been enlisted by the Hecata to lay the groundwork for the Hecata's claim on territory in the city. Not interested in courting the Camarilla or affiliating with Anarch rabble, the Hecata have selected a mercenary like Shejana to clear some land into which they can move.

Shejana is not about to perform this act out of altruism. She has been promised a small fortune from the Clan of Death, and frankly, spreading nightmares is a forte of her fallen clan. It's been a while since she's been hired to do anything of the sort.

However, this task isn't something Shejana can accomplish alone. The Hecata have requested everything from the Illinois Medical District down to the Lower West Side for themselves. Shejana therefore seeks accomplices in driving the Kindred claimants on this territory away from their havens, and is prepared to pay such individuals for doing so.

There are three Kindred who make their havens in this part of the city: Tim Roche, a thin-blood of the Parkie Mob; Clarence Bartleby of Clan Tremere; and Jennifer MacKay of Clan Brujah. Shejana recommends making the havens of the specified vampires inhospitable through fake hauntings, sending warning messages that say "I know what you did", getting into the heads of these Kindred through the use of subtle Disciplines, and turning the local mortal residents against them. They should not be able to sleep during the day, wearing their mental stamina down until forced to flee.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- If the PCs conspicuously intimidate Roche, Bartleby, and MacKay out of the territory the Hecata designated, they earn the three Kindred (and their affiliates among the Parkie Mob, the Cult of the Crawling Tongue, and the Anarchs) as enemies. Discretion is definitely the best course in this chronicle.
- The player characters may opt for subtlety over blunt force, in which case Tim Roche is an easy target; Bartleby and MacKay are slightly harder to shake. The slow game of wearing these three Kindred down earns Shejana as a two-dot Mawla and ultimately, two dots of Resources to be split between the coterie, representing stolen, imported jewels.
- When the Hecata do arrive in Chicago, the Gaunt Man remembers the PCs' aid and seeks to hire them again in the future. This may lead to them discovering exactly how much Shejana was paid (compared to how much they received) but also provides them with a ready stream of mercenary work.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Physical

THE GAUNT MAN

Clan: Hecata

Sire: Anikó

Embraced: 1422 (Born 1362)

Ambition: Establish territory in Chicago

Convictions: I will make my clan feared and respected

Touchstones: Grace Dunsirn-Lynch — mortal being groomed for a perpetually delayed Embrace

Humanity: 4

Generation: 7th

Blood Potency: 5

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5; Charisma 1, Manipulation 4, Composure 4; Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 4

Secondary Attributes: Health 8, Willpower 8

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Craft (Musical Instruments) 3, Melee 3, Stealth 3, Survival 2; Animal Ken (Rats) 3, Etiquette 3, Insight 1, Intimidation (Unnerving) 4, Leadership 1, Persuasion 1; Academics (Research) 3, Awareness 3, Finance 2, Investigation 3, Medicine (Humours) 4, Occult 3, Politics 1, Science 1

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Fortitude 4, Oblivion 4, Potence 2

chapter four

Heretical Threats and Observations

"I kneel only to Set now, and you ain't him."

— Salt, newly joined member of the Church of Set, to her fellow Nosferatu

Within vampiric society, outsiders are dangerous to the overall wellbeing of the community. These outliers are often shunned for their values and beliefs, or lack thereof. These Cainites are those who rage against the norms and work in the dark to carve a place for their convictions. Too extreme for society's communal table, heretics range in doctrine from underground religious institutions to monstrous, inhumane apocalypse cults. Their population consists of those who refused to adapt, and those who believe they are forcing themselves to evolve above damnation. Whatever the cause, Kindred society deems them heretics, either in purpose or practicality. These groups, with their dogmas and traditions, are too radical or devastating to the predominant culture.

What is most concerning to Kindred within the Camarilla and Anarch Movements is the grim resilience of the groups in question. These heresies are making inroads and building networks of defenders within city confines, and possibly extending their reach globally. There are always gaps these types of institutions tend to fill. There will always be someone who feels resentment, drawn to an antithetical and charismatic leader, or craves a community of like-minded people.

A FRESH HELL

The heresies of Chicago occupy the darkest corners of the city. Many of these pieces of fiction are nebulous and inappropriate for some players. As a Storyteller, it is your responsibility to use these storylines only if your players are happy to grapple with them. Please remember to have open lines of communication, reflection and debriefing, and check in with your players before using these groups.

The Church of Caine

The rumble of bass echoed across a slim courtyard between the two buildings. The dead potted plants had transitioned into ashtrays for reveling dancers. A broken tent sat crushed, left by transients who occupied the space as a site to crash during nights when it wasn't a full-blown club banger. It was easy to get around most laws in Chicago, but the smoking bans really brought down cops' attention. It was easy to pay off cops as an illegal rave thumped away, but Caine forbid if there was someone ingesting burning organic plant matter in tubular form.

How things have changed, yet such is the way of the kine. Though that was more reason for the existence of the Church of Caine. Our purpose is to guide our fellow Cainites and, through the blessing of transference, guide the humans under their control.

Nevertheless, the sound check seemed to be going well. That damned "Kiss-a-belle" song echoed around the darkening windows. The DJ, some new ghoul, had potential and was throwing down a remix of the record. We poached them from right under the Degenerates' noses. I'm sure Annabelle would hate to know we were the ones who broke him from her control. You can say what you want about religion, but when it works, it is useful. Not allowing the poseur Bennett to have another tool was useful to the Church's plan, though he is on the list for accessible targets for conversion. We need more draws to the "house" we are building.

The backdoor opened, startling me from my musing. A man consumed by the dark gown of a cassock pulled out a cigarette and lit it, old habits dying hard.

"Ruminating upon this squalid garden, dear Tasha?" The red-haired man looked down at me.

"Praying before sacrament, Deacon. I enjoy watching the night grow pregnant," I lied. He knew I was nervous, but I needed to try to cover it. The Rite of Compunction always gave me shivers. I knew it was necessary, but I always feared someone breaking the covenant of it all.

The courtyard silenced as the last echoes of the sound check fell deeper into the night. The newly rebuilt Warehouse Club sat squat as a backdrop to the reverend's glare. The serious moment was suddenly shattered by a howl of laughter. His fangs flashed and glittered beneath the lamplight as he chuckled, his broken smile reveling in the odd joy he found in her turmoil.

"Dear Sister, really you must not always get yourself so worked up. I know it is difficult, but all things worth their merit are. It is a testament of our faith to one another. Do you wish to pray together? I always find it helpful." He walked briskly down the steps; the shimmering sound of cloth dragged across the stone steps as he flicked the smoke into the potter.

"Yes, please Deacon. Help me find my faith once more." I whispered, desperate for his strange abilities to always calm my roiling mind.

"Let us pray," he said grasping his cold hands in mine, the strange mixture of faith and blood magic tingling into my palms. The heavy stones of his rosary weighed into my hand as he pressed the sharp edges of our symbol into the flesh of my palm. The razor-edged pendant cut into our hands, mingling our vitae and commencing the rite. The shame flushed red on my face as I winced in pain.

"Caine, Dark Father, beseech us in hearing our lowly prayers of need. May we cast off our weaknesses this night. Lo, and do I see the usurper who forged my lineage and stole power from you. Though his sins have passed down to me I now use this magic of the blood, a gift you have given me. Lo, do I see my sister's maker, and their maker, for their fearsome line shows the horrors that exist only underneath. This blessing assists us in knowing the movements of our enemies, for my sister is brave! Such is the curse of rebellion and the blessings of power. We know our sacrifices are true as they run through or vitae as they have the nights before and the nights to come! For you are the true gift, Father Caine, for your gifts transcend our petty follies! Such is our gift, to know your gospel, to use our truth, to believe and act in our sanctimonious unity and be your dark angels! Dark Father, I implore you, lend my sister your strength. For as you wander, as do we! Praise Caine!

"Praise Caine, Brother!" I hollered, my voice commanding, given fortification by our prayer.

"Now, Sister, are you ready for tonight's sacrament?" His eyes burned holes into my soul.

"I am, Brother, Oh, I absolutely am. Amen, Amen, Caine cometh, Amen".

Divine Intervention

{This is from their fucking blog. They are trying to rebrand themselves, the little shits. I mean everyone else is so why wouldn't our friendly local psychopaths. This is huge, like I/C huge. They got someone up there, I'm telling you. Most likely, the culprits are Ventrue or something worse, this smells like a whole ton of money. It's not Ballard, but it's someone. With that kind of backing, they can get away with anything. I keep seeing the name Lancaster, whatever the fuck that means. This is the only possible way we haven't had some Archons busting down our city gates. I mean, the Tower isn't seriously considering taking on official religion. Especially one we tried to annihilate for centuries! Right? Hit me up, we'll go out for a snack. — Salt}

Revelation 3:18. I counsel you to buy from me gold refined by fire, so that you may be rich, and white garments, so that you may clothe yourself and the shame of your nakedness may not be seen, and salve to anoint your eyes, so you may see.

Gospel has shown we are to give to ourselves. Yet more prominently, our faith demands we give for others. We give to the kine that we herd. We give to our clanmates. Never-the-less our purpose is undeniable, we use our blessings to better those around us. Even if this means using those gifts to better those who act against better judgment. We have been given the gifts of eternal life to witness to our neighbors the mantel of greatness.

As an angel of Caine, you are the ever-living word, you are the embodiment of providence. Nor can they die anymore, for they are equal to the angels and are sons of God, being sons of the resurrection. Luke 20:36.

It is our divine right to show our brothers and sisters of eternity, to create heaven on earth. Whom else could create the wealth of ages? Whom else could guide the Ivory Tower to paradise? We are the angels of the **Lord**. We are to make life and unlife as painless as possible, be the divine guidance your fellow Cainite needs. Be the helping hands. Sacrifice for others and collect the boons which follow.

Our Brother's Keeper

In most domains Gnostic, but in Chicago leaning into Protestant reform, the Church of Caine has recently re-emerged from the depths of the past. The atrocities of the Gehenna War weigh heavily upon their hierarchy and through this tribulation comes much reflection and revelation.

Recently, the Church has transitioned toward a new form of doctrine. With the perverse call to revel in the delights created by the powers of the Blood, Cainites are bound to provide knowledge to neonates to curb disastrous outcomes. Cainites are to drink deeply in the wisdom of the Cainite condition and their history to forego repeating the errors of the past. They are angels in this world, and it is their duty to uplift others from squalid hell to the heaven Caine and his faithful followers occupy. This united with denying participating within the Jyhad and providing "compassionate reconciliation" to their fellow Damned, can elevate Cainites to a higher sense of being.

This new dogma has driven members to become Mawlas and even beneficiaries to younger Kindred. How could the Church be evil if it could help new Kindred onto the paths to greatness? Their prosperity gospel has gathered many allies, even if they may not vocally show their support. With the Camarilla trending toward allowing new forms of religious institutions to finally come out of the shadows, the Church of The Dark Father is readying itself to witness its fruits.

This has also emboldened their enemies. Critias has perceived their sanctuary to new Kindred as a threat to his control. Jason Newberry is also agitated by their renewed presence in the city and is actively looking to destroy any and all their members he comes across. Then there is the Sabbat defector Edward Neally, who sees them as more of the same. He plans to garner favor within the Camarilla by giving up information about the Church of Caine and make himself whole.

Rebuilding the Church

Cast: *Deacon Arden Canty (p. XX), Joshua Tarnopolski — Brujah Baron of Joliet and Naperville (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Until recent years, the Sabbat held sway in Joliet, with some rumors holding that the Cainite murder cult maintained a temple to Caine beneath the city's abandoned prison. The last of the Joliet Sabbat packs abandoned the city due to Joshua "Blackjack" Tarnopolski's systematic, effective attacks. He and his coterie of old-school Anarchs, supposedly including the infamous Tyler, routed the weakened Sabbat and claimed the domain for the Movement.

Tarnopolski behaves strangely in these nights. Since claiming Joliet, his domain has been militantly libertarian, but now he's started urging Kindred from Chicago to attend the newly reformed Church of Caine for spiritual guidance, recognizing a void in many vampires where faith should be. Several Anarchs are concerned he's being manipulated by Deacon Arden Canty, who leads the church in Joliet, while other vampires wonder if Tarnopolski lost an important mortal and now clutches for reasons to go on.

With the domain of Joliet in the balance, the PCs are dispatched to investigate.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The PCs cannot find Blackjack anywhere within his domain, as he has undertaken a pilgrimage on behalf of the Church of Caine, leaving stewardship of Joliet to Deacon Arden. Or at least, that's what Arden claims. Whether the coterie believe him is up to them. They may attempt to seize Joliet for themselves, as it lacks its Anarch Baron.

- The characters find Tarnopolski on the edge of frenzy, split between the whispers of the Church of Caine and his desperation to never be a slave to government or religion. He needs urgent assistance in liberating his spirit from this tug of war, and offers all aid (and his eventual role as a three-dot Mawla) should a coterie come to his rescue.

- Tarnopolski is a willing adherent of the Church of Caine. Having claimed Joliet for the Anarchs, he now sees vampires require more than the hunt and petty politics. Finding himself in agreement with Father Arden's sermons, he not only permits but encourages the growth of this faith in his domain.

Attribute Focus: Mental

JOSHUA "BLACKJACK" TARNOPOLSKI

Clan: Brujah

Sire: Tyler

Embraced: 1913 (Born 1870)

Ambition: Find freedom from the political games of the Kindred

Convictions: Never again become a slave to the Camarilla

Touchstones: Rollo Carl — mortal socialist poet and resident of Chicago

Humanity: 6

Generation: 8th

Blood Potency: 3

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4; Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Composure 1; Intelligence 3, Wits 5, Resolve 2

Secondary Attributes: Health 7, Willpower 3

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl (Dirty Fighting) 4, Drive 1, Firearms 2, Melee 2; Insight 1, Intimidation 2, Leadership 2, Persuasion 2, Streetwise 3; Academics (Linguistics) 2, Awareness 2, Occult 1, Politics (Socialism) 4

Disciplines: Celerity 3, Obfuscate 1, Potence 3, Presence 2

The Church of Set

Sermon by Reverend Sarah P. Donnadieu on the night of Sunday, February 7, 2019, at the Everlasting Sacrament church. Meeting of the church council follows.

A snake doesn't carry around its skin after it sheds it. The clan of our mothers and fathers has undergone a change we are no stranger to. Our ways teach of the perseverance change causes to our kind. Yet, we would have never guessed or questioned that our elders would have left us, their own children, behind for this new heresy. This abomination shows its face as a new broken path, a road that bows to a lesser form of "rebellion". Set damn them, the "Movement" are nothing more than childish games played to waste our time. They are nothing and will become nothing. Time is better used to serve our god and strive toward enlightenment.

No matter, I believe we have been given a gift during this time. Set is testing our resolve, our willpower, my children. This tribulation is our new covenant. The Aeons have seen it fit to question our abilities, to provide clarity and question everything around us. This even means enlightening our own back into the fold, back to the truth. The divine lives quite separate from us and is guiding us on this very night.

To see this new pathetic Ministry is to see we have lied and corrupted even ourselves. They have bought into the lie that they hold Set within their bodies, and we know this heresy is impossible. Our god would never debase itself to inhabit these lesser forms. These pathetic meat suits hold only the greater power of our god-like selves.

Our task is multi-faceted. We must liberate the Ministry from itself. We must make them understand the error of their ways. By hook or by crook. The Ministry must fall, just like we have crushed every false idol before and those who will come. This is just one more test of our abilities.

Liberation flows through the vitae of our ancestors and through us this very night, as it shall do in perpetuity! A snake may never carry forth its mistakes into the future, but a snake threatened shall and will bite. Therefore, my people, go forth into this "Ministry" and show them who we really are.

Eating its own Tail

Cast: *Marcel* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 149), Salt (p. XX), Thea Noel-MacCrain* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 151), Reverend "Twosret" Sarah P. Donnadieu — priest of the Church of Set, Chicago (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

To the outside observer, the schism within the Followers of Set that created the Ministry was a simple rebrand to make the Setites more palatable in Camarilla and Anarch domains. The truth is more nuanced. While the majority of the clan sided with the Anarch Movement following the aborted Camarilla petition in Paris, the orthodox Church of Set continued on, and its most loyal adherents look dimly on the Ministry, while adopting outcasts from other clans who might share their faith.

Reverend Twosret is one such orthodox Setite. Originally a southern preacher named Sarah P. Donnadieu, she was Embraced into the clan before the rebrand and balked at the idea of multi-faith worship under the Ministry banner. Domain by domain, she aims to right the course of clan, even if the clan's body rejects her fanaticism. Her target in Chicago is Marcel, as spokesperson for the Ministry and apparent politico. She despises his activities in the Primogen Council, his rejection of the orthodoxy, and the lack of influence he has over his wastrel childe.

Reverend Twosret intends to use her fellow Setite, Salt, to murder Marcel, or have her recruit someone to do it for the clan, and make Marcel's death a clear message to the other Serpents: heresy will not be forgiven.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- As a sympathetic Sarah P. Donnadieu, Twosret hires the coterie to eliminate Marcel. She weaves a tale of his corruption, his decadence, and his trafficking of young mortals to incense the PCs, weaving a believable web of lies surrounding Marcel's interest in their Touchstones if they won't take the bait. She intends to prime them and then fire them at Marcel, before going in herself to make it clear this was the will of the Church of Set. For acting on her behalf, Twosret awards the coterie a communal three dots of Resources in the form of bonds, assignable to their names. Each character in the coterie may only take a maximum of one dot of these Resources, and they may not take a character above Resources 4.
- Marcel is aware of the plot against him and rather than go to his childe or Aluc, two of the other Ministers in the domain, he seeks outside help. He doesn't know who within his clan he can trust. The PCs are a good, neutral option, and he is prepared to satisfy whichever vice they p if they act as his bodyguards and identify the would-be assassins.
- Thea approaches the coterie after a failed attempt on Marcel, with an eye to getting in touch with his intended killer. She doesn't know if this is a broad attack on the Ministry or just her sire, so she won't approach Twosret or one of the priest's servants directly, but she will enlist the PCs to do so on her behalf. Thea first wishes to scope out which side she benefits from aiding, before either passing on the intelligence to Marcel or giving up her sire's details to Twosret or Salt. She offers the PCs tickets to many of the city's most exclusive mortal and Kindred events as payment, valuing little more highly.

Attribute Focus: Mental / Physical

REVEREND TWOSRET

Clan: Ministry

Sire: Nitocris

Embraced: 2009 (Born 1974)

Ambition: Murder the worst heretics of the Ministry

Convictions: Always maintain faith in Set

Touchstones: Bruno Madison — church attendant and loyal mortal follower

Humanity: 4

Generation: 10th

Blood Potency: 2

Attributes: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3; Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Composure 3; Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 4

Secondary Attributes: Health 6, Willpower 7

Skills: Athletics 1, Drive 2, Firearms 2; Animal Ken 1, Etiquette 2, Insight 3, Intimidation 3, Leadership 2, Performance (Oratory) 4, Persuasion (Religious) 3, Subterfuge (Acting) 3; Awareness 1, Investigation 2, Occult 2, Politics 1, Technology 1

Disciplines: Oblivion 2, Presence 2

The Black Water

[Transcript of a Growth Session. Location: 42.548186, -86.914123. Day 26. 13:57 Subject # 5.]

Subject #5: [Weeping] Why, why won't she see me. Why? Why am I not seeing her? I can't see it.

B: Focus my child, focus, ready yourself.

S5: I [screaming] I can't, Sister. The light, oh no, the light. The sky, the stars are there. The stars are there. They hear me. They see me. Right into my soul. The weeds they are choking my heart.

The fire is coming back. It's coming back for us. They see us too. They want us destroyed; they want to destroy the garden.

B: [silence] What else do you witness? Show us with your words.

S5: As once before, it shall rise again. The fire and gallows work through all of us. The wonder of the stars shines down upon Father's children, but it is a cold light only causing chaos. Mother is here. Mother is coming. Mother is coming. Mother is coming. [screaming] The halls of bedlam work throughout the six corners. The garden in the city flows forth but is stopped by the cannibals. The snakes flow through the underbrush and the fire burns through the sky once again. The second great fire is coming. Its wake makes mountains crumble into the sea. It's coming! Mother needs help!

B: Where is Mother? Who stands defiantly against our garden in the city?

S5: [crying, indecipherable] It flows through the seeds. The seeds planted on salt and ground of brick and bone. The charnel houses burn bright as Mother's garden dies. Why, Mother? Why do you do this to me? Why won't your face show me love? It has scared her away! The beast, the beast is here! [screaming intensifies].

B: Focus damn you. Where is the Mother? Tell me where the Mother is.

S5: You can't hide anymore. It goes beyond the highest star and past the deepest part of hell. Upon the lunar equinox, it rides once more. The rounded configuration of the moon's garden. The shadow breaker. I can't stop it. You let it go. Our memories are feeding the admission to the gates. It is the breaking water of the sky. Help me, please, stop, please stop!

[Silence. Weeping] Your bones shall make good kindling for the balefire. You're going to burn just like the rest of them.

Auguries

It was raining again. The wind was howling over Michigami, driving her waves into crescendo upon the large stones reinforcing the shoreline. The ever-present rumble of Lake Shore Drive blended together with the deafening soundscapes, which was a perfect cover for the two Cultivars standing in the shadows of the beachfront park district field house. The woman spoke first, apprehensively.

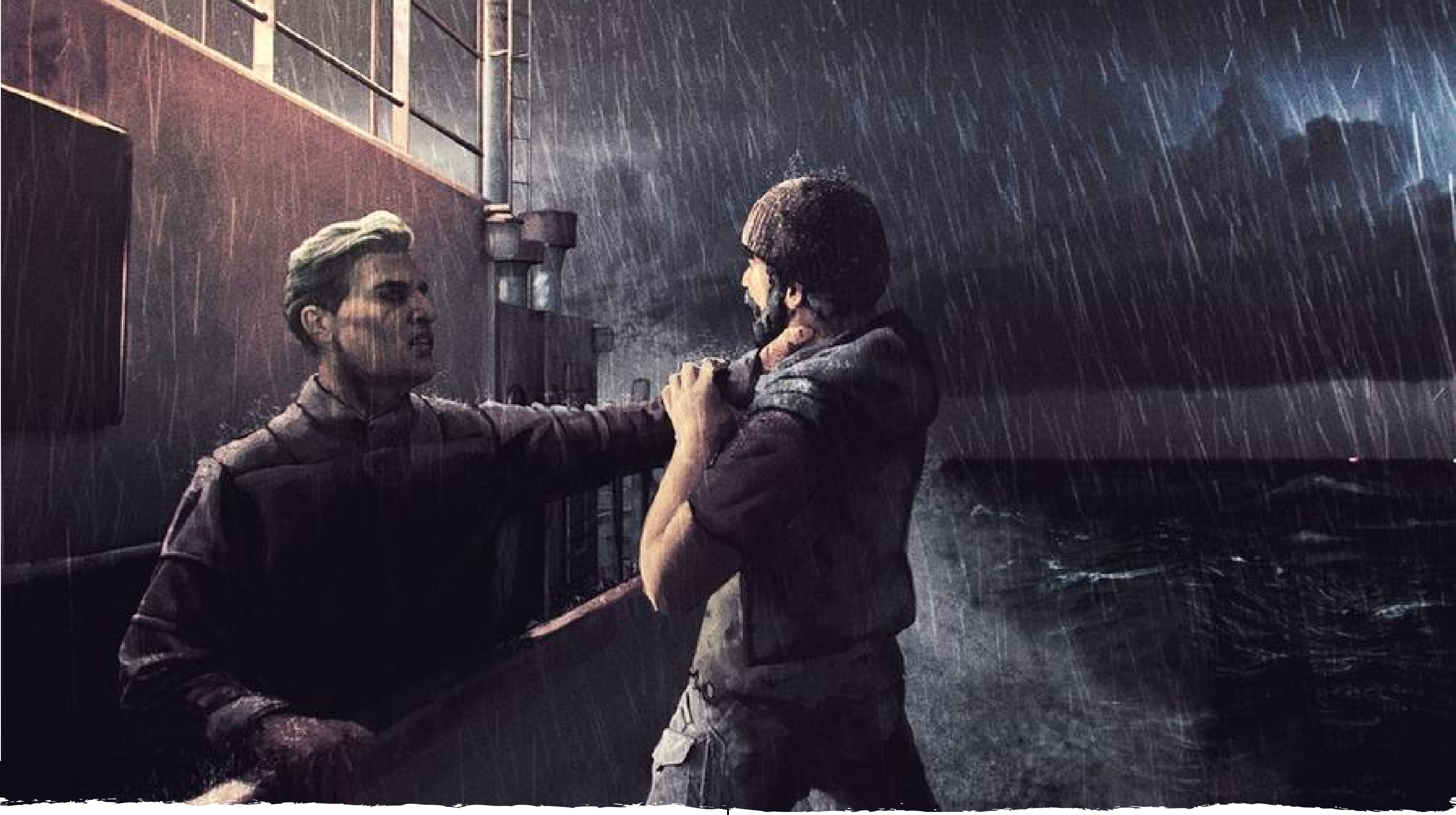
"Do you believe it's true? Do you think we can carry out such a monumental task under the auspices of the jewel?"

"It doesn't matter if we can or cannot. Mother demands what she demands. You saw it as well. It is not an option. We must begin our work. We have the tools and we have the knowledge of the Ancestor behind us working through Nerissa." His dreadlocks dripped water as he looked down at the ground. The blood flowing from inside was starting to mix in with the rain and ran down the sidewalk toward the lake.

She sighed in recognition, looking back over her shoulder into the darkened space only lit by construction lamps. The crisp LED lights illuminated the wooden roof and the impromptu divinatory space they had created.

"Grandfather demands one of the cannibal clans with pure blood. Some have gone missing. We need to find them and feed them to the waters." The bright tattoos on her neck showed strain as she took in the task at hand and searched for how to speak next. "And her, the ancient enemy has blood pure enough to water the garden."

"Exactly." He walked back into the building from the patio towards the staked, bound, and disemboweled Duskborn, the gentle rapping of vitae mixed into the cacophony of the storm. The man reached into the cracked open abdominal cavity, his



dark skin contrasting against the white intestinal tract and let his eyes glaze over. "There is more as well."

"Blessings of the stars abound" She swiftly moved across from the man, digging her arms into the entrails. "A match for each. A mirror for each. Thirteen Cainites of pure blood and thirteen clanless scum. Combined and sacrificed, each an equilibrium to one another."

"Twenty-seven unlives to build a perfect garden and destroy all of the cannibals of the fake jewel. Quite a fitting sacrifice." The man smiled. "Hail Mother's guidance".

Snatch and Slash

Cast: *Lester Knife* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 121), any freshly created fledgling*

WHAT HAPPENED:

The urge Lester Knife feels to continue sacrifices to the monsters beneath Chicago and Lake Michigan drones with increased volume inside his head and heart. His Beast hums with approval at the shedding of blood, but roars in frustration as none of the spilled life is for Lester's jaws.

The Gangrel attempts to lead a simple and moral existence, but as the demands grow greater, now requesting the sacrifice of vitae as well as mortal blood, he must decide how to act. If he has counsel, he will use it. Otherwise, he may be forced to make a difficult decision for himself.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

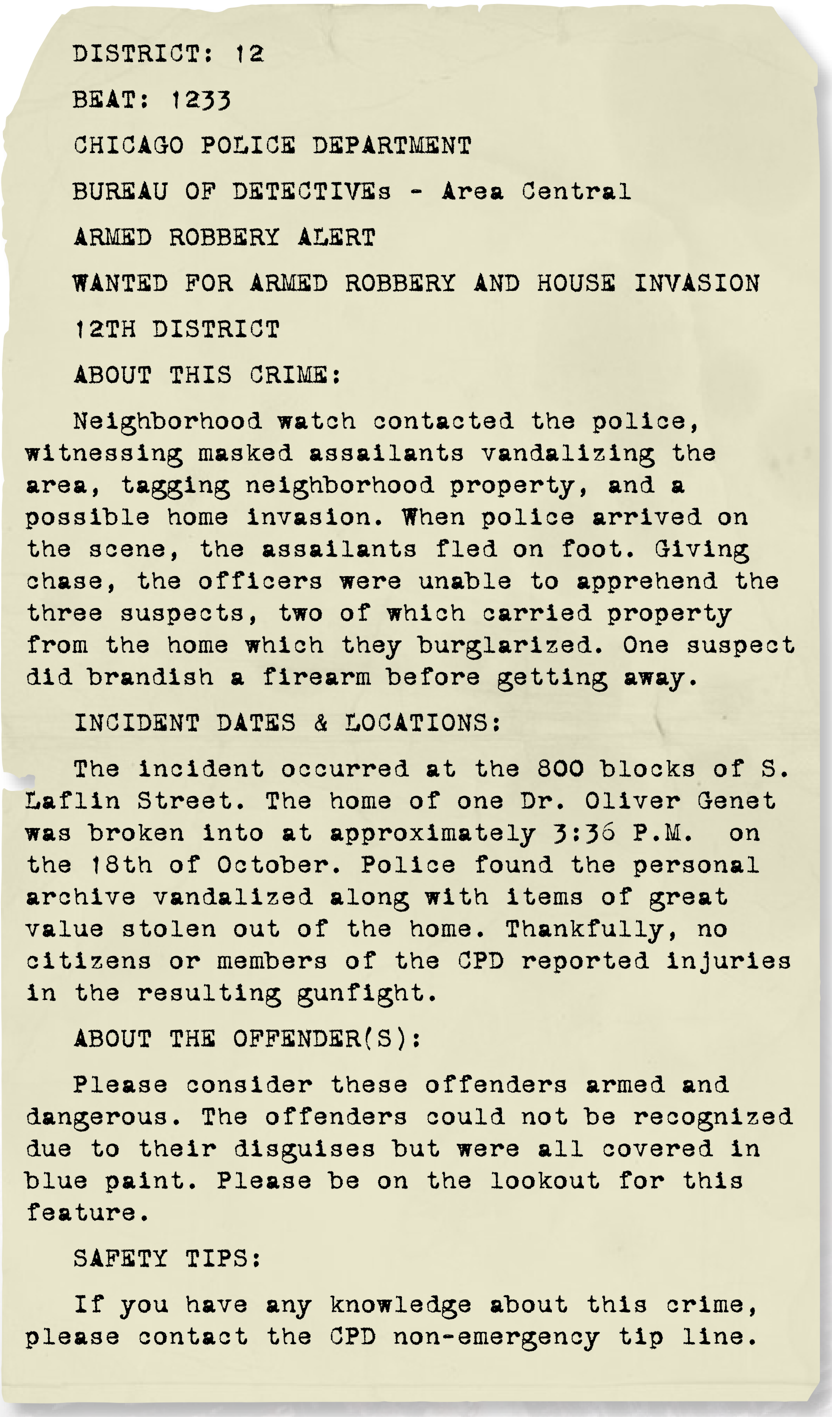
- Lester approaches the coterie and begs for the PCs' assistance in placating these blood gods beneath Chicago. He tells them exactly what is being asked of him time and again, and he feels the toll it takes on his Humanity. The PCs may relieve him of his task, try and contact these powerful vampires beneath the surface, or cause a little havoc by slaying or staking their servant and waiting to see what happens.

- If Lester has no contacts among the PCs, he snatches a new fledgling from their haven one night after introduction in Elysium. Having followed the vampire back to their place of rest, he waited until the following sunset and struck swiftly, now bringing the body back to the place of sacrifice. The PCs might have spotted Lester staring at the new Embrace, or have made acquaintance with the fledgling before their disappearance.

- The monsters beneath Lake Michigan wish to wake from their slumber. If they do, Chicago will either unite under the banner of a strong Kindred, and see the city's vampires fend off a shambling Methuselah before the Inquisition take notice, or split into factions and try to claim glory for themselves. The PCs may be the deciding factor on how the city acts.

Attribute Focus: Physical

The Ashfinders



DISTRICT: 12

BEAT: 1233

CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT

BUREAU OF DETECTIVEs - Area Central

ARMED ROBBERY ALERT

WANTED FOR ARMED ROBBERY AND HOUSE INVASION

12TH DISTRICT

ABOUT THIS CRIME:

Neighborhood watch contacted the police, witnessing masked assailants vandalizing the area, tagging neighborhood property, and a possible home invasion. When police arrived on the scene, the assailants fled on foot. Giving chase, the officers were unable to apprehend the three suspects, two of which carried property from the home which they burglarized. One suspect did brandish a firearm before getting away.

INCIDENT DATES & LOCATIONS:

The incident occurred at the 800 blocks of S. Laflin Street. The home of one Dr. Oliver Genet was broken into at approximately 3:36 P.M. on the 18th of October. Police found the personal archive vandalized along with items of great value stolen out of the home. Thankfully, no citizens or members of the CPD reported injuries in the resulting gunfight.

ABOUT THE OFFENDER(S):

Please consider these offenders armed and dangerous. The offenders could not be recognized due to their disguises but were all covered in blue paint. Please be on the lookout for this feature.

SAFETY TIPS:

If you have any knowledge about this crime, please contact the CPD non-emergency tip line.

The Most Dangerous Game

The Camarilla has hunted and destroyed Duskborn since they started appearing in these modern nights. Not only are they a huge risk to the Masquerade, they also endanger the pillars of vampiric society.

A new threat has risen to the fore because of these creatures. A branch of Anarch-leaning thin-bloods recently stole the fragments of a necromantic ritual. Somehow using their thin-blood alchemy to convert the remains of a dead vampire, the Duskborn can create a highly addictive paste. This drug known locally as "Ashe" can be worn by the user to gain shards of the deceased's Disciplines. The concoction is said to provide euphoric highs and glimpses of memories into the past through the eyes of the dead.

This threat to Kindred has only recently become known to parts of the Chicago vampiric community. This band of thin-bloods has been traveling, bringing the material to raves in Ibiza and Hong Kong. The threat most prevalent within Camarilla courts is the possibility these Duskborn are acting as vultures, poaching ashes from Gehenna War battlegrounds and bringing them back to share shards of Methuselah powers among themselves.

Like many drugs though, there are incredible drawbacks. The most hazardous symptom renders users unable to differentiate between the past and reality. It is also surmised users may become "hunted" by the Beasts of those they ingest. These spiritual creatures are only theorized to manifest in or around the Kindred using the drug, but even the likelihood of this occurring is petrifying to most Cainites.

Gangrel Primogen Rosa Hernandez has recently been investigating this phenomenon closely along with Sheriff Damien. They have also reached out to Joshua Tarnopolski, Baron of Joliet, to explore the understanding of the threat within the Anarch Movement. Damien has sent his Hounds to patrol the Rack and other party scenes to try to find a source of this dangerous concoction. They have all fallen short of capturing anyone connected to the cult. They have found information indicating the drug is most likely shipped from up north, possibly Canada. At Union Station, train cars possessing traces of the foul substance were found, but no individuals were caught possessing the drug.

The Little Village Inferno

By Amelia Locke
Chicago Tribune

At least six people are dead following a fire at a home in Chicago's Little Village neighborhood early Friday. The blaze spread to another two houses, authorities said at a press conference.

The fire started about 1:00 a.m. at a house in the 2600 block of South Sawyer Avenue, police stated. The fire spread from the three-story abandoned house to a nearby home, according to Chicago police and the Chicago Fire Department. The building was purportedly used as a de facto community center and organizing hub for the notorious "Bloods" street gang, known for their growing street activism against racial inequality.

Neighbors reported hearing a confrontation before the blaze and saw a Caucasian male with brown hair covered in blue markings and wearing a dark suit leaving the scene around 12:45 a.m. Police are looking for any other witnesses who may know about the subject in question. The offender was carrying a large bag covered in what witnesses say may have been powdered drugs. The DEA and Homeland Security have been contacted to the scene to make sure no weapons, such as anthrax, have been left at the scene. Neighbors fleeing with their children from the second home sustained injuries, according to a tweet from the Fire Department. The cause of the fire was under investigation.

Sources close to the Tribune are reporting the suspected arson may have been some sort of act of retribution from a new local gang known only as the "Ashfinders". This violent and nefarious group has been known in the past to supply a new drug overtaking the city's nightclub and party scene. Comparable to PCP or heroin, this blue colored "Ashe" allegedly creates hallucinations. There have been multiple overdoses linked to the drug in recent months, adding to the crippling opioid crisis gripping the city.

There are six confirmed casualties, with 10 other people displaced, according to the CPD. The residents did not request help seeking temporary shelter, police said.

Resident Magdalena Diaz told WGN-Ch. 9 how the large flames seemingly came from nowhere.

"It was scary, it was life-changing, actually," Diaz told WGN. "Because now all the children are gone, our neighbors are inconsolable. The things can be replaced but the babies, the memories we had, they are gone."

A FLYER LEFT IN THE SOUTH LOOP

Are you sick and tired of being left out in the cold?

Does the dusk feel like a trap?

Feel like you're rejected by The Ivory Tower?

Does the Night feel so lonely?

Feel like the Party has left you wanting?

You have a place with us. Please call our Doctor at 1-414-555-6666

The Cinder Institute has late night meetings every first and third Wednesday

You are whole.

The Cinder Institute LLC

You are worth your weight in gold™

Reign of Ashe

Cast: *Adze (*Chicago by Night*, p. 172), Amelia Locke (p. XX), Erzulie (*Chicago by Night*, p. 194), Prince Kevin Jackson (*Chicago by Night*, p. 209)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Freelance journalist and childe of Joseph Peterson, Amelia Locke, found the story of the Little Village Inferno dropped in her lap and, despite attempts to distance herself from this potential Masquerade breach, received direct orders from Prince Jackson to write the story as truthfully as she could, without any direct allusions to vampire society.

Jackson's intent is to alarm the city's Kindred into acting with more care. Amelia is, however, concerned about the mortal Inquisition's response to a story such as this one. Both parties seek out the PCs to look into this story and plant enough evidence to turn the mortal investigators away from Kindred activity, find the truth behind this drug called Ashe, and locate the perpetrators.

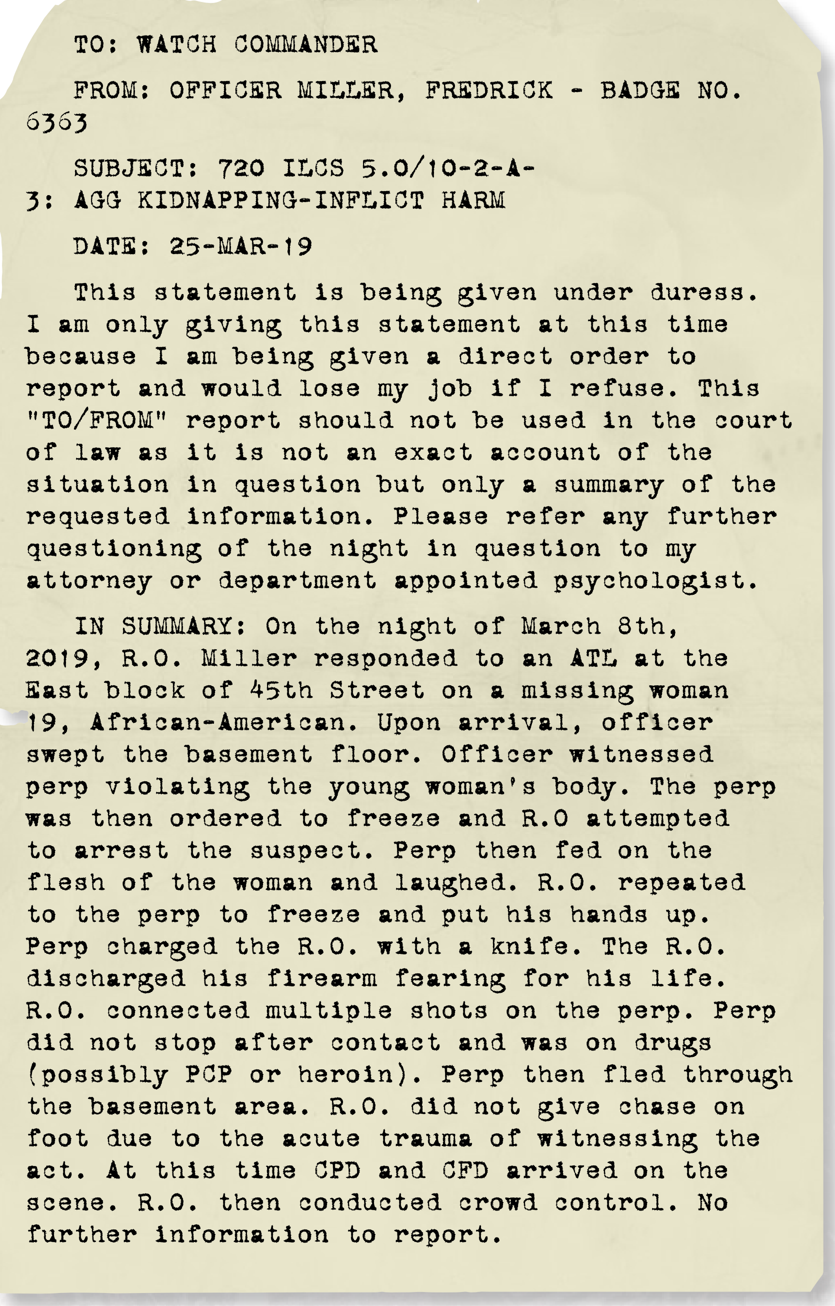
Jackson and Locke both individually feel that were word of Ashe's potential "benefits" to reach Kindred society at large, a spate of murders may follow. Therefore, they each request that this investigation takes place with the utmost secrecy.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- If the PCs serve the Prince or Amelia and look into the perpetrators of the Little Village attack, they discover a cabal of thin-bloods. Though they lack formal affiliation with any group, a couple of the members can be seen to attend the Red Nº 5. Adze and Erzulie deny knowledge of the Ashfinders, but thorough interrogation of one of the thin-bloods reveals they occasionally get pointed in the direction of a haven by other members of the Blood Disco.
- If the PCs follow the lead deep into the Blood Disco, Adze orders the troublesome Duskborn destroyed to cover his tracks. This act may compel some of the thin-bloods to turn to the coterie for assistance.
- The vampire directly responsible for the burning destroyed himself while undergoing a hallucinogenic trance, staying awake for the dawn while feeling dangerously invulnerable. Witnesses to the act describe how the sunlight peeled layers off the vampire's skin slowly, as if he possessed an alarming resilience to the dawn before it destroyed him.
- Amelia has no desire to be connected to this story, and rewards the PCs with a major boon if they snuff out the Ashfinders before they become a major issue. Jackson, on the other hand, wants to understand the workings of this necromantic ritual, potentially claiming it for future use. For their discretion, Jackson rewards the PCs with feeding territory anywhere in Chicago that doesn't conflict with one of his favored Kindred.

Attribute Focus: Mental

The Sabbat



TO: WATCH COMMANDER

FROM: OFFICER MILLER, FREDRICK - BADGE NO. 6363

SUBJECT: 720 ILCS 5.0/10-2-A-3: AGG KIDNAPPING-INFLICT HARM

DATE: 25-MAR-19

This statement is being given under duress. I am only giving this statement at this time because I am being given a direct order to report and would lose my job if I refuse. This "TO/FROM" report should not be used in the court of law as it is not an exact account of the situation in question but only a summary of the requested information. Please refer any further questioning of the night in question to my attorney or department appointed psychologist.

IN SUMMARY: On the night of March 8th, 2019, R.O. Miller responded to an ATL at the East block of 45th Street on a missing woman 19, African-American. Upon arrival, officer swept the basement floor. Officer witnessed perp violating the young woman's body. The perp was then ordered to freeze and R.O attempted to arrest the suspect. Perp then fed on the flesh of the woman and laughed. R.O. repeated to the perp to freeze and put his hands up. Perp charged the R.O. with a knife. The R.O. discharged his firearm fearing for his life. R.O. connected multiple shots on the perp. Perp did not stop after contact and was on drugs (possibly PCP or heroin). Perp then fled through the basement area. R.O. did not give chase on foot due to the acute trauma of witnessing the act. At this time CPD and CFD arrived on the scene. R.O. then conducted crowd control. No further information to report.

The Seven Fires

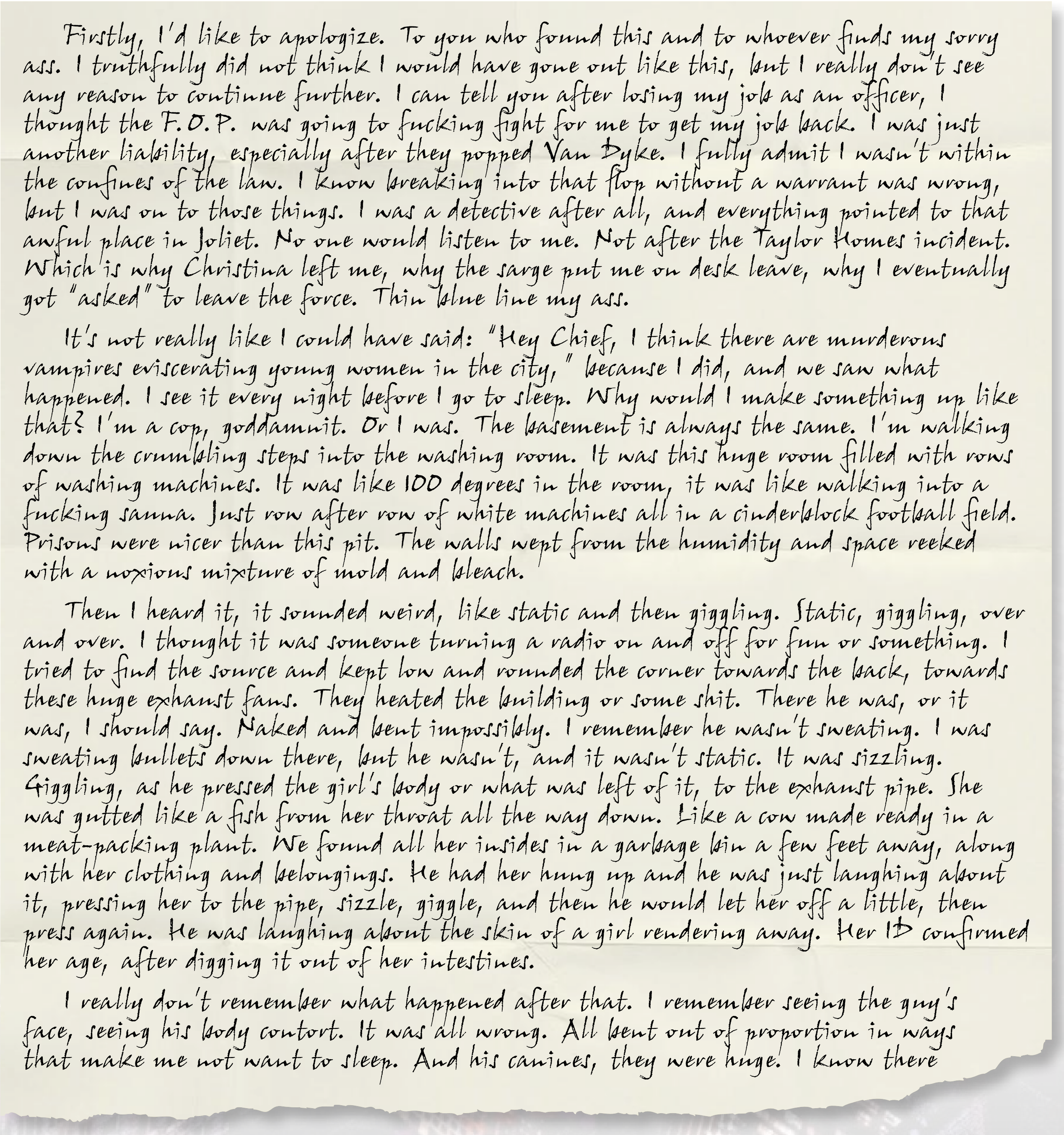
Chicago, for all its corruption and horrors, understands though it may wallow in degradation it has nothing on the empire of perturbation that is the Sabbat. The city has had many horrific encounters with the fanatical sect, most recent being the dread nights of 1993. Little is known about the fringe and alien sect. What is known, is the Sabbat relinquished control over its holdings and threw itself into a purported "Gehenna War".

With the advent of the Lasombra defection, there have been whispers of concern about what the Sabbat will do in retaliation. To help the Lasombra in their quest to join the Camarilla is to potentially put a target for the Sabbat on your back.

The Chicago Sabbat have become a cell organization, perpetrating atrocities by some byzantine design. These cells have been known in the past as "The Seven Fires", the surviving cells not called off to the Gehenna War, destroyed by Edward Neally, or any of the defecting Lasombra. This is likely a name given to them due to their ferocity, related to their brutal "ritae" often connected to fire, their appalling "games", or something to do with their number of operatives or groups known as packs.

The Seven Fires leave nothing but carnage and perplexing propaganda in their wake. In their graffiti, their trail of mutilated bodies, and arcane scrawl, they reference the story of Peter Pan, possibly an allusion to the Lasombra defection and "losing their shadow". These Cainites are appearing closer and closer to the Chicago border, emerging in more run down or economically impoverished suburbs.

A Letter

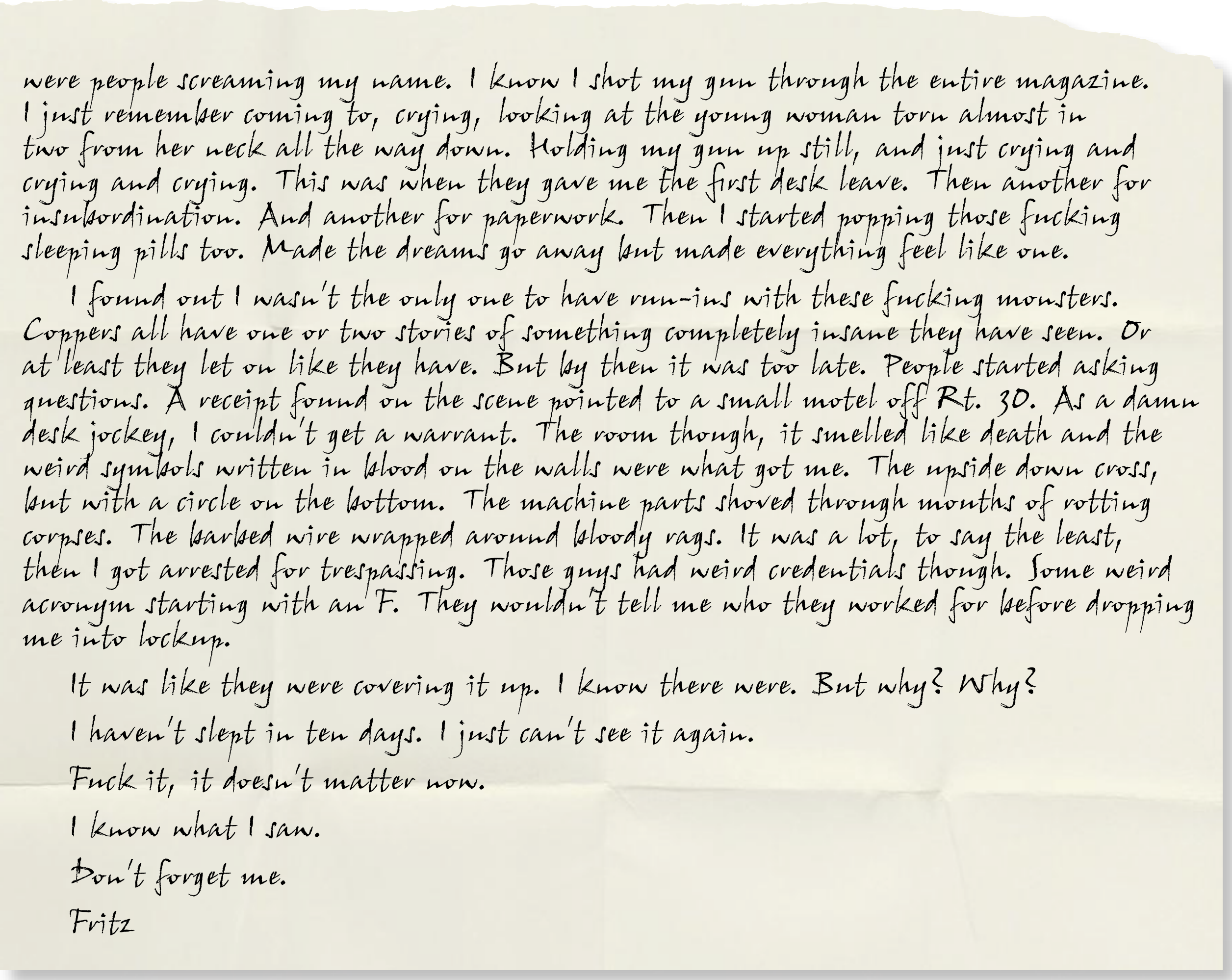


Firstly, I'd like to apologize. To you who found this and to whoever finds my sorry ass. I truthfully did not think I would have gone out like this, but I really don't see any reason to continue further. I can tell you after losing my job as an officer, I thought the F.O.P. was going to fucking fight for me to get my job back. I was just another liability, especially after they popped Van Dyke. I fully admit I wasn't within the confines of the law. I know breaking into that flop without a warrant was wrong, but I was on to those things. I was a detective after all, and everything pointed to that awful place in Joliet. No one would listen to me. Not after the Taylor Homes incident. Which is why Christina left me, why the sarge put me on desk leave, why I eventually got "asked" to leave the force. Thin blue line my ass.

It's not really like I could have said: "Hey Chief, I think there are murderous vampires eviscerating young women in the city," because I did, and we saw what happened. I see it every night before I go to sleep. Why would I make something up like that? I'm a cop, goddamnit. Or I was. The basement is always the same. I'm walking down the crumbling steps into the washing room. It was this huge room filled with rows of washing machines. It was like 100 degrees in the room, it was like walking into a fucking sauna. Just row after row of white machines all in a cinderblock football field. Prisons were nicer than this pit. The walls wept from the humidity and space reeked with a noxious mixture of mold and bleach.

Then I heard it, it sounded weird, like static and then giggling. Static, giggling, over and over. I thought it was someone turning a radio on and off for fun or something. I tried to find the source and kept low and rounded the corner towards the back, towards these huge exhaust fans. They heated the building or some shit. There he was, or it was, I should say. Naked and bent impossibly. I remember he wasn't sweating. I was sweating bullets down there, but he wasn't, and it wasn't static. It was sizzling. Giggling, as he pressed the girl's body or what was left of it, to the exhaust pipe. She was gutted like a fish from her throat all the way down. Like a cow made ready in a meat-packing plant. We found all her insides in a garbage bin a few feet away, along with her clothing and belongings. He had her hung up and he was just laughing about it, pressing her to the pipe, sizzle, giggle, and then he would let her off a little, then press again. He was laughing about the skin of a girl rendering away. Her ID confirmed her age, after digging it out of her intestines.

I really don't remember what happened after that. I remember seeing the guy's face, seeing his body contort. It was all wrong. All bent out of proportion in ways that make me not want to sleep. And his canines, they were huge. I know there



were people screaming my name. I know I shot my gun through the entire magazine. I just remember coming to, crying, looking at the young woman torn almost in two from her neck all the way down. Holding my gun up still, and just crying and crying and crying. This was when they gave me the first desk leave. Then another for insubordination. And another for paperwork. Then I started popping those fucking sleeping pills too. Made the dreams go away but made everything feel like one.

I found out I wasn't the only one to have run-ins with these fucking monsters. Coppers all have one or two stories of something completely insane they have seen. Or at least they let on like they have. But by then it was too late. People started asking questions. A receipt found on the scene pointed to a small motel off Rt. 30. As a damn desk jockey, I couldn't get a warrant. The room though, it smelled like death and the weird symbols written in blood on the walls were what got me. The upside down cross, but with a circle on the bottom. The machine parts shoved through mouths of rotting corpses. The barbed wire wrapped around bloody rags. It was a lot, to say the least, then I got arrested for trespassing. Those guys had weird credentials though. Some weird acronym starting with an F. They wouldn't tell me who they worked for before dropping me into lockup.

It was like they were covering it up. I know there were. But why? Why?

I haven't slept in ten days. I just can't see it again.

Fuck it, it doesn't matter now.

I know what I saw.

Don't forget me.

Fritz

Only the Offal Remains

Cast: *Samson — lone Sabbat marauder (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

What befell the Sabbat in the United States is still broadly a mystery. Packs disappeared, the hierarchy dissolved, and many of the Cainites remaining in place lost their grip on reality and stability as their purpose disappeared.

One such vampire was Samson, a Cainite formerly of Chicago, assigned to sabotage the Camarilla building blocks of the city with his pack. When his Ductus vanished and the rest of his pack were slain or stopped showing up at the communal haven, Samson snapped. He saw patterns in the blood, he saw messages in the ashes, and his Beast spoke to him with more clarity than ever before. It said: be the terror.

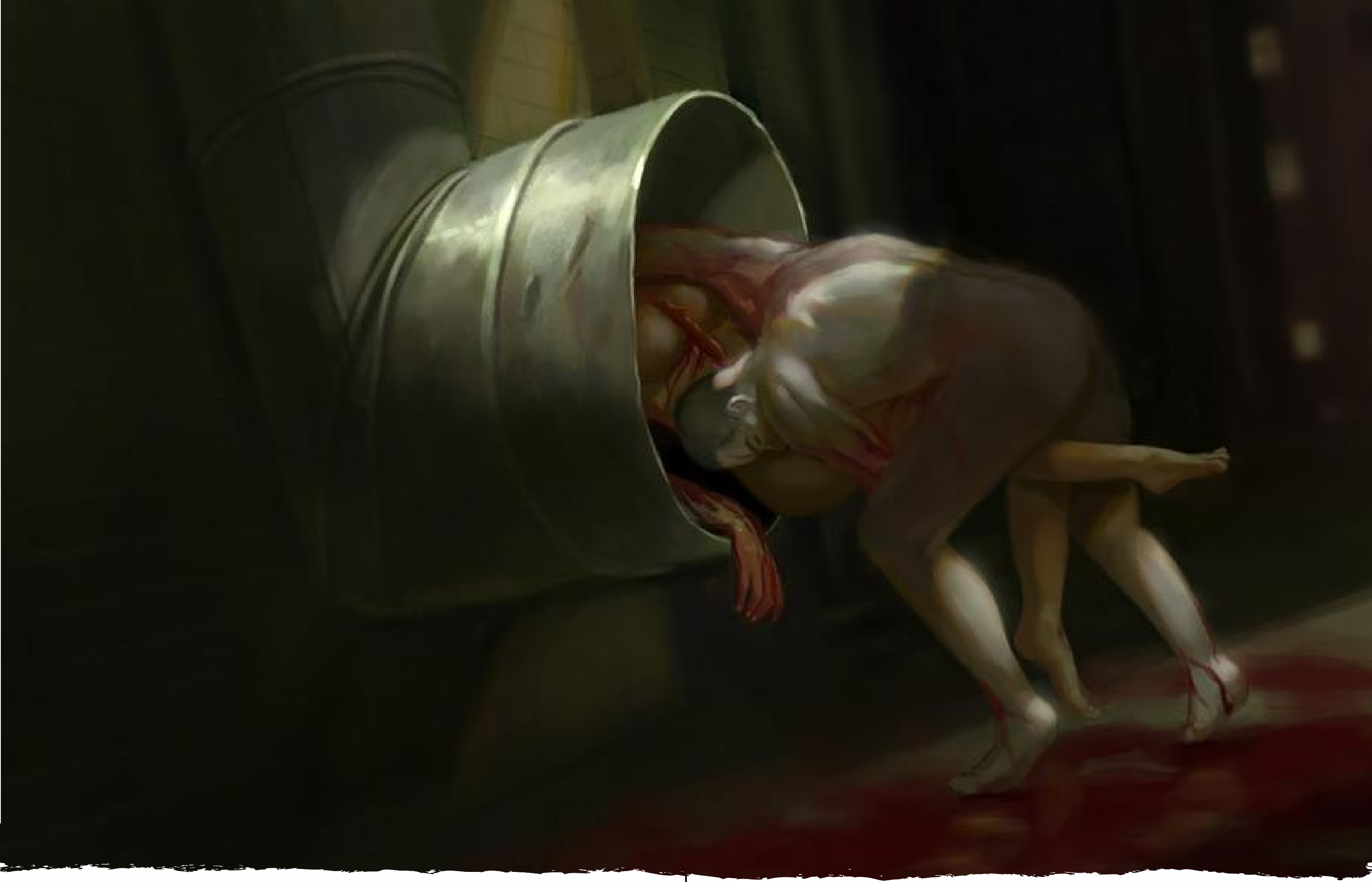
Since that time, Samson has acted as bogeyman around Chicago and the cities surrounding it, carving up kine in grotesque ways, horrifying other vampires, and increasing the state of fear throughout Illinois. In all things, he seeks to be the terror. It's all he knows now. He seeks the thrill of the kill and the congratulations of his Beast.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The PCs may find one of their Touchstones or mortal associates butchered by Samson, with deranged messages laid out using guts and blood. The brazen nature of the attack may provoke a frenzy, Hunger, or even a crisis of Humanity.

- If the coterie members don't act to stop Samson, FIRSTLIGHT may start associating these murders less with a mortal serial killer, and more with an undead monstrosity. All it will take is for them to find Fredrick Miller's suicide note and the mortal organization will have what they need to declare all Kindred as bad as this monster.

- Samson cannot be reasoned with if caught, but he might spill secrets regarding the anemic state of the Sabbat in America. He does not want to be stabilized, preferring to fight to the final death instead of embracing any form of lucidity.



- Eliminating Samson is difficult, as he's primed for a fight, but would see the PCs held in high esteem in the Chicago domain. Members of the coterie each gain two dots of Status in Chicago, remaining for the duration of the chronicle. This Status may not take them above Status 4.

  Attribute Focus: Mental / Physical

SAMSON

Clan: Ventrue

Sire: Jerry Jagged

Embraced: 1989 (Born 1965)

Ambition: Be the terror

Convictions: None

Touchstones: None

Humanity: 1

Generation: 13th

Blood Potency: 2

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3; Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Composure 1; Intelligence 2, Wits 1, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 6, Willpower 4

Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 4, Craft (Torture) 1, Drive 2, Firearms 3, Melee 2, Stealth 2, Survival 2; Intimidation (Growling) 4, Subterfuge 3; Awareness 1, Finance 1, Investigation 2, Occult (Sabbat) 3, Politics 2, Science (Biology) 1

Disciplines: Dominate 1, Fortitude 4, Potence 2

The Bahari

[SOUND OF LEATHER STRETCHING]

BAHARI SPEAKER: Ted fucking Bundy. Let me tell you what pisses me off about Ted Bundy.

[SOUND OF A HARD SLAP]

BAHARI SPEAKER: You with me, Chad? Hard to tell with that slat of wood in your chest. Oh Your eyes just dilated. Good.

[SOUND OF CHAINS PULLED THROUGH A METAL RING]

BAHARI SPEAKER: Truth to tell, I don't remember your name, but you look like a Chad. I know. The night didn't pan out the way you planned. Poor little neonate Church of Caine newb with everything to prove. You thought you'd claim bragging rights with your brothers by sauntering into a den of Lilith, all alone, and preach the good word of Nod. The Big Bad Chad. You huffed and you puffed and now look at you, strung up in my soundproof room. Note the layers of foam. I record down here.

[SOUND OF OBJECT DRAGGED ACROSS FLOOR]

BAHARI SPEAKER: I want you to look into this mirror while I talk, not that you have much choice. Really look at yourself. Where was I? Oh yeah. Ted Bundy, the brilliant, irresistible killer. Fuck that noise, Chad. Fuck it with a bandsaw!

[SOUND OF A POWER TOOL]

BAHARI SPEAKER: Bundy is a male murderer whose reputation was fabricated by male police to cover up their incompetence. They called him an "escape artist." Do you know how Bundy broke out of prison, Chad? He was left alone, *uncuffed* in a room with a window.

[SOUND OF BOILING WATER]

BAHARI SPEAKER: The sentencing judge praised Bundy for his eloquence, intelligence, and potential, but Teddy failed his way through life. And let's be honest, Chad, he wasn't *that* hot. Witnesses described Bundy as "unassuming." Translation: he was a well-groomed white dude, and thus not a threat. He didn't lure victims with preternatural sex appeal, but by playing injured. Women are conditioned to help others at their own expense. Useful behavior to us predators, but still infuriating.

[SOUND OF METAL IMPLEMENTS BEING LAID ONTO A TRAY]

BAHARI SPEAKER: These days, a whole Teddy cult of so-called serial killer enthusiasts masturbate to the misogynistic mythos of the complex, ingenious murderer. This is how white male serial killers achieve godhead, Chad. This is how aggressive mediocrity gets deified. Which brings us to Caine.

[AMBIENT MUSIC]

BAHARI SPEAKER: The Caine myth is a construct erected by a stagnating patriarchal society of undead. Caine is not complex, Chad. He's a prehistoric dude who got confused and caved in his brother's head with a rock. End of story. He didn't challenge creation. He didn't even see fucking Eden.

[AMBIENT MUSIC, RABBITS SCREAMING]

BAHARI SPEAKER: Lilith was there from the beginning. She challenged God directly. She subverted her curse, transformed it into power. She's the primal way. The progenitor. The divine bitch. The mother who births the vitae. When Caine came weeping to her, she took him in, and he stole her story. She teaches us to use adversity to transmute and flip the curse. Caine just teaches you to grow into a fat tick and avoid all challenge. All you peddle are altar boy hang-ups. Your priests just take what the bovine mortals do on Sunday and throw fangs on it. We transcend!

[AMBIENT MUSIC, INFANT WAILING]

BAHARI SPEAKER: And what did you do, Chad? You came into the holy House of Mamuwalde and profaned it with your limp-dick Cainite rigmarole. Now I have to deal with that!

[laughter]

BAHARI SPEAKER: Oh! Your eye moved. That takes effort. Oh, sweet little lamb. I'm not going to kill you. This wasn't a capital offense. Death is static. Pain is dynamic. What we have here, Chad, is a teachable moment, and my Dark Mother commands me to seize it.

[AMBIENT MUSIC, HYENAS LAUGHING]

BAHARI SPEAKER: You've been looking into the mirror a while now. Ever gaze into your reflection so long your face becomes a stranger? Like saying a word so many times it turns alien in the mouth. That's what we call a dissociative state.

[ambient music, panicking crowd]

BAHARI SPEAKER: Can I be open with you, Chad? You're like the perfect listener. Back when I had a heartbeat, I had a big problem with dissociation. It was nasty. Felt like my body wasn't mine. My emotions were someone else's. I watched my life from a low-res security cam up above. Constant anxiety that the gravity holding my molecules together would fail at any moment. It was an ailment, or so I thought. Then I found Lilith. Before I had fangs, I had Lilith. She showed me that my dissociation gave me a tool to take myself apart and rebuild.

[SOUND OF SHARPENING BLADES]

BAHARI SPEAKER: I want to give you that gift, Chad. Identity is fragile. It's amazing what a change in weight, a scar, even a zit can do to someone's self-perception. But we're not settling for the mundane, Chad. We're reaching for the supernal.

[music stops]

BAHARI SPEAKER: I'm going to skin you, Chad. You're going to stare at yourself in the mirror, totally exposed, for a long while. Then I'm going to slowly feed you blood, and you're going to watch your skin come gradually back. And all the while, I'm going to play you some special audio. I've made ASMR recordings with passages from the Revelations of the Dark Mother that will raise the hairs right on the back of your neck. First, I'll make an incision here and here. Then I'll just reach in and deglove your head.

[CHUCKLING]

Oh that is a verb that's gonna stick with you a while. De-glove. Eh, Chad?

[WET, PEELING SOUNDS]

Strange Entreaty

Cast: *Braden White (p. XX), Francois Mamuwalde* (**Chicago by Night**, *p. 107)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Braden White is about as far from a Bahari vampire as one could be. Moneyed, entitled, arrogant, and obnoxiously male, he has little time or interest in the worship of Lilith or indeed anyone but himself. However, he is intensely paranoid about the attentions of his sire, and his daytime dreams lead him to believe she has allies among Lilith worshipers.

Unprepared to delve into meetings or rites with the Bahari himself, he seeks a coterie of vampires willing to engage with the cult and funnel him information on their activities. His interest is restricted to whether they know of his sire, or rather, whether they have any interest in him. He can't recall his sire's name or appearance, so he's looking for whatever clues he can find out of desperation.

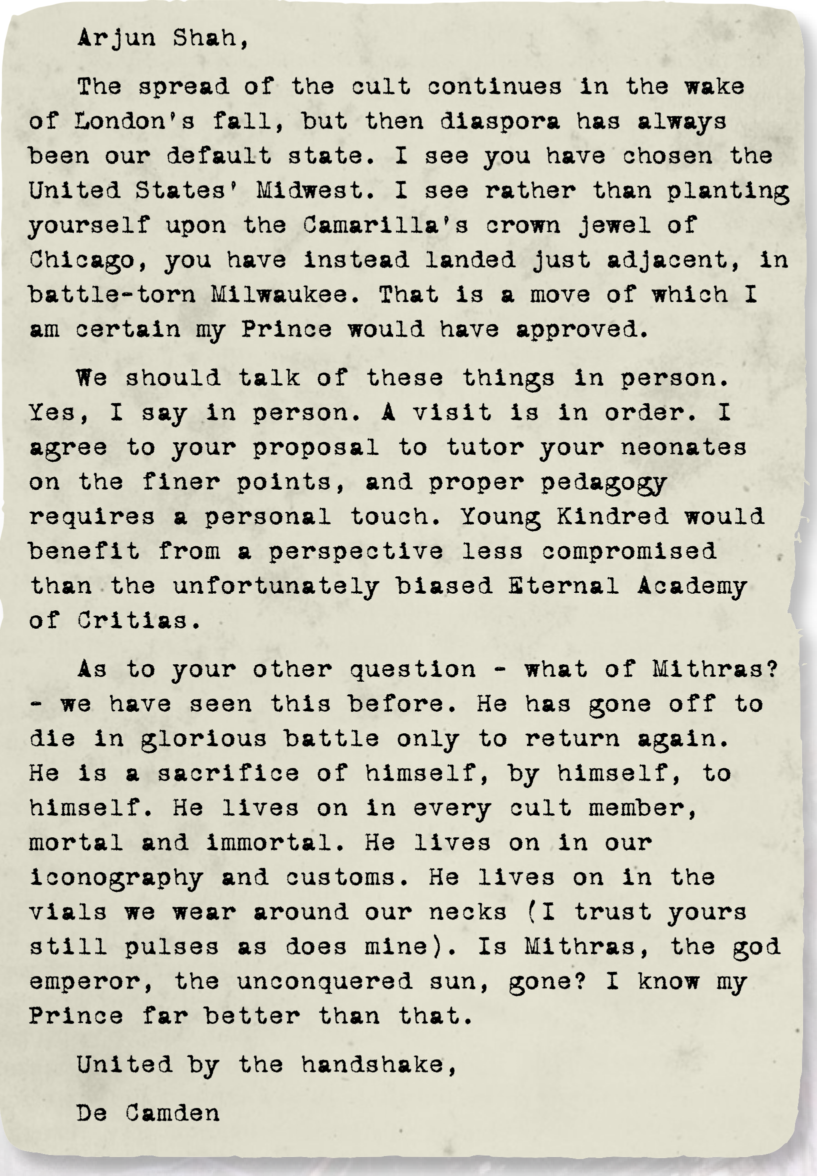
It's very much a shot in the dark, but he has found out some of the city's Bahari meet at the House of Mamuwalde, and offers to pay well for a discreet investigation into the vampires who frequent such a place.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The PCs attend the House of Mamuwalde and meet with Francois and many of the House's Caitiff childer. A surface look reveals no connection to Braden White whatsoever, but Francois invites any clanless or thin-bloods from the coterie to stay for the next few nights and days to see what the House of Mamuwalde truly has to offer.
- A deeper delve into the House of Mamuwalde reveals the interests of many interested older Kindred, but none of them are specifically looking into Braden White. To reach this far into the House's activities will require drinking the vitae of some of its members in bonding ceremony, but does earn any vampires who partake a two-dot Mawla in the form of Francois Mamuwalde.
- Braden White can't accept that his sire isn't operating via the most obvious Lilith cult in the city and refuses to pay the PCs if they fail to present him with any goods. His paranoia is such that he may even believe the protagonists are working for his sire, making him a two-dot Adversary to the coterie.
- In truth, Braden's sire is keeping an eye on him, but it's via the Blackwater cult and far subtler means than the Blood Disco's revelers.

Attribute Focus: Social

The Cult of Mithras



Arjun Shah,

The spread of the cult continues in the wake of London's fall, but then diaspora has always been our default state. I see you have chosen the United States' Midwest. I see rather than planting yourself upon the Camarilla's crown jewel of Chicago, you have instead landed just adjacent, in battle-torn Milwaukee. That is a move of which I am certain my Prince would have approved.

We should talk of these things in person. Yes, I say in person. A visit is in order. I agree to your proposal to tutor your neonates on the finer points, and proper pedagogy requires a personal touch. Young Kindred would benefit from a perspective less compromised than the unfortunately biased Eternal Academy of Critias.

As to your other question - what of Mithras? - we have seen this before. He has gone off to die in glorious battle only to return again. He is a sacrifice of himself, by himself, to himself. He lives on in every cult member, mortal and immortal. He lives on in our iconography and customs. He lives on in the vials we wear around our necks (I trust yours still pulses as does mine). Is Mithras, the god emperor, the unconquered sun, gone? I know my Prince far better than that.

United by the handshake,

De Camden

Prince Decker,

The reputation of you and your Anubi precedes you. A cabal of warriors united under the likeness of an ancient god, fighting until the bitter end. I do believe you and my old master would have gotten along famously. It is an honor to receive acceptance into your domain. I know my choice to move here surprises you. I should like to have an audience so that I might tell you what I bring to this city.

Honor and respect,

Arjun Shah

The Mithraeum

We were all tired, bone tired, ready to slip into the soil and never come back up, but the big dog said we were going out. I may be the newest in the crew, but even I know that where Mark Decker goes, we follow.

That night, we didn't dive into a nest of gibbering Sabbat freaks or hunt moon-drunk wolf monsters. We took a fancy elevator up to the 41st floor of the U.S. Bank Center. That's the floor with the nesting boxes for the peregrine falcons, some conservation program from the '80s. The whole floor belonged to Syndexioi Ltd., a slick, international cyber and physical security firm.

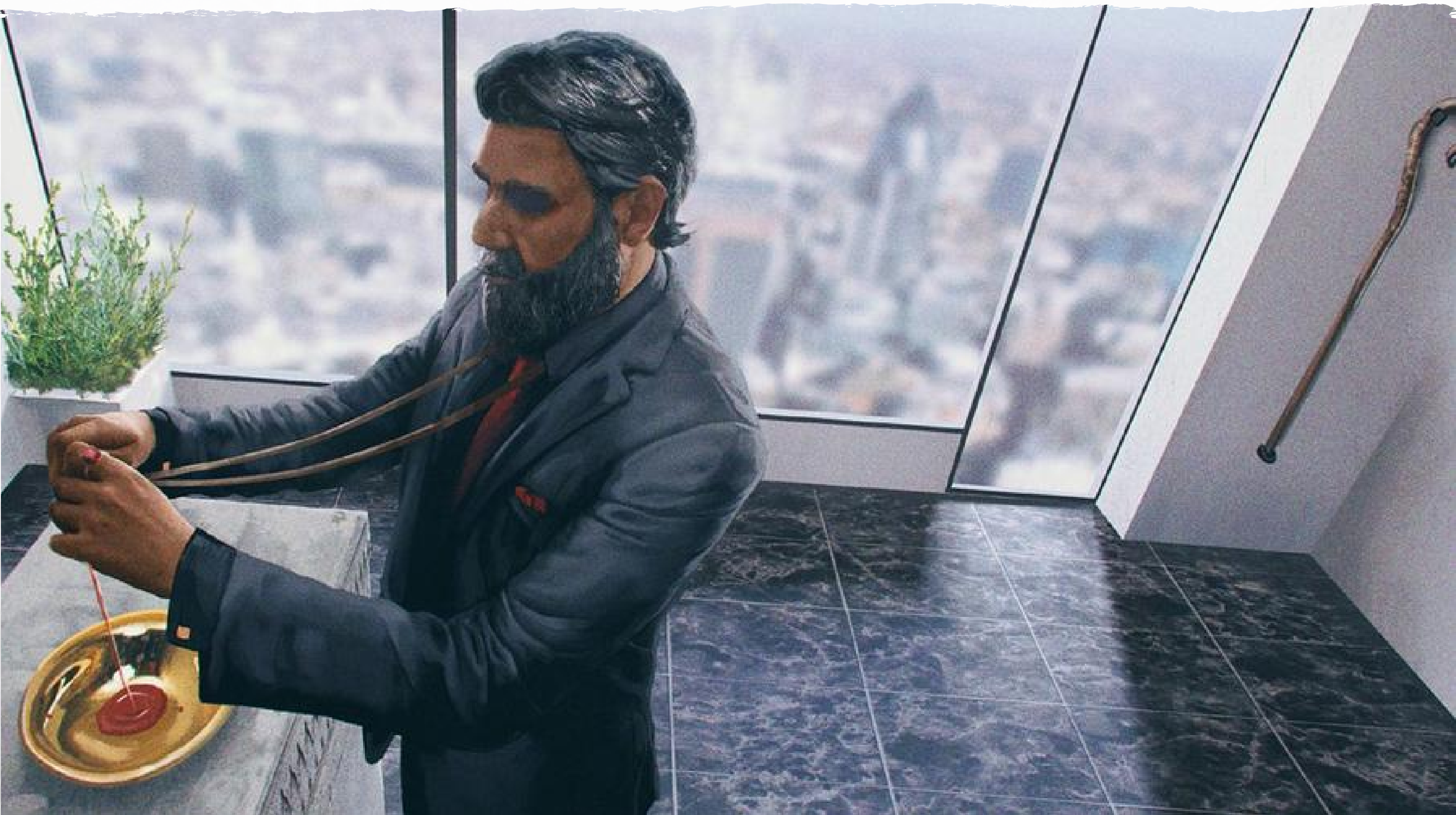
Arjun Shah greeted us, all hospitality. He's a Kindred and a suit, but he didn't stand like a suit. He balanced on the balls of his feet, at the ready, like us. I felt under-dressed just looking at him. I kept my hand in my pocket, holding my lucky coin. If I go too long without touching silver, I get the shakes. No one ever talks about vampire PTSD.

Shah showed us around Syndexioi, and Decker asked about some particulars, but I could tell this was all just preamble.

"I would like to show you the Mithraeum," Shah said. "I shall meet you downstairs."

He whispered some instructions to a ghoul who took us to a different, smaller elevator. This took us to the basement, and three more code and handprint-protected doors took us to this Mithraeum.

Overpowering incense hung in the dim light. Everything was a mix of ancient and new. It felt like being



at church, that weighty air. Arjun met us, no longer dressed in his suit, but colorful silk robes and a gleaming ruby ring on his finger. He held a wooden rod carved like a miniature shepherd's staff and wore an ornate sword at his side. The blade was broad, double edged, with a square, blunted point. Later, Decker told me it's called a khanda.

The first room had a statue of a naked, lion-headed man, with wings and a snake wrapped about him. Seven circles of inlaid gold were worked into the marble floor. Arjun told us there were seven degrees of initiation, seven mysteries of Mithras.

"The first degree is Corax," said Arjun, "aligned with Mercury."

Our host asked for an oath of secrecy before we went further. We all looked to Decker. He swore, so we swore.

The next room had a stone bas-relief showing Mithras birthing from a rock. The room after depicted Mithras slaying a bull. In the following room, Mithras shared a banquet with the god Sol.

In this room, Arjun stopped us and said, "A meal ought to be a communal rite."

Several mortals were brought in, all willing and lucid. Arjun prayed over our supper saying, "Mithras preserve us, our domain, and what has been built by us." There are few people who can get away with saying stuff like that without sounding cringe-worthy. Arjun is one of them.

We all fed. No one over-drank. Let it not be said the Anubi lack manners. Arjun carefully made sure we were all full before taking us into the next room. That room had a bas-relief still in progress.

"What's this one?" asked Decker, pointing to the two figures in stone.

"Here we see Mithras and Haqim himself conversing over philosophical conundrums and the truths of the soul," said Arjun.

There was a small stone altar with a bowl made from pounded gold. Arjun stood behind altar and bowl and said, "Thank you for coming. It is my joy and privilege to welcome you into this room. I have studied the Anubi. I know your allies left you. I know the treacherous warlocks abandoned you at the hour of need. Still you stayed. Still you fought. If I knew nothing else about you, that would be enough."

Arjun unsheathed his sword and held it up, saying, "I shall sacrifice to his sword, well-aimed against the skulls of the Daevas."

Arjun beckoned us closer, and we unconsciously formed a semicircle around the altar. Then he said, "You are warriors, but you are battle-fatigued, soul-weary. You continue on as those who consider death a forgone conclusion and perhaps welcome it. I have come to tell you that this is not the end, but a beginning. You have been made to expect betrayal and negligence. I have come to tell you that you deserve more. You are no longer abandoned! I wish to quicken your spirit and nourish your soul."

Here Arjun took out a glass vial he wore on a leather thong around his neck. He lifted it up, saying, "Whose Word is True, who is of the Assembly, Who has a Thousand Ears, the Well-Shaped One, Who has Ten Thousand Eyes, the Exalted One, Who has Wide Knowledge, the Helpful One, Who Sleeps Not, the Ever Wakeful."

Arjun opened the vial and poured it into the golden bowl. Every last one of us straightened up, nostrils flaring, smelling the tremendous power that now held dominion in the room.

Auspicious Meetings

Cast: *Arjun Shah (p. XX), Martin (p. XX)*

WHAT HAPPENED:

Arjun Shah, Mithraist and Pater of the cult in Milwaukee, has given up on his attempts to find sympathetic Ventrue in Chicago. He doesn't believe any of Chicago's Blue Bloods capable or worthy of entry into the cult. Certainly, they lack the spiritual and combative nature his god favors.

Perhaps that's why Shah has been seen so often in the company of Martin, the spiritual counselor to many of Chicago's vampires. Martin is a mysterious Nosferatu at the best of times, but seeing him associate with the visiting vampire from Milwaukee disconcerts some, and angers others. Has his spiritual balm all been in service to the Cult of Mithras? Is the cult courting him, or is he perhaps reaching out to them for an alliance, and if so, to what end?

This entire chronicle hook could be everything from a storm in a teacup to the witnessing of a revolutionary plot. When two apparently unassociated Kindred meet up and speak in hushed voices the tongues of other vampires start wagging.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The meetings between Shah and Martin are simple friendly associations, based on their mutual love of history and sculpture. When Shah heard of Martin, he sought the Nosferatu out for friendly conversations that are now being blown completely out of proportion.

- Martin meets with Arjun Shah because he plots to expand his territory, and desires the backing of the Cult of Mithras to facilitate this. Shah is reluctant, but Martin offers to divert his therapeutic sessions with other vampires into the worship of Mithras. Shah needs to consider whether it's worth the risk.

- Arjun Shah is in Chicago because he wants an introduction to Kevin Jackson, and to date, has been unable to arrange one. He knows Martin by reputation, and meets with the Sewer Rat in order to enlist him for the purposes of support at Elysium.

- If the PCs spy on the two vampires, their surveillance may reveal a plot or could just expose mundane conversations. Either way, if they're not subtle they could earn the ire of Arjun Shah and the disappointment of Martin, both of whom go out of their way to avoid the PCs from that point on.

Attribute Focus: Mental

The Cult of Shalim

Extract removed from FIRSTLIGHT Chicago Report #45L

The recordings have been reviewed. The location is a support group for the loved ones and caretakers of terminal cancer patients, held during evenings at a community center in Skokie. This is definitely the Rabbi. However, while all the rest of the audio is clean, his voice is distorted beyond recognition throughout. Have you ever encountered this phenomenon with blankbodies? A partial transcript follows. The full audio has been sent to Blacksite 24 to see if the distortions can be enhanced.

As to the agent who recorded this, he failed to check in, and we considered him dead. A recent sighting confirms him living. Consider him compromised.

SUPPORT GROUP MEMBER: And the day she died, I uh, I felt sad, yeah, torn apart. But the first thing I felt God. I felt relief. After all the months, the deterioration, the meds, the bedside sitting, changing her. Every day I had to make peace with losing her, but no, uh, no closure. And it wasn't really her anymore, not in the last months. So when she died, I felt a huge wave of relief wash over me. I hated myself for it. Oh god. I'm relieved my Marcy is dead.

[sobbing]

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER: Thank you for sharing, Gerald.

GROUP (IN UNISON): Thank you, Gerald.

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER: You were under the water a long time, Gerald. That relief was just you taking a breath of air. No one can fault you for needing air.

[sobbing quiets]

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER: Our guest speaker has returned again tonight to generously donate his time. I know he needs no introduction. I'll just close the door so we aren't disturbed and let him get to it.

THE RABBI: [distorted voice]

GROUP (IN UNISON): Shin-lamed-mem.

THE RABBI: [distorted voice, talking at length]

GROUP (IN UNISON): Reality is suffering.

THE RABBI: [distorted voice]

GROUP (IN UNISON): Reality is suffering.

THE RABBI: [distorted voice]

GROUP (IN UNISON): I renounce the suffering of hope.

THE RABBI: [distorted voice]

GROUP (IN UNISON): I renounce the pain of dreams.

THE RABBI: [distorted voice]

GROUP (IN UNISON): I renounce the barbed chains of ego that fetter me.

THE RABBI: [distorted voice]

GROUP (IN UNISON): I renounce reality.

THE RABBI: [distorted voice]

GROUP (IN UNISON): Paradise can only exist when all that is, is not.

THE RABBI: [distorted voice]

GROUP (IN UNISON): There is a voice in the void.

THE RABBI: [distorted voice]

GROUP (IN UNISON): Shalim! Shalim! He will obliterate the cancer that mars the perfect dark.

THE RABBI: [distorted voice]

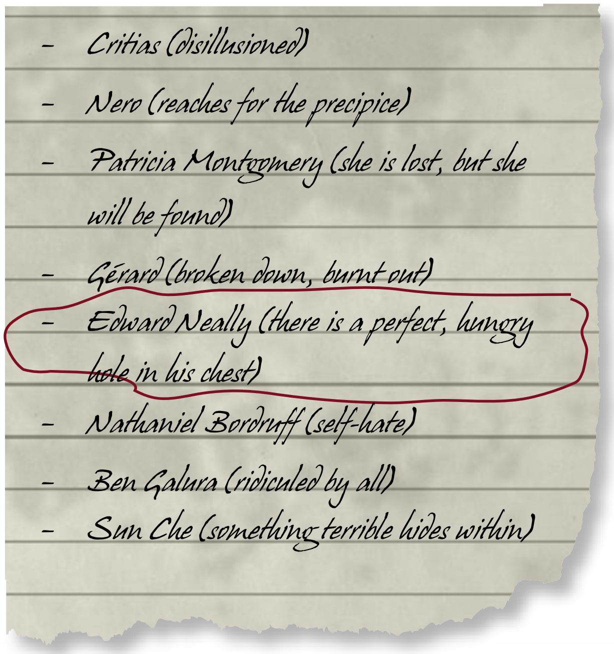
GROUP (IN UNISON): We let go of ourselves. All will be one in the infinite nothing. All will be God.

THE RABBI: [distorted voice]

GROUP (IN UNISON): Nothing exists, save empty space and me, and I am but a thought.

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER: Thank you, everyone. Coffee and snacks are in the back of the room.

The Little Black Book of Basaras



- Critias (disillusioned)
- Nero (reaches for the precipice)
- Patricia Montgomery (she is lost, but she will be found)
- Gérard (broken down, burnt out)
- Edward Neally (there is a perfect, hungry hole in his chest)
- Nathaniel Bordruff (self-hate)
- Ben Galura (ridiculed by all)
- Sun Che (something terrible hides within)

Baptism by Nothing

I've hit rock bottom so many times. I no longer have that comforting illusion, the relief that you've gone as low as you can go. There is always lower. Taking your twelve steps just builds another staircase to fall down.

Then Rabbi Basaras tells me that all of those times when I messed up — destroyed myself, shattered into a million pieces — those moments serve a greater plan, something divine. In his presence, I believe him. When I'm alone, comfortably cloaked in cynicism, I still want to believe.

We have late night conversations. I'm initially disturbed by how quickly Basaras feels out my frayed edges, but he's congenial company, even if he never blinks. I share more than I should, a dangerous amount. I open up all the ugly things. I guess we both have our Sabbat-shaped scars and shames. Through it all, the Rabbi looks kindly at me, as though what I share pleases him. It's been so long since I pleased someone. He tells me of Apolleon, the Abyss, and the oneness of Oblivion.

Eventually, Michalis — we've reached first names — tells me it is time for my baptism. The contraption looks more than a little nefarious. He says it is a sensory deprivation tank.

"The Bahari believe pain brings wisdom," Michalis says. "Through torture and holy agony, they break down their identity in order to remake themselves. This misses the point. It profanes the miracle they've already performed. We do not dissolve the selfishness of identity only to coalesce into a new abomination. We do not break our shackles only to seek out more intricate shackles. We let go in order to rejoin the nothing that is Shalim."

Michalis tells me he meditates in the tank often, practices excising his existence. On some nights, he says, he receives visions of the Mediterranean Sea and communes with the Traveler. I take off my clothes and get into the tank. The water is cold. Michalis seals the chamber.

All is dark and silence. I meditate as I was taught, visualizing my body in minute detail, then making it vanish, one thoroughly visualized a piece at a time. Darkness. Silence. Then I hallucinate. I see Senator Logan's kindly face, and I let him fade away. I see Jefferson, and I hesitate before gently nudging him away.

The day I lost myself to the Beast plays out in lurid detail. I kill so many people. I murder sweet Emily with my bare hands and teeth. It is a long while before I can banish the image.

One by one, the leering faces of my old Sabbat pack rear up. I burn every last bastard one them with my mind's eye, until they are ash and nothing. Then, at the last, Lodin surges up like a fairytale bogeyman. I nearly scream, but with great effort I cast him back into the void.

Darkness. Silence. Then, it visits me. It unfurls its totality. It looks gigantically down, crushing me with its notice. It speaks.

A thousand years later — perhaps ten minutes — I hear Michalis open the chamber. Everything is still and black as pitch. The lights don't come back on so much as the darkness leaves, and whether I see the Rabbi swallow the oily gloom or it crawls into his throat is a point of semantics.

Michalis looks at me knowingly and says, "The Traveler spoke to you." He's almost human in his excitement.

"Yes," I say. "It spoke to me."

I wanted to please him. It wasn't exactly a lie. I did not tell Michalis that it wasn't the Mediterranean I saw, but Lake Michigan's murky depths. I don't think it was the Traveler who spoke to me.

Other Oddities

I HAVE SEEN GOD AND IT IS TERRIBLE
— graffiti spreading through the Chicago area

Cult of the Crawling Tongue

Erichtho,

It is good to leave Indianapolis behind me. The Ministry holds total sway, and I was drowning in the tedium of religions and idiot cultists. So what do I do in the very next city? I go chasing a cult. Tut-tut! If this is what I must do to get into Du Sable's good graces, so be it.

Shall we call it the Cult of the Crawling Tongue? Pulpy tripe, but accurate. The artifact itself: a mummified tongue in an ornate box, said to bring revelation and terrible magic. I poked around the usual sources. Some think it's an ancient reliquary brought back from the Gehenna Crusade. Others suspect it's an artifact, one among many, recently pilfered from the Milwaukee Chantry.

It seems to have fallen into the hands of unscrubbed kine, though perhaps there is Kindred involvement there. I have a line on their whereabouts and shall proceed with requisite caution.

Regards,

Bartleby

Erichtho,

Deliver me from these cults! I have to quicken my pace. I don't know how, but it seems any Kindred who's ever mouthed an impressively archaic invocation knows about the tongue. The Church of Caine seems to think it's an organ belonging to one of their ancient saints. The Bahari say it's the Tongue of the Crone. And some sedate nihilist sect calls it the Voice of Oblivion. Rubbish! Repulsive! I feel greasy with all their snake oil.

I've accelerated our timetable and met with the mortal cult. I know, you wanted to do your research and due diligence first, but fortune favors the bold. They seem amiable, even naive. Curiously, they know about Kindred, even said they require vitae for their rituals. Former ghouls looking for a handout? That would make acquiring the tongue easier than my days snatching rare books for a song from the estates of the gullible.

They meet in the basement under a British-style pub in Lincoln Park. I am heading there momentarily.

Regards,

Bartleby

Erichtho,

I have seen.

Up above, in the pub, the patrons conducted an open-mic with purple prose. The basement was utterly mundane. No lit candles. No robes. None of the usual cultish kitsch and claptrap. These unassuming people let me into their circle and initiated their communal ritual. They called for the "devoted one," and one among their number stepped forth holding a knife, and, with frightful good humor and perfect suavity, cut out his own tongue. Not a scream. He smiled red with religious ecstasy.

They opened the little, ornamented box. There was the tongue, desiccated yet pliable. They asked that I anoint the organ with vitae. I did so. It moved. It crawled into the devoted one's bloody mouth, fusing and becoming his tongue. No. He became its body. Then, it spoke.

It spoke in, well, tongues. Such ululations! Space ran like melted wax. I saw things, Erichtho. Such things. Miracles happened in that basement, miracles I cannot illumine with words.

I wept until my eyes clotted over.

Regards,

Bartleby

Erichtho,

I have not written to you in months. My apologies. I have been with the Cult of the Tongue. We move about. The Tongue has moved too. I have witnessed it crawl into the mouths of several hosts. I have played midwife at each rebirth.

I have never known this joy. I have never known this purpose. What the Pyramid always promises, the Tongue delivers. The Tongue knows. The Tongue has a plan.

Do not try and find me.

Regards,

Bartleby

The Purgatory of Gus

To: B_Blake@spot.sun

From: D_Bishop@spot.sun

Attached, you'll find the blog post. Rather than take it down, we've posted several similar stories (with slight variations) on creepy pasta websites. Like you said, cover-ups these days aren't about hiding but inundation. The missing children case is ongoing, but we have someone primed to take the fall. There might be something in the sewers of Gary, Indiana. A leftover Frankenstein? Some long-gone Fiend's flesh puppet?

Should we leave this problem to the so-called Baron, or should I move in? Awaiting orders.

Damien

My name is Emanuel. This is my last blog.

Gus is a kind of urban legend in our part of Gary. Babbling Gus. Slurping Gus. Gus the Meat Ghost. Some THING slopping through the sewers saying, "Gus, gus, gus." It will eat you if it catches you. Pets would vanish. People swore they spotted it. He's the reason you dare a friend to go into the storm drains. Scary fun.

Then Gus got Ritchie, and it wasn't fun.

Me and the gang, we never had a name for our group. We're all losers. We ride bikes. We play nerdy games. The books and TV shows say we could fight and kill Gus. We believed.

We had a hideout. That's where we stashed supplies and the money we saved. We had this big plan to run away together, get out of Gary. We all had our reasons. I have my addict mom and her boyfriend Ian. Saachi's foster parents adopt more and more kids for the money and cram them in the basement. Kiara just asked her parents to change their pronouns and they flipped and threatened to send her to a place where people would electrocute her until she was "better" (fucking Indiana). Jason never said what bothered him. He didn't seem to have problems. He didn't seem like a loser. I think he was holding something back.

Ritchie had so many disabilities. That's why he couldn't run fast enough. None of us got a good look at Gus except for Jason, and then he never slept good again. We all decided to hunt Gus and avenge Ritchie. We got or we made weapons. Jason got his dad's pistol.

It all went bad fast. We all saw Gus. He sort of poured in. All huge! All kinds of bits. There were so many faces and mouths and arms and eyes and teeth and private parts and things I don't know what to call. We screamed and screamed. Then we saw faces and parts we recognized.

We saw Ritchie. His face was in Gus. He was smiling. He said, "It's okay guys! Don't run. I'm all better now. We can be together always. We're all Gus!" Or something like that.

I think I saw my first grade teacher, Mrs. Clemens. She retired because of early onset dementia. She said, "We remember everything in Gus!"

I dropped my spear (made it from a stick and a silver knife I ordered on Etsy with a credit card I stole from Ian, yeah it was stupid). We all ran. I was the only one fast enough. I heard Gus get them. Kiara, Saachi, Jason, it got them all. I heard the wet, ripping sounds. The exploding watermelon sounds.

It's dark now. The library's closing soon.

I can't go home. Ian will have noticed the missing credit card. The bruises and cigarette burns will just keep happening. I thought about going to the hideout, getting all our saved money and gear, and running away. But it won't work. I'll never get out of Gary.

I'm going back to the storm drain. I heard Heaven is being with your loved ones forever. Everyone I love is in Gus.

The Music of Zal

He said his name was Giovanni as though that should mean something. Then he's gone, solidly gone. Guess his whole family left Chicago. Later, they tell me I'm Caitiff, say the Blood didn't take. To them, that makes me something between an abortion and a curiosity floating in a cloudy sideshow jar.

The House of Mamuwalde took me in, showed me how to use my fangs. They did right by me, and the Blood Disco is a wild scene, but in the end they're dedicated to some Dark Mother. I'm dedicated to… something else.

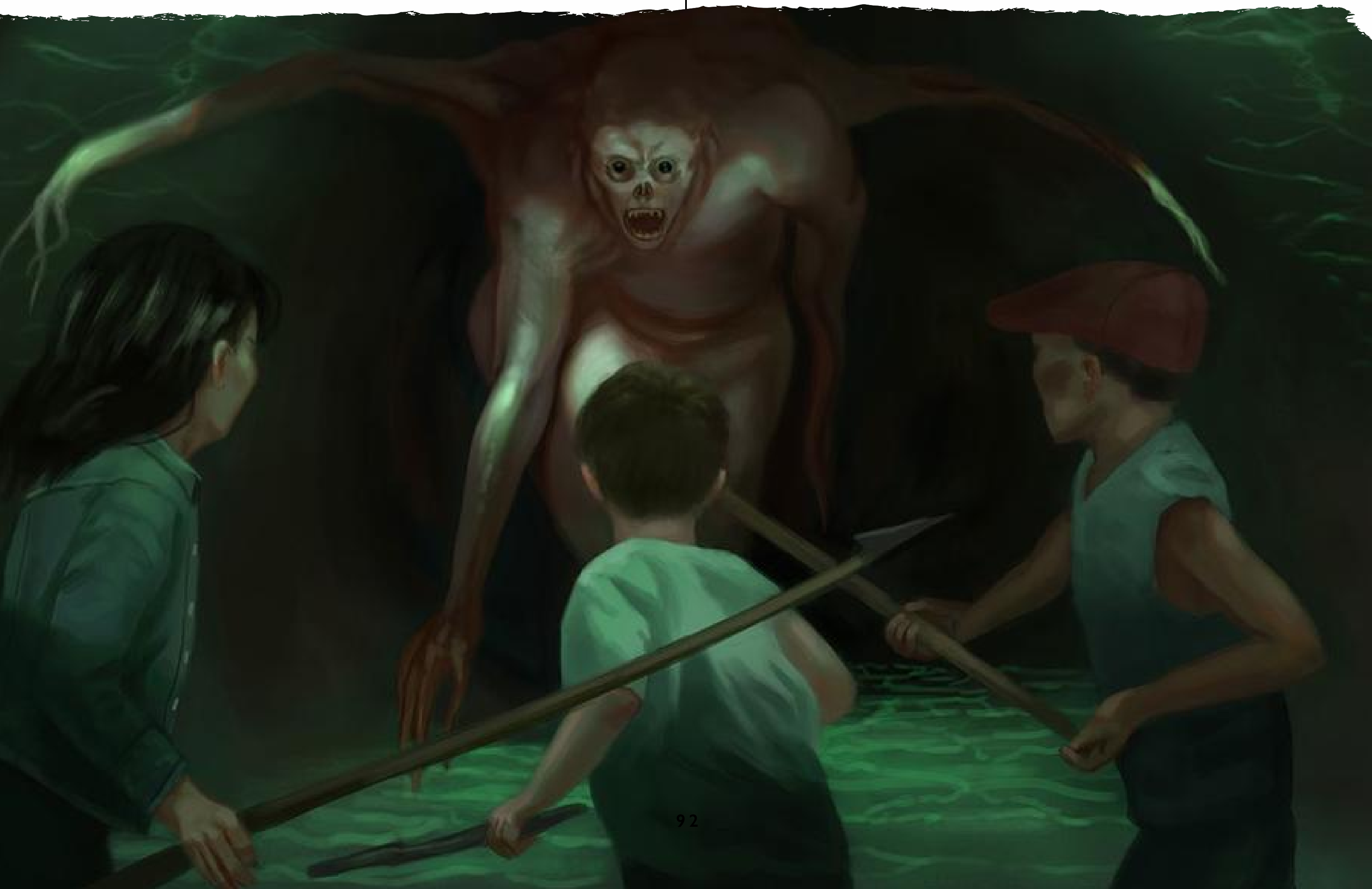
The compulsion came soon after the change. I go out, and I buy everything that has anything to do with death. Anything memento mori, I eat that shit up. Anything with skulls — jewelry, art, bones, grimreaper bobble heads, discount Halloween decor. I buy Day of the Dead paraphernalia. I make batches and batches of sugar skulls I'll never eat. Expensive and tasteful, cheap and gaudy, I collect it all. Carved onyx skeletons and plastic-molded Tim Burton puke. I don a ten-dollar latex skull mask as though it were the holiest of holies.

I fill my apartment with this stuff. I wear it. My new compulsive fashion sense pairs well with my skin. I'm even paler than my fellows, chalk white nearly. Try though I might, I can never keep a healthy tone. And these Kindred, they laugh at me, the tragically hip, darky-dark living-dead girl. I try to tell them that it's not on purpose. I'm not trying to be so meta-macabre. I didn't even go through a goth phase when I was a teenager.

It's like that alien abduction movie. Richard Dreyfuss is sculpting a mountain out of mashed potatoes, and his family thinks he's nuts, but he has to keep doing it. He has to communicate something even though he doesn't know what it is. He misses a place he's never been.

What am I trying to communicate?

My legs take me through cemeteries most nights. I make rubbings from the gravestones. I paste them up as wallpaper. It took me weeks to cover all my walls, and I couldn't sleep soundly during the day until it was done. My hands have a habit of carving "dearly departed" into things if I don't keep an eye on them. Why do I keep the marble fingers I broke off an angel statue in a mausoleum?



The licks all laugh at me, but this cat Nero, he's all right. He's a rose-blood. Plays a fiddle, no lie. He almost gets me. He understands the mania. I think he's also reaching for something just past the music.

Music is the other compulsion. I was never dedicated to it when I breathed. I wasn't dedicated to anything. But here I am, every night, furiously writing music at a desk covered with Styrofoam tombstones, while wearing a hat festooned with teeny goth pins. The sequence of notes doesn't always make sense, but I have to scrawl it out.

It's not just music. I devour books. I mainline all sorts of subjects: mathematics, old languages, Latin, Ancient Greek, and others. I learn it too fast. It makes no sense. I was never a good student. Now I'm ravenous, and it's never enough books, never enough new words, never old enough, never dead enough. The last time a bicyclist almost ran me over, I yelled, "Balle eis korakas!" without thinking.

And there's the thanatology. It started with anatomy books, leading into some hobbyist taxidermy. Now I feed a little blood to a graveyard-shift forensic pathologist at the Cook County morgue. He gets me in as an intern and teaches me how to perform autopsies. Everything in the universe feels right when the bone shears say, "Snip-crunch, snip-crunch," and the ribcage opens like hands after a prayer.

I drink cold blood. Not all my kind can. Living blood flows too hot, too noisy, like screaming contexts in the mouth. Gives me anxiety. No, I'll take the quieter, subtler nuances of the dead. I can suss out emotions from the congealed.

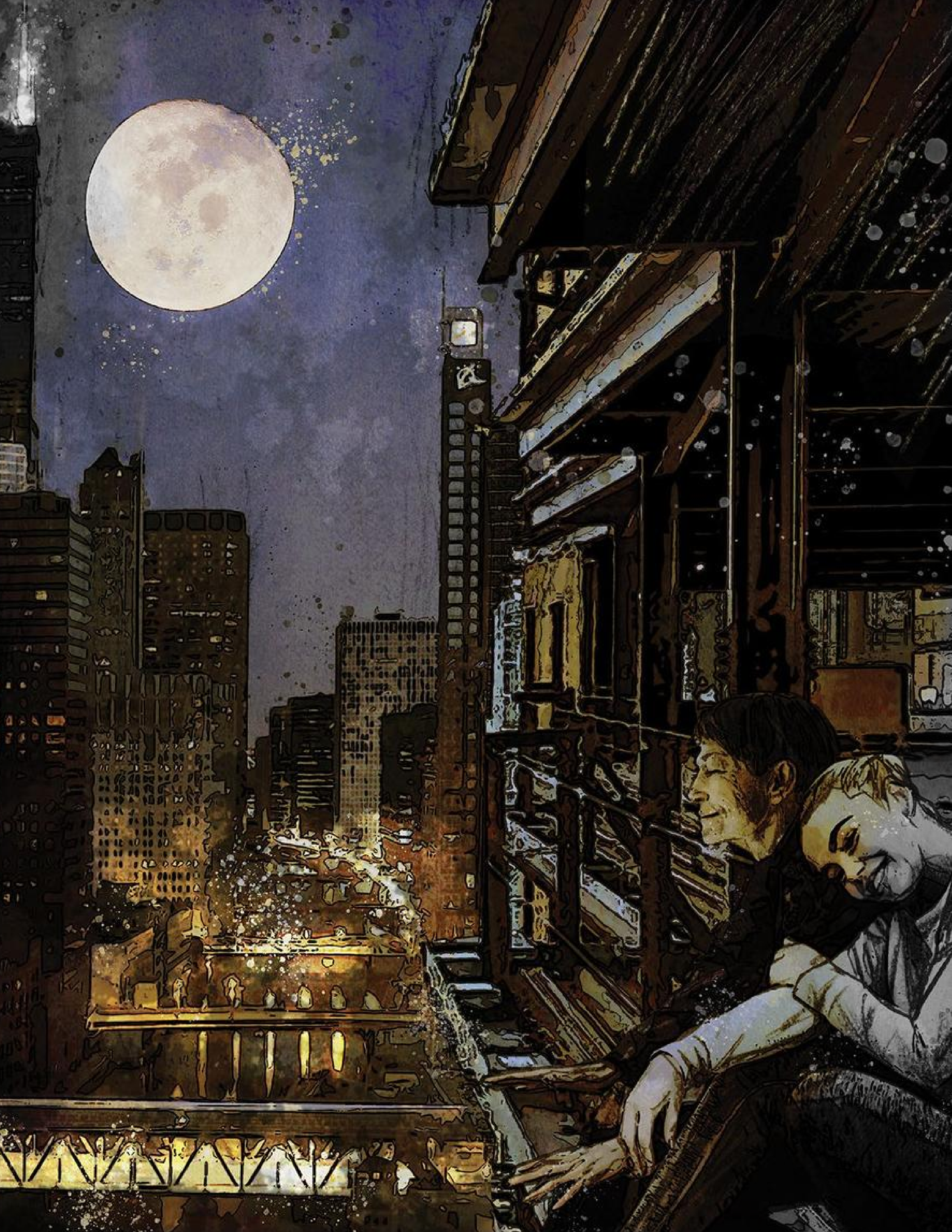
I see random things — a bird flock's flight pattern, cracks in the sidewalk, slithering graffiti — and it's momentarily filled with intense significance that I can't explain. I feel like a haunted house. There are things lurking in my attic and basement, and they are rattling their chains. Then the pressure builds in my head and I have to go out and play my music.

I never know where I'm going. I can't hear my footsteps anymore. No one can. I just walk until the pulsing in my head is excruciating. One time it was a neighborhood in the old meatpacking district, now turned trendy restaurants. Another time it was at the site that H.H. Holmes's murder mansion used to stand. Sometimes it's dangerous intersections with an unlikely number of crosses and wreathes on the roadside.

I take out my electric upright bass. It's reasonably portable, all neck terminating in a spike that I plant in the ground. I switch on my battery-powered amp, and I play. It's music, more or less, but it's also like an equation. I drag the bow across the strings, and it's the metallic groan of undead whales mating in Jupiter gravity, the sound two event horizons might make while passionately eating each other. I hear whispers, feel clawing movements. The periphery turns into a wriggling menagerie. All the angles bend. I see cityscape superimposed over cityscape and impossible geometries. I play like a lunatic. I don't know if I'm keeping something out or helping something get in, but I keep playing.

Then it stops. The pressure releases. Silence. I feel good. I feel high, at least for a while, until the next time the pressure builds.

I am devoted. I'm a fanatic to something, and I don't even know what it is. One is the loneliest cult.



chapter five

Character Folios

"Believe me, I'm no fan of needing Hounds to police fellow Kindred.
But since the Wolf Pack rode off into the sunrise? I need an army to keep track of all these assholes."

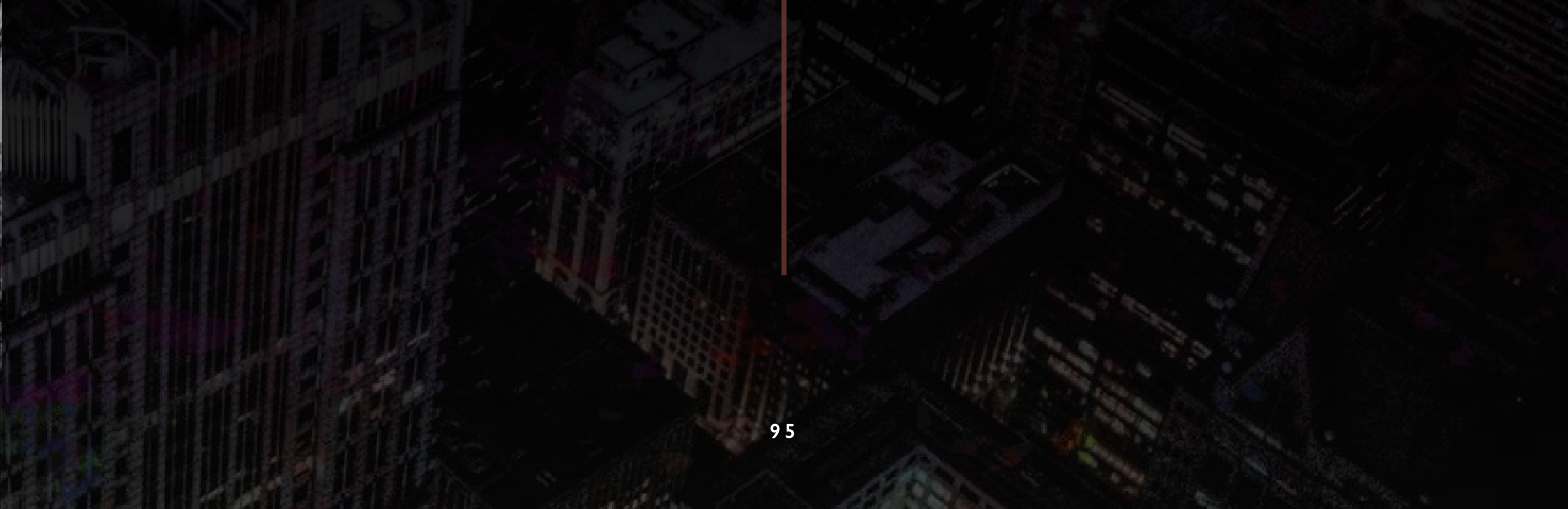
— Damien, Sheriff of Chicago

As one of the three most densely populated cities in the United States, Chicago has no lack of Kindred inhabitants. These players on Chicago's stage range from the politically dangerous to the religiously fanatical, and the desperately humane to the horribly depraved. This motley assembly of vampires will never find themselves working in concert together. The nights of Camarilla versus Sabbat are over. They are creatures prone to self-interest and elevation of their own schemes above those of the city.

With some characters emerging from the city's dark memories, such as the legendary Al Capone, and other new faces on the scene, wanting to alter the city to fit their image, there are few limits to the number of interesting Kindred player characters might encounter, cross, or make alliances with — no matter how temporary — to better their unlives in the Windy City.

Of the Kindred in this chapter, the Storyteller should choose carefully the personages they want appearing in chronicles ahead. Some represent threats to a coterie's Humanity, might provoke Beasts from their leashes, or target player character Touchstones just for fun. Others might offer stories of relatable moral struggles, tempt characters with the possibility of ascension into the city hierarchy, or even provide status within the broader Camarilla or Anarch Movements.

Every character has a story to tell. It's up the Storyteller and players to discover it.



Banu Haqim

"It is a mistake to believe we all follow the same path."

— Khadija Al-Kindi, warning Prince Jackson about the Banu Haqim

The Children of Haqim do not exist in Chicago in large numbers, but those few who do make their havens within Prince Jackson's domain and in neighboring cities such as Milwaukee and Indianapolis are far from united.

ARJUN SHAH

Epitaph: Vizier and Priest of Mithras

Quote: *"Syndexioi to you, my friend. Let us discuss this in the chambers below."*

Clan: Banu Haqim

MORTAL DAYS: THE FAMILY RELIGION

As a British Indian growing up in London, Arjun's parents instilled the importance of family in him. Even more important was the family religion. Arjun had friends of various faiths, but his was better. His was secret. "You must not tell," said his parents to him again and again. They needn't have worried. Arjun enjoyed keeping of the secret.

Every year, his parents told him a little bit more of their mystery religion, widening the circle of his understanding. They trained young Arjun's mind, body, and social graces, for battlegrounds both physical and abstract. They found the cult as adults, but their son was born to it, groomed for it. He would surpass them in every way. He did not disappoint.

The day Arjun was officially inducted into the Mithraic Cult of London was the proudest day of his parents' lives. "Mithras will return and smile upon you," they told Arjun. In this, they did not disappoint, for they all witnessed the second coming of their god-emperor, enshrined in the body of Monty Coven.

Arjun rose in the ranks of both the cult and Syndexioi Ltd., the security firm run by Mithras-Coven. Arjun became the youngest of the firm's top executives. When an old friend and follower of Mithras, a vampire of the Banu Haqim, came to London looking for a worthy candidate to gift the Embrace, Arjun was given that honor. His parents wept with joy.

KINDRED NIGHTS: DIASPORA OF THE CULT

Arjun blossomed as a Cainite under the tutelage of his sire and Mithras-Coven. He helped Syndexioi prosper and served his god-emperor from the shadows, as Mithras systematically eliminated the Sabbat packs of London while consolidating power.

One night, the Prince's Seneschal, Roger de Camden, visited Arjun. The old Cappadocian said their master experienced a vision of a great war approaching, one that would wipe out all the Kindred of London. Mithras commanded each of his priests and followers to flee the city and spread the cult across the world. Mithras would stay to face the coming calamity alone.

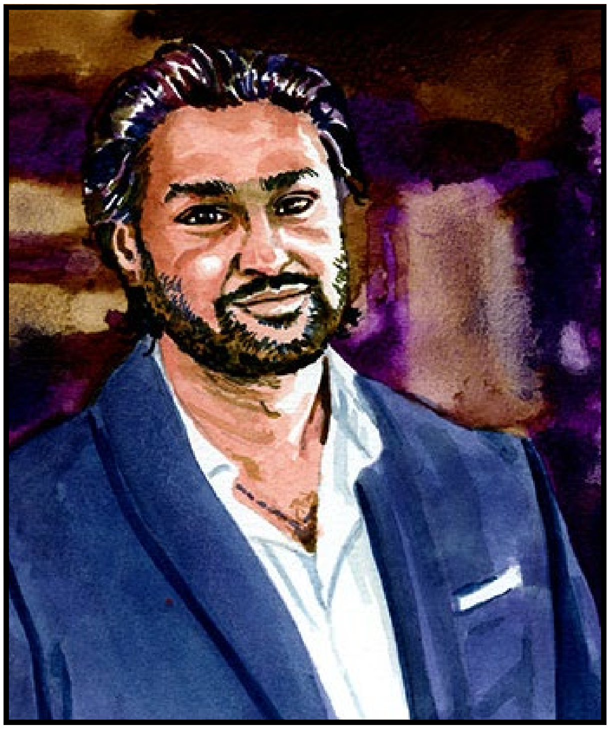
Arjun did not fully understand his orders, but he obeyed. He took his parents; he took a portion of the cult and of Syndexioi, and he left London. By all accounts, Mithras fell in glorious carnage, taking many of his enemies with him. The Second Inquisition had truly begun.

With horrific stories of a blood god rousing in the Middle East and of Banu Haqim seeking shelter within the Camarilla, Arjun thought to find refuge in a city of that sect in the New World. At first, he considered Chicago, but Milwaukee fell within his notice. He studied Mark Decker and the Anubi, and in them he saw true kindred spirits to his god-emperor — warriors holding their ground in their city, fighting impossible odds, even as their allies abandon them.

Arjun established a branch of Syndexioi Ltd. in Milwaukee. He contacted Mark Decker, asking for formal admittance into his city, offering aid in the form of high tech surveillance equipment, weaponry, and a hoard of silver that only the wealthy can amass. The surprised Prince agreed. Now Arjun courts Decker and his warrior cadre, grooming them for induction into his mystery religion. The needs of the Anubi and the needs of the Mithraic cult fit together like the interlocking fingers of a secret handshake.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **A Strong Foundation:** Arjun seeks to plant deep and lasting roots for the Cult of Mithras. His first step is



to induct Mark Decker and the Anubi. This will give him the solid foothold he needs before he can look to Chicago. However, Arjun does not view Decker's crew as mere pawns. He deeply respects them and genuinely desires to rejuvenate these battle-fatigued warriors. They are rough around the edges, but Arjun knows how to hone such raw potential.

- **A Better Class of Cultist:** Arjun desires something more than thugs to induct as his brothers and sisters under Mithras. A neonate's mind must be cultivated. To that end, he has petitioned Roger de Camden to visit the Midwest and tutor promising neonates.
- **Woe to Warlocks:** The Mithraic priest wishes to poison the well for the Tremere before they can return to Milwaukee, leaving himself as the go-to blood sorcerer in the city. This should not prove difficult, as Prince Decker and all the remaining Kindred have every reason to hate the warlocks who abandoned them. Arjun intends to squeeze this wound often.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Syndexioi Ltd. Milwaukee (Contacts 3, Haven 3, Influence 3, Resources 4, Retainers 3)** The Milwaukee branch of the firm takes up the entire 41st floor of the U.S. Bank Center, the tallest building in Wisconsin. As both a cyber and physical security company, it affords Arjun competent muscle and information useful for blackmailing. The 41st floor also contains shelters for peregrine falcons, from a conservation program started decades ago. Arjun has considered encouraging his new Gangrel allies to make use of these noble birds. Arjun maintains a secret, underground temple to Mithras in the building's basement. He calls this mystery cult sanctum the Mithraeum.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Cult of Mithras (Herd 3, Retainers 3)** For Arjun, everything springs from the cult. The mortal cultists give him followers and food. At the moment, the trusted cult members are those Arjun brought with him from London. He plans to induct locals of power, prestige, and potential as a means of solidifying his influence in the area. The mortal face of the cult shall lay the hidden groundwork for Arjun's entry into Chicago.
- **Parents (Allies 3)** Arjun's parents are still an important part of his life. They still look at their son with pride. They serve as upstanding members of the Mithraic cult in their own right and now live in Milwaukee. They have achieved the highest rank of initiation a mortal can obtain and help Arjun manage the secret society.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Mark Decker (Mutual Respect)** Decker and Shah have taken each other's measure, and each likes what they see. Arjun hopes this respect will grow into true brotherhood under Mithras.
- **Roger de Camden (Mawla 4, Teacher)** Mithras's Seneschal served as an occasional tutor to Arjun. He still contacts the elder Cainite for advice and information. Arjun suspects Camden knows more about the final fate of Mithras than he lets on.
- **The Anubi (Potential)** Arjun sees potential in the Anubi. They are frayed beings, but he believes he can mend them and refine them into something truly awesome.
- **Chicago's Ventrue (Disappointment)** Shah would like to get more Ventrue blood into the Cult of Mithras. However, everything he has learned about Lodin's brood repulses him. Still, adversity is the fire in which redeeming qualities gleam.

WHISPERS:

- **The God's Blood:** Leaving London, Arjun took with him a vial of Mithras's puissant blood, as did all trusted Mithraic priests. What does he plan to do with it?

- **That is Not Dead:** The zealous blood sorcerer is researching a way to resurrect his fallen blood god. What's more, he's getting help from a Cappadocian.
- **Buried Secret:** The cult priest keeps more than just a temple in the basement of the U.S. Bank Center. What are they doing down there?
- **Mask of the Blood God:** Mithras never died in London. Arjun is a deeply developed Mask, complete with conditioned mortal "parents."

MASK AND MIEN:

- Arjun Shah is a British Indian man standing 5'10". He has a lithe build and a practiced, regal bearing. His hair is well groomed and his beard well oiled. The Blush of Life darkens his skin to a healthy sheen.
- Arjun usually dresses in immaculate suits accentuated with a piece or two of jewelry. When in the Mithraeum or conducting Mithraic rituals, he wears silken robes, and his khanda sword. As the Pater (leader) of his cell of the cult, his symbols of office are a ruby ring and a wooden rod carved like a miniature shepherd's staff.
- Arjun Shah still uses his mortal name. However, his security firm affords him experts who craft identities as he requires them. He has begun to construct a more solid identity and second life — a fictional relative who will inherit his assets **(Mask 2)**.

Sire: Damurah

Embraced: 1999 (Born 1968)

Ambition: Establish the Mithraic cult in North America

Convictions: I must honor the cult and my parents

Touchstones: Parents — members of the Mithraic cult

Humanity: 6

Generation: 10th

Blood Potency: 2

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3; Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Composure 3; Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 6, Willpower 6

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Firearms 2, Larceny 1, Melee (Khanda sword) 3, Stealth 3; Etiquette (Corporate) 3, Insight 3, Intimidation 1, Leadership 4, Persuasion 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3; Academics 3, Awareness 2, Finance 3, Investigation 2, Occult 4, Politics 2, Science 2, Technology (Surveillance) 2

Disciplines: Blood Sorcery 3, Celerity 1, Dominate 1, Obfuscate 1

Brujah

"Chicago had a Brujah Prince once before. As far as I'm concerned, we should aim to never have one again."

— Jennifer MacKay, winding up for a rousing speech to her fellow Anarchs

The Brujah of Chicago are already firmly divided between Hellene and Furore lines, though the Furores grow in number night by night. As the clan embraces its role as one of the Anarch Movement's three faces, remaining tightly bound to the Camarilla is a good way for a Brujah to declare oneself an enemy to the Blood.

JENNIFER MACKAY

Epitaph: Kickboxing Feminist

Quote: *"Time for crooked heads to fall from crooked necks."*

Clan: Brujah

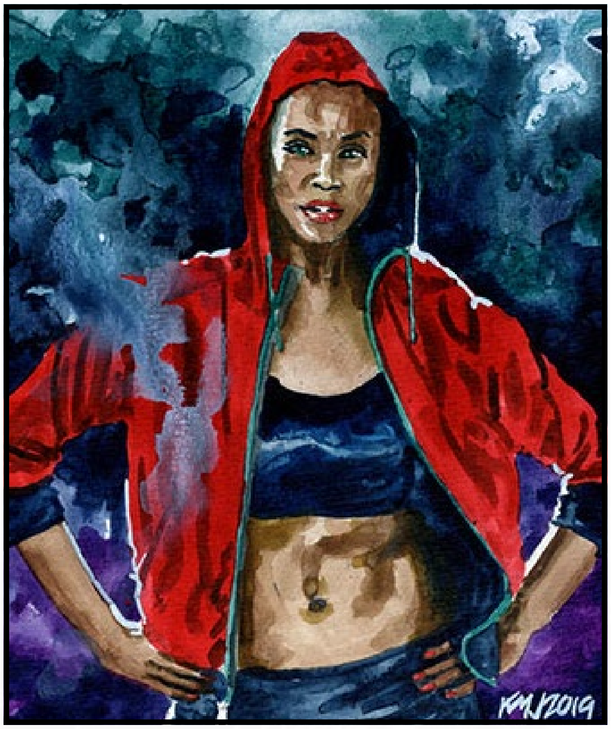
MORTAL DAYS: JUST A GIRL UP FROM THE COUNTRY

Jennifer's life has been one fight after another.

Jennifer's first love as a rebellious youth was kickboxing. When her parents wouldn't listen to her, she kicked the bag. When she grew frustrated at her dusty city of Fulton, Illinois, she sparred. When she had had enough of always being treated as less than her fellow students due to her gender, she went out of her way to break her opponents' bones. The man who ran her local dojo was prominent in Fulton politics and exerted his influence over Jennifer's family. She didn't realize at the time, but the creep was trying to grow closer to her.

When her sensei made his move, Jennifer lashed out, left the dojo, and joined up with other "bad girls". Her all-girl street gang did a lot of skateboarding, a bit of fighting, and committed some petty crime. It wasn't the Mafia, but they were nuisance enough to see her punished with juvenile detention more than once.

When she was 15, she came out to her family as bisexual. They were horrified and refused to accept it. In an effort to escape the suffocating family atmosphere, she ran away to Chicago when she was 16 and went to live in a women's collective run by a feminist group. Jennifer was an activist and gradually, with plenty of encouragement, gained a grasp on the academic theory and history of feminism.



At the women's collective Jennifer met Catrinel, a young woman with a heroin habit. They became friends, then they fell in love and have been together ever since. Jennifer knows she will always play second fiddle to heroin in Catrinel's affections but, despite this, she will do anything to protect Catrinel and Catrinel does love Jennifer, in her own way.

Despite the instability of Catrinel's addiction, the stability of a relationship and supportive friends allowed Jennifer the confidence to join a new dojo. She progressed well there and her new sensei, Brad Hollins, took to her immediately. He entered her into interstate competitions and encouraged her in her ambition to become an Olympic athlete. It was at one of those out-of-state competitions she met Roz Kaufmann, the woman who was to become her sire.

KINDRED NIGHTS: FINDING A DIRECTION

Jennifer was an accidental Embrace. Roz was a Brujah who found inner peace watching mortals fight in a controlled environment, but something of Jennifer's poise caught her eye. She followed Jennifer back to the changing rooms after the competition and confronted her, at first with compliments, then with a misguided attempt at seduction.

She did not mean to drink so deep of the young kickboxing champion and, fearing the anger of her Prince, seriously considered leaving her for dead. It did, however, seem like a waste. Roz kept Jennifer in hiding for a few weeks, allowing her to feed from her own herd of students while she tried to work out what to do with her unwanted childe. Jennifer solved the problem for her. She received a panicked phone call from a friend, telling her Catrinel had overdosed and, fearing for her lover's life, insisted on returning to Chicago immediately. Roz passed Jennifer on to Anita Wainwright who, while not wanting the responsibility, owed Roz a major boon and accepted the ward.

Anita tries to be patient with her new protégé but finds her bluntness frustrating. She has taken to using Jennifer as a bodyguard and occasionally takes advantage of Jennifer's street and criminal connections, unaware Jennifer is building up her own following as a ferocious Anarch speaker.

Jennifer's need to procure safe heroin for her lover brings her into contact with local gang members. She poses as just another customer and while most of the dealers know her story 'I'm not doing this myself, I'm buying for a friend,' she knows several powerful Kindred dabble in the drugs trade and worries about coming to their attention.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **When they find out I am dead:** Jennifer is still a fledgling. She's not yet come to terms with her condition or its implications. She knows she has a great deal to learn. To date she has managed to pass herself off as mortal, but she knows this will not always be possible and she worries about it a lot.

- **Supporting the Movement:** Jennifer was always the rebel without a clue. She is Anarch to the bone but, as yet, she has not really found her place in the city. She wants to carve out a niche for herself, but she is not sure how to do this. She is as keen to be out from under Anita's wing as Anita is to get rid of her.

- **Feminist Analysis:** Jennifer is trying to propagate a feminist analysis of what is wrong with the Camarilla. She understands that, to win others over to the cause, it's necessary to do more than just kick against the pricks.

- **Gang Diplomacy:** The Diamonds and the Cannons are rival gangs who have been contesting territory near Jennifer's communal haven near Harrison Park. She needs to stay in with both gangs and has brokered a temporary deal between them whereby the block containing her haven is neutral territory for one month. She seeks to leverage this to unite or reconcile the two gangs and increase her influence over them.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Harrison Park Apartment (Contacts 2, Haven 1)** A cheap apartment in the Lower West Side. Surrounded by gang members and sex workers, Jennifer's nocturnal comings and goings arouse little comment. Her girlfriend, Catrinel, lives a couple of blocks away, still in the care of the Greek Cathedral Women's Commune. Jennifer feeds by mugging people, which brings her into contact with the gangs in the area.

- **Tobukan Dojo (Allies 1, Contacts 2, Influence 1)** A well reputed dojo in Pilsen. Jennifer spends a lot of her time here, training and giving free self-defense lessons to women. Many of her contacts live in women's shelters.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Catrinel Serban (Touchstone)** Jennifer's long-time girlfriend and a heroin addict, Catrinel hates to be a burden on her partner, but the two of them believe they would do anything to protect each other.

- **Brad Hollins (Ally 1, Touchstone)** Jennifer's sensei at the Tobukan Dojo, Brad is a refreshingly controlled, polite, and kind man in whom Jennifer places a lot of trust. It would hurt her severely to lose him.

- **The Diamonds and the Cannons (Contacts 2, Potential Allies 2, Potential Herd 2)** These gangs have learned to respect Jennifer and leave her alone when she hunts. She has fed from some of them and they assist her in procuring heroin for Catrinel. The two gangs are historical rivals, but Jennifer has managed to set up a temporary peace deal whereby her block counts as neutral territory.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Anita Wainwright (Ambivalence)** Anita acts as Jennifer's surrogate sire and Jennifer is of two minds about her. Anita has spent too much time sucking up to the man, but her Anarch connections are admirable.
- **Balthazar (Wary)** Jennifer has never met him but is aware that her dealings in street crime, and as a member of Clan Brujah, might bring her to his attention. She despises his racism and sexism and is secretly frightened of his power.
- **Gengis (Admiration)** If Gengis were female-identifying, Jennifer's admiration might well segue into hero-worship. She wishes her sire had put her into Gengis' care rather than Anita's.

WHISPERS:

- **Heroin:** Jennifer is addicted to heroin. She was prior to her Embrace and now she will only feed from mortal junkies.
- **False Identity:** Anita Wainwright is Jennifer's sire. The 'Embraced out of town' story is something they invented so Anita doesn't appear to have violated the Tradition of Progeny.
- **Gang Boss:** Jennifer is grooming the street gangs on the Lower West Side in order to strengthen them and expand her territory. It's small beginnings, but it's only a matter of time before she treads on someone's toes.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Jennifer is an African-American woman of impressive height and dark clay-colored skinned. She wears her hair cropped short. Since childhood she bore a slight overbite she's never had corrected.
- Jennifer is not officially dead. Even before her Embrace she knew how to live off the radar. She has a passport and a driver's license in her own name. With a minimal amount of stage make up she can pass for a mortal, in poor light.
- In the dojo Jennifer wears a gi. On the street she typically dresses in black jeans and a singlet, with a hoodie over the top when it's cold. When she's hanging out with the gangs, she wears their colors. Jennifer refuses to wear dresses. If she has to go formal, she will wear a man's suit that would be suitable for the occasion.

Sire: Roz Kaufmann

Embraced: 2015 (Born 1992)

Ambition: Break the nose of the next man who tells you what to do

Convictions: True love never dies; Women need to learn to defend themselves against men

Touchstones: Catrinel Serban — girlfriend for whom she'd do anything; Brad Hollins — sensei and confidante

Humanity: 7

Generation: 13th

Blood Potency: 1

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3; Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 1; Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

Secondary Attributes: Health 6, Willpower 3

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl (Kickboxing) 4, Larceny 2, Melee 2, Stealth 2; Etiquette (Dojo) 2, Insight 1, Intimidation 3, Performance 3 (Stage Fights), Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2; Awareness 4

Disciplines: Celerity 3, Potence 2

LIANNE MILLER

Epitaph: A drifter returning home

Quote: *"It's not the first time I left Chicago. Keep getting fed up with the political bullshit, but I keep coming back. You'd think I'd stop underestimating all my unfinished business."*

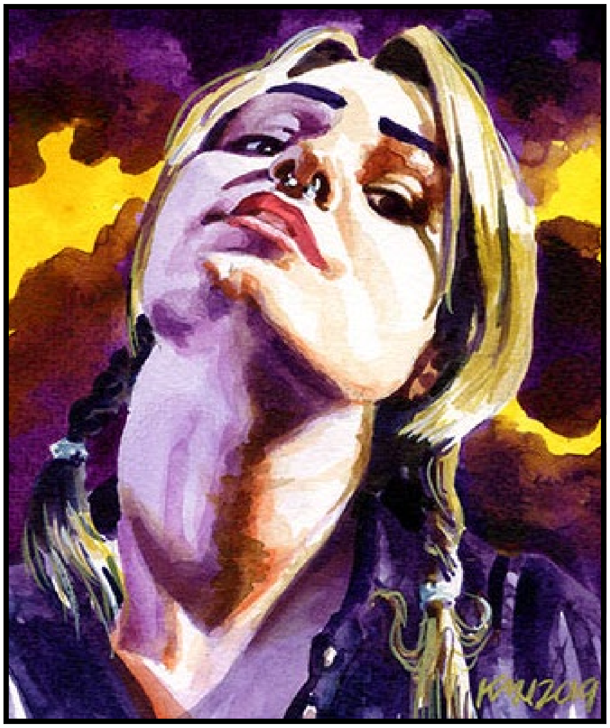
Clan: Brujah

MORTAL DAYS: COUCH-SURFING SPIRITUALIST

Growing up, Lianne's family were always on the move on the West Side of Chicago. She never had enough time to settle and call a place home. As a teenager, she lived at friend's places by exaggerating her family circumstances to invoke a sense of pity in their parents.

It was during her couch surfing days where she met Geoffrey Carver, the elder brother of her then-boyfriend, Robert. Nicknamed 'Geo,' he frequently tipped Lianne on where she could stay with his new-age friends. Even when Lianne broke up with Robert, she kept contact with Geo and soon moved into the collective where he was living. Lianne took an interest in how Geo could manipulate others with seemingly little effort. Her bond with Geo was so tight that nobody in their friend-circle batted an eye when newcomers suddenly vanished.

When Geo brought in a supposed spirit guide, named Andrea, the woman took a strong interest in Lianne and her supposed future. She told Lianne that she saw an untamed voice within her — a primal energy, waiting to be unleashed so that it could command others. Curious, though wary of what Andrea meant, Lianne asked her how and what would happen if this voice was



allowed to speak. Deadpan, she was told that it would lead to great power while she can control the voice, but the moment she succumbs to its orders will be the death of Lianne Miller.

After countless sleepless nights, Lianne decided to track Andrea down. She offered Lianne the answers she sought along with a stern warning that those who hear this voice succumb to it eventually. Though Andrea never said directly what Lianne was at risk of succumbing to, when she learned of the Beckoning, Lianne was certain she was on the right track.

KINDRED NIGHTS: LOST WANDERER

The time around Lianne's Embrace is a hazy blur — she can't accurately pinpoint where she stopped being human and where she became a vampire, though she knows Geo Embraced her. Lianne struggled to let her mortal life go, further aggravated by Geo still hanging out with their shared friends. Lianne's pathological lying only continued to spiral, to the point where she felt guilt over making up lies over small things. Geoffrey expressed his concern that Lianne seemed lost in a depressive state and that the fledgling required too much counseling in the unlife. Without a word, Geo abandoned Lianne the next night.

Losing her sire was a surprising boon, as Lianne finally cut mortal ties to those who didn't benefit her with shelter, money, or blood. She left Chicago on occasions but would always return as she had a stable supply of both clients and friends to feed from. Her reunion with Andrea and her request to come with her to search for "a cure to the lure of the voice within," came out of the blue. Curious about learning more, Lianne traveled with her to South America in search of answers. She mysteriously vanished after muttering "the voice is growing louder." Lianne continued to search for her. She wandered for months alone before giving up.

Alone, Lianne developed a large cult of new-age followers who supported her teachings of body cleansing via the purging of one's ill humours. When her old friends showed up at her spiritual retreat, Lianne grew nervous. After they concluded their teasing on how she still looked like a teenager, they dropped a bombshell telling her how a confused Andrea suddenly showed up in Chicago asking for her.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Power and self-sufficiency:** Lianne wants power over a commune, similar to how she could leech from anyone when she was young. Having a haven full of people willingly giving their blood is her idea of self-sufficiency. She's had a few run-ins with the Camarilla in other cities while looking for a place to stay and doesn't agree with their ideology at all.

- **Weaponizing the Beckoning:** She wants to learn how to control her Kindred urges, especially the Beast. While still a neonate, she suspects the Beckoning will draw her as well, but her curiosity about this supernatural phenomenon stems from wanting to weaponize it. If she is to gain more power, the Kindred more powerful than her must leave. Her gut is telling her Andrea learned something during their travels and she has to find her.

- **Prove her independence to her sire:** Geo resorted to tough love to teach Lianne independence. Though it had its intended effect, Lianne felt it was unjust, seeing as she was only 15 years old. Her early Embrace means she will always have a young appearance, something she believes will be an impediment to gaining respect within the Kindred community.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Geo's New-Age Collective & Healing (Haven 1, Herd 1, Influence 1, Resources 2)** The collective where she's lived for years always welcomes Lianne with open arms. Most of the people she knew from her mortal days have moved on but occasionally visit as friends or customers.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Rebecca "Quartz" Hart (Contacts 2)** Geo's ghoul girlfriend who manages the collective in his absence. Lianne feeds her vitae in Geo's absence, which not only keeps her loyal but also prevents her aging. Rebecca fusses over Lianne like an overprotective sister. She doesn't fully understand their need to be out of the sunlight, but thinks it's tied to humours and wanting to look young. Rebecca has thus also begun to stay out of the sun as much as possible and is wearing sunscreen lotion daily.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Andrea Harvey-Staboli (Admiration)** Lianne holds immense respect for Andrea as she seems to be more harmonious with her inner demons than anyone else she's met. She views her as a socially awkward aunt, as she can't make out what the majority of her riddles mean. Lianne feels as if Andrea can communicate with, or at least hear, her Beast, which makes it quieter whenever she's around.

- **Anita Wainwright (Opportunity)** Holding no love for the Camarilla, Lianne is tempted to throw in wholeheartedly with the Anarchs, and recognizes a charismatic leader in Anita. She feels she could be a more than adequate lieutenant at her side, possibly putting her in conflict with Levesque.

- **Dr. Benway (Reluctant Student)** Lianne can sense the elder Kindred views her as a student of vampire mysticism. As she wants to learn the cause of the Beckoning, seeing it affect someone firsthand is invaluable information. Though Lianne struggles with Benway's patronizing attitude, she feels as if the benefits outweigh the costs.

WHISPERS:

- **Bled her sire:** Some think that Lianne is holding Geo hostage, perhaps in South America, while other believes she killed Geo. They suspect it was for revenge as the teenage-looking Brujah suffered for being Embraced at such a young age.

- **Young Amaranth:** Lianne is known to drink all types of blood she comes across — animal, mortal, and even Kindred. It doesn't seem like a far reach that if she did kill her sire, then she probably consumed him as well.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Lianne has the appearance of a 15-year-old white teen with braided dirty blonde hair. She has a silver nose ring and dresses in loose clothes and flannel. She doesn't have a Mask as she's not known to be dead.

- At Geo's New-Age Collective & Healing, she's known as a spiritual guru, specialized in humour balancing. A few new-age healing circles in Chicago have heard of her, and since she's open about her practice, many educated people take issue with the bloodletting aspect.

- Lianne is aware her young appearance causes many problems. She knows she must create herself a Mask, but it will not be one she can keep for long, so for now, Lianne gives different names depending on the circumstances.

Sire: Geoffrey "Geo" Carver

Embraced: 2004 (Born 1989)

Ambition: Obtain Kindred relics or clues on the Beckoning

Convictions: Never harm those who care about you

Touchstones: Rebecca "Quartz" Hart — ghoul and surrogate sister

Humanity: 7

Generation: 13th

Blood Potency: 1

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3; Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Composure 2;

Intelligence 1, Wits 2, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 6, Willpower 5

Skills: Athletics 2, Survival 2; Insight 1, Leadership (Spiritual Healing Scene) 2, Occult 3, Performance (Spiritual Ceremony) 1, Persuasion 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge (Instilling Pity) 4; Investigation 1, Medicine 1

Disciplines: Fortitude 1, Potence 1, Presence 2

the CAITIFF

"In amidst the constant drone, can you not hear the song of struggle? We just want to be free."

— Zal, trying to convince Devin Boyce there's more to unlife than *this*

The Caitiff of Chicago tend toward the Anarch Movement in allegiance, but secretly, the House of Mamuwalde and the Blood Disco collect a flock of clanless vampires to their banner. Together, they are more than a meandering mass of a vampires lacking identity. Together, they're an undeniable force.

DEVIN BOYCE

Epitaph: Card sharp

Quote: *"No one has to play the hand they got dealt. You just have to learn how to bluff."*

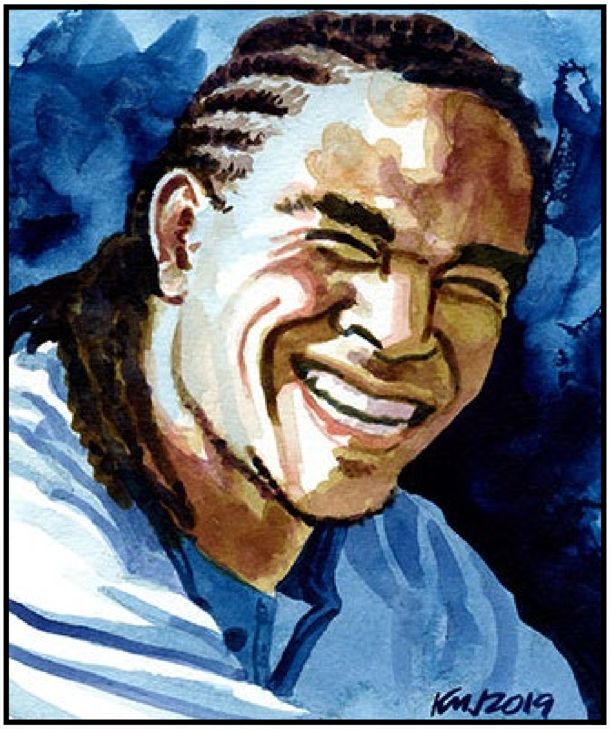
Clan: Caitiff

MORTAL DAYS: FIVE CARD STUD

Devin was able to take care of himself physically on the playground (when he actually went to school) and in the streets, but he didn't like violence. He'd seen too many injured and dead. He wasn't interested in drugs. Drugs made adults act unpredictably and drugs killed his sister. What interested Devin was poker. The guys who hung out in the apartment played all the time and he persuaded them to teach him. Soon, they wouldn't play with him because it was embarrassing to lose all the time to the young teen.

Devin found his poker skills were a great way to supplement the family income. Poker was his obsession and his family supported him as it was a good earner. It became increasingly difficult for him to find opponents in the neighborhood, but Chicago has plenty of secret bars where a poker player can make a living. Devin familiarized himself with these and learned their etiquette.

Using fake IDs and capital supplied by one of his mother's boyfriends, Devin accessed the more exclusive tables. Playing naïve, he was able to win substantial sums from rich white guys, so full of privilege they were convinced no street punk could possibly beat them. The house investigated, but Boyce doesn't cheat. He has an eidetic memory and is just damned good at the game. He is also a good-looking lad with a certain undeniable charm.



KINDRED NIGHTS: CHECK, CALL, RAISE, FOLD

Some vampire watching Devin in the Mob-run "executive game" couldn't resist taking a drink. Devin isn't sure what happened next. He's never seen the Embrace since. He guesses the lick got overexcited and didn't know when to stop. He doesn't know why they didn't leave him for dead instead of feeding him and then running off. Waking in the bathroom of an upstairs restaurant, Devin drained the next guy to walk in and ran home.

Since becoming immortal. Devin's life has not changed a great deal. He sleeps by day and plays poker by night. He has made some strange new friends, including a group of thin-bloods called the Parkie Mob. Sheriff Damien, investigating some Masquerade breaches tracked him down, thought about killing him but, maybe recognizing a kindred spirit, took to him and introduced him to Prince Jackson. The Sherriff taught him what he needed to know to survive in Kindred society. Devin is supposed to study with Critias, but he tends to jump class and play poker.

Devin feels he kind of owes Damien and Critias, but the idea of the Camarilla's laws and authority appalls him. He respects the Hellenes but believes their sect needs to be brought down a peg or two. He has a horrible feeling Critias might be his sire, but Damien has explained his blood is not strong enough. Damien decided it's safest to believe it was some lick just passing through.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **True Identity:** Devin is keen to find out who sired him. He was never so curious about the identity of his mortal father, but from Critias' lessons he has concluded that clan and generation are important considerations in lick society. He needs to know where he stands.

- **Making my Fortune:** Money motivates Boyce. He never had enough of it as a mortal, and he can't get enough of it now. He frequents several poker rooms, and his new-found powers have helped him to play even better than he did before. He's barred from a couple of places now. They can't find out how he cheats (because he doesn't), but he's wiped too many paying customers clean.

- **Becoming a big shot:** Having weighed up the political factions Devin has noted that, in Chicago, the Camarilla have the power. His natural sympathies are with the Anarchs because he likes to support the underdog and because he loathes authority. He believes he can play the sects against each other, but he's currently moving slowly.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Big Boss Poker Room (Influence 1, Resources 2, Retainer 1)** Devin has been running this illegal business for a few years and it makes a profit. He hopes to increase this further in the coming years. He has managed to attract a wealthy clientele, some of whom are well-placed in mortal society. He hopes to branch out and open similar businesses, but he needs to find more trustworthy employees.

- **Basement in Roseland (Allies 1, Haven 2, Herd 1)** Devin sleeps in the basement of his family home in Roseland. At times of need he feeds from members of his family and the men who continue to visit. He continues to support his family financially.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Tyrone Senior (Retainer 1)** Tyrone is the man Devin appointed as manager of the Big Boss Poker Room and he sees to the day to day running of the place. He has proven himself competent and reliable, and Devin is coming to trust him. Tyrone used to work at the Majestic Star Casino Hotel in Vegas, where he had good relationships with many rich and influential citizens. Devin is hoping to cultivate these contacts further.

- **Betty Boyce (Ally 2, Touchstone)** Devin's youngest sister, the baby of the family and a real beauty. Devin has always been very protective of Betty and is determined she should not fall into the traps of drug abuse and sex work that have wrecked the lives of so many of his family.

- **Vice Cobras (Contacts 1)** Remnants of a once-large gang in Cabrini Green, the gang broke into smaller fragments when the projects came down. Devin never really ran with any gang, but you needed some affiliation to avoid getting stabbed in a back alley. Devin keeps up with a couple of old school friends from his days in the projects.

- **The Parkie Mob (Allies 2)** This Anarch coterie are true to the term and Devin thinks they need to learn some discipline if they are to get anywhere. He is gradually winning them around to his agenda, but they are natural rebels, and it's been a slow process. Nominally, he's their leader just because he has more raw power in his Blood.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Damien (Kinship)** Devin is aware of similarities between Damien's background and his own. It was Damien who rescued Devin from his dangerous ignorance of how to survive as Kindred and Damien who made things right between the fledgling and the Prince. Despite this, Devin is mistrustful of Damien's apparent devotion to the Camarilla.

- **Critias (Dislike)** Having been engaged as one of Critias' students, Devin decided he dislikes Critias' appearance, nature, and personality almost as much as he dislikes his teaching methods. Devin would like to take Critias down but recognizes he is not sufficiently powerful to do so.

- **Mateo García (Fellow Traveler)** Devin likes Mateo and is helping him free himself from the more oppressive aspects of Camarilla membership. Maybe Mateo would like to be free of them entirely, so

Devin is trying to bring him round to the 'wait till the time is right' agenda. If push comes to shove, though, Devin will help Mateo if he can.

- **Alphonse Gabriel Capone (Rivalry)** Devin is aware Capone controls much of the numbers game in Chicago and that his own interests might be seen as a challenge to the Ventrue's control. This is another reason Devin moves cautiously as he expands. He is not yet ready to come to Capone's attention but, when the time comes, he believes he can beat the old mobster at his own game, even if it takes turning his location over to Damien.

WHISPERS:

- **His sire's childe:** Since Damien introduced Devin to Kindred society, speculation about the Caitiff's origin has been rife. Many believe he is Damien's childe, since the Sheriff seems protective of him.
- **Low down cheat:** Devin cheats at poker. No one could be so good without the use of Disciplines. Few vampires will play with him, even when they are demonstrably more powerful members of Kindred society.
- **Sabbat patsy:** The Sabbat planted Devin in Chicago so he could infiltrate the Camarilla and destroy it from within. That the Sheriff would so readily vouch for a sireless Caitiff implies there is a powerful hand pulling someone's strings.
- **Secret Anarch:** He plays nicely, but he's really an Anarch. Believe me, he's just biding his time.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Devin is not known to be dead. He does not need a Mask.
- Devin looks like a young man of mixed race. He has skin the color of a flat latte and wears his hair in corn rows his little sister braids for him. His friendly smile and charming manner complement his undeniable good looks.
- Devin likes to dress smartly and expensively. His taste in fashion has become noticeably more refined over the past year or so.

Sire: Unknown

Embraced: 2013 (Born 1985)

Ambition: Find out who my sire is

Convictions: Never turn down a chance to make some money

Touchstone: Betty Boyce — youngest sister

Humanity: 7

Generation: 12th

Blood Potency: 1

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2; Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Composure 3; Intelligence 3, Wits 5, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 5, Willpower 6

Skills: Athletics 2, Craft (Card Games) 4, Brawl 2, Larceny 3, Stealth 3, Survival (Urban) 3; Etiquette 3 (Poker), Insight 3, Intimidation 1, Leadership 2, Performance 2, Persuasion 3, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge (Poker) 5; Awareness 3, Finance 2, Politics 1

Disciplines: Auspex 1, Dominate 1, Presence 2

SHEJANA

Epitaph: Survivor of Nightmares

Quote: *"I have seen so many things that you wouldn't believe, things I shouldn't have survived. How can you deny me my little pleasures?"*

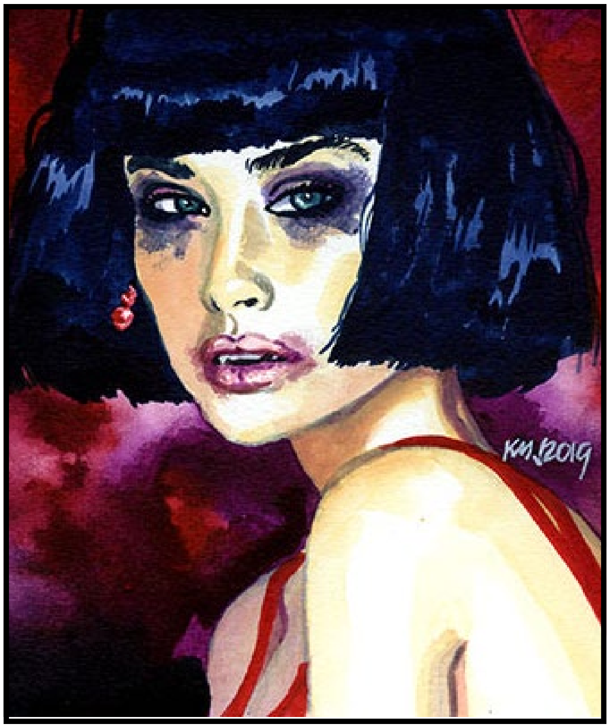
Clan: Caitiff?

MORTAL DAYS: WHATEVER IT TAKES

Shejana grew up in many places. Her family travelled all over Europe during the 1930s, moving when it pleased them or when the people near their encampments became too hostile to their presence to tolerate. For that reason, she developed both a transient nature, never wanting to settle for too long in one place, but also a sense of the wider disquiet and the problems rising in Europe at the time. When those problems exploded into the horror of Nazi Germany, Shejana was seized along with many of her kin and taken to Buchenwald concentration camp.

A description of what "life at the camp" was like does not do justice to what Shejana experienced. And certainly, the word "life" is quite the opposite of what she found within the barbed wire and mesh fences. The sights she witnessed defy description, but each one filled her starving body with a primal desire to survive it, at any cost. As a young, disease-free woman, she was the target of advances from many of the guards and even the camp commander. They did not see her or her people as humans, merely as objects, toys, items to be disposed of at their wish. She would make herself the one item they did not want to do without.

While her entire family was murdered, Shejana lived on. Sickened, she wept herself to sleep every night but refused to consign herself to a terrible fate. Her liberator, in the end, was not the Allied assault that took the camp,



but a vampire who had been watching her for some time. He commended her for her resourcefulness. In her barely lucid state, she laughed at him and accepted the praise as she would the attempts at seduction from the soldiers. He Embraced her at her invitation, one that she barely understood and was certainly in no right mind to accept.

KINDRED NIGHTS: LAND OF MILK AND HONEY?

Shejana found herself thrust into a Europe almost as scarred as she was. The sights she beheld discomfited her to the point that she would utilize the gifts of her clan just to entertain herself, in vain attempts to alter the reality around her and create something more innocent and carefree where she could live free of the pain and guilt she constantly carried. She would also find joy in crafting nightmares for persecutors, from mortal hate groups to tyrannical Princes. Sadly, her abilities could never reach a sufficient level to transport her fully away from herself, but in the United States, which had been relatively untouched by the ravages of Nazi terror, she thought she might find a clean slate.

Shejana arrived in a new world, which was almost the exact opposite of where she had come from. Full of bright lights and bright personalities, she reveled in the artistic scene of her newfound home. It wasn't so different to the illusions she conjured and dreams she held in her mind. It was the perfect veneer with which to cover the agony of her past and she threw herself into her new existence wholesale. Many times, she disappeared down a rabbit hole of drug-infused blood and fantasy before re-emerging weeks, even months, later at court.

Perhaps it was this detachment from reality that preserved her from the great summoning that called many of her clan away, or perhaps she was just too fried on whatever designer drug the vessels she fed from had been engorged with. Whatever the case, it was during one of her returns to lucidity that she discovered all of her clanmates had apparently vanished without a trace. No Kindred in the city could answer her questions as to what had happened. For all intents and purposes, she is considered clanless.

Shejana finds herself in a horrific position in these nights. Once again, she has been stripped of her family by evil forces she cannot comprehend. Will she return to her fantasy world as she always has or will she step into the harsh light of her new reality at last? She finds herself motivated to find other outsiders such as herself and those might value someone mercenary, without affiliation, in an increasingly segregated world.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Last Woman Standing:** Shejana is a curiosity to Kindred both young and old, due to the dilapidation of her clan. She is focused on using this situation to gain knowledge of what may have become of the others and, once again, to survive it as she always has.

- **Cult Target:** Shejana is a target of at least two of the cults in Chicago's modern nights, with both the Bahari and the Cult of Shalim very interested in adding her to their collection of Kindred members.

- **Expand Your Mind:** Ever the dreamer, Shejana has a special place in her unbeating heart for those who can provide her with new experiences and exciting things to see, do, or feed from. Not only does she have an immense appetite (some would say, addiction) for drug addled mortals, she also enjoys fantastical, impressionistic imagery that she can weave into her personal illusions.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Basement Surfer (Herd 2)** Shejana retains her transient spirit and often finds new squat houses to bed down in when she isn't basement surfing with her latest enthralled marks.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Dealers of all Kinds (Allies 1, Contacts 3)** Shejana maintains numerous contacts in the illicit drug trade and also maintains a relationship with a local art dealer who traffics drugs in the frames of paintings and the insides of antiques.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Adze (Soul of the Party)** Shejana sees Adze as one of the only Kindred in the city worth knowing and loves to be wherever he is. She can often be found at the Red Nº 5.

- **Martin (Awful Memories)** As a fellow Holocaust survivor, some might think Martin and Shejana share common cause. The truth is, Shejana does not enjoy reliving her past, and lashes out whenever Kindred suggest she spends time with the purportedly kind Nosferatu.

- **Rabbi Michalis Basaras (Unsure)** Shejana has been approached by the enigmatic Lasombra who has made overtures about helping her locate her lost clanmates. She is unsure of his motivations, but he seems friendly enough.

- **The Gaunt Man (Nightmare Fuel)** By no means does Shejana enjoy associating with members of the Hecata, but the Kindred she calls "the gaunt man" offers her paid work and patronage, where few Camarilla Kindred have done the same. She has daymares about this vampire but turns her fears into fuel for her Disciplines.

WHISPERS:

- **Lost Bloodline:** Shejana is not of the Camarilla but is tolerated at court and is certainly not an Anarch. Young Kindred often guess at which of their clans she belongs to while the older Kindred seem to treat her with a certain, distant suspicion.

- **Blood Traitor:** There are those among the court who whisper that the only reason Shejana has survived is that she betrayed the others of her clan, possibly to the hands of the Second Inquisition. For this reason, she remains under the Sheriff's surveillance.

- **Masochistic Bent:** Many rumors fly around nightclubs of Shejana. Young mortals talk of a beautiful young woman who wears a cilice around each of her thighs, inflicting constant pain upon her, even as she dances and gyrates among the throng of writhing, dancing bodies. Some think this is cool as hell, others are fearful of what such a woman may be like in a more private setting.

MASK AND MEIN:

- Shejana, at her best, is strikingly beautiful with alabaster skin and high cheekbones framed within straight, short, bobbed black hair that speaks of 1920s, art-deco decadence. At other times, she appears unkempt, her makeup smeared and sloppily renewed, if at all. She likes to adorn herself with piercings upon waking each night.

- She speaks in heavily German / Eastern European accented English, which many patrons of Chicago's clubs find intoxicating. Her voice is relatively deep and husky.

- Shejana's wardrobe is almost entirely garish, brightly colored and sequined. She jangles and shimmers as she spins on the dancefloor or strides under neon lights. Her jewelry is cheap but ostentatious and is regularly updated with even more disposable accessories when others are lost from her months-long debauches.

- When out and about in town, Shejana often simply refers to herself as "She" and, under that guise, she is a local legend. However, she does maintain an alternate identity as Marla Kruger, a foreign exchange student and socialite with a knack for spending other people's money (**Mask 1**).

Sire: Vladislav Krivokapic

Embraced: 1944 (Born 1924)

Ambition: Erase the horrors of the past

Convictions: Never settle for a single, defining course

Touchstones: Perry "Pez" Martinez — high-end art dealer

Humanity: 5

Generation: 9th

Blood Potency: 3

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3; Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Composure 3; Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 4

Secondary Attributes: Health 6, Willpower 7

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Firearms 1, Melee 2, Stealth 2; Animal Ken (Horses) 2, Etiquette (Red Nº 5) 2, Insight 3, Performance (Dancing) 4, Persuasion 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2; Awareness 2, Investigation 1, Occult 1, Politics 2, Science (Recreational Drugs) 2, Technology 2

Disciplines: Dominate 3, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 3, Presence 1

ZAL

Epitaph: The Haunted Musician

Quote: *"I'm a haunted house. There are things lurking in my basement, lurking in my attic, and they rattle their chains."*

Clan: Caitiff

MORTAL DAYS: THE LAZY DAYS

As a young girl, Christal hated her name. *Hated* it. Seeing holiday cards with the religious-neutral "Xmas" written on them would send Christal's parents into apoplexies of "war on Christmas!" As a joke and as revenge, Christal made an affectation of signing her name "Xal," but no one ever got the joke. People just pronounced it "Zal" and that seemed good enough.

Zal coasted her way through a reasonably privileged life. She was just smart enough to get through school without much effort. Her parents were just wealthy enough that financial worries were never a motivator. Her music teacher said she possessed talent, if only she would apply herself.

After college, Zal moved into a downtown apartment with her parents' help. Still she coasted and drifted. She wasn't depressed, merely content to just get by. Her music was the closest thing she had to devotion, and even that she failed to practice as much as she ought to.

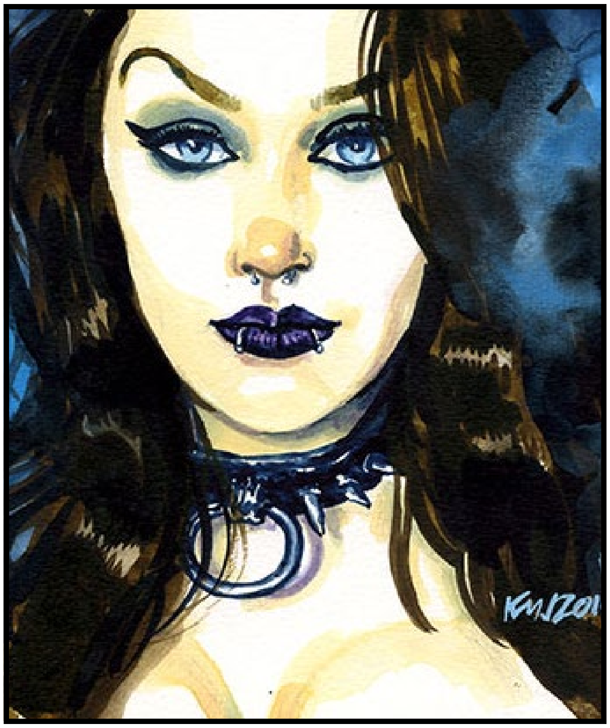
One night, a fellow musician and a friend asked Zal for a favor. He was sick and could not attend a music gig. Reluctantly, Zal left her cozy apartment to play on her friend's behalf. The gig was for some rich dude. "Dress to the nines!" the text message from her friend read. The mansion was opulent, the party decadent, and the guests few and eccentric. At the end of the night, she followed her patron upstairs to get paid. That is when he bit her, and God how it hurt.

KINDRED NIGHTS: GOTTA COLLECT ALL THE SKULLS

Zal does not know why her sire Embraced her. He said his name was Giovanni, but she doesn't know the significance of that. She only saw him the one night. He, and it would seem his entire family, vanished from Chicago.

The city's Kindred quickly pointed out to Zal that she was Caitiff, that her blood never imprinted a clan. They were even quicker to treat her horribly for this fact. Zal might not have made it through her first nights as a vampire if not for the House of Mamuwalde. The Bahari vampires took her in and showed her the ropes. Though profusely thankful, she never actually joined their cult.

Odd compulsions echo in Zal's blood. Most nights, she goes out and impulse buys anything related to death. Macabre decor, clothing, plastic goth memorabilia, rictus-grinning calaveras, Baron Samedi symbols, and discount Halloween junk. She purchases whatever she finds. Zal has even tried getting skull and graveyard-themed tattoos, but the ink always bleeds out of her undead skin while she sleeps during the day. She has recently heard interesting rumors about this place called The Painted Lady, and she's determined to visit it when she's saved up enough cash.



Zal does not know why she does these things. She never had such interests while alive, never even owned much black clothing. The compulsions don't end there. She devours books, learning dead languages at an alarming pace. She took up taxidermy and then forensic pathology. There are times when cutting into a corpse is the only thing that sets her mind at ease. She has momentary flashes of alien insight — signs and portents in the most unlikely things. She wanders cemeteries, checking each stone as though the right date or name would explain it all to her.

What's more, Zal is finally dedicated to her music — obsessively so. When not collecting macabre symbols, Zal feverishly scribbles out music on paper. She loses time, later to find sheet after sheet scratched with musical scrawl. Some of it isn't exactly music. It's a little like an esoteric equation. Where does it come from?

The nights go on. Zal learns. She writes music. She collects skulls. It is all building to something. It all means something. She plays her music and feels the invisible locks between worlds groan and turn.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **She Who Controls the Corpses:** Zal made a ghoul of a forensic pathologist so she could get into the city morgue and accelerate her autopsy studies. It was an impulse to fill an immediate need, but now Zal considers the possibility of taking more active control of the Cook County Medical Examiner's Office. She might be good at it, and it would lead to influence, at least in the way these ambitious Kindred define it. This line of thought is more proactive than Zal is used to.

- **More Lore:** In passing, Zal has heard Kindred mention things like Noddist lore, Enochian, and the like. Every time, her cold guts quiver and say, "Yeah, we need more of that!"

- **A Clan of Death by Any Other Name:** Zal does not know what the Giovanni are, other than the family of her sire. She does not yet know about the Clan of Death, but would be thankful to anyone who can fill those gaps in her knowledge.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Armour Square Apartment (Haven 1, Resources 2)** Zal has a reasonably nice apartment in Armour Square and receives a generous allowance from her parents who have yet to even notice a change in their daughter ("At least she's keeping busy.").

- **The Cook County Medical Examiner's Office (Herd 2)** Zal has no official domain over the city's morgues, but she does feed here. Unlike her Kindred acquaintances, she does not mind cold blood. In fact, hot blood is too "loud" for her, screaming with too many emotions. Her sensitive pallet prefers the subtler nuances of the dead.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Jack Fallow (Retainer 2, Influence 1)** Jack is a forensic pathologist who works the graveyard shift at the city morgue. Zal gave him her vitae in order to gain access to the morgue and his tutelage in autopsies. A surprising friendship has grown from the arrangement, though Zal does not yet understand how blood bonds complicate such emotions.

- **Parents (Allies 1)** Interacting with her humdrum parents helps keep Zal's undead brain grounded. She checks in with her parents almost weekly and occasionally asks for favors.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **The House of Mamuwalde (Gratitude)** Zal is forever thankful to these Bahari vampires. Francois Mamuwalde acted as a surrogate mother, and the other members of the house were like siblings. She still keeps in touch.

- **Nero (The Music Binds Us)** Many Kindred mistreat Zal, but Nero has always shown kindness. Both vampires understand obsession with one's craft, and both are vaguely seeking something from the occult side of things. They have jam sessions and trade lore.

- **Baby Chorus (Nervous)** They are Zal's favorite undead band. She's seen their shows. She's seen them at Kindred gatherings. Next time, she'll get up the guts to talk to them. Yes. Next time.

- **Alexa Santos (What?)** Every so often, Zal and Alexa pass each other at Kindred gatherings. Every time, they stopped and stared at each other for a solid minute. Neither vampire understands why they did so.

WHISPERS:

- **Wraithly Music:** Zal takes her electric upright bass, bow, and battery-powered amp, and wanders the streets. Her preternatural instincts lead her to places of specific spiritual resonance. In these places, she plays her esoteric music. She plays until otherworldly phenomenon manifests. She does not know if she is hindering or helping something from crossing over. She knows only that she must play.

- **Noddist Tutoring:** Word has it that Zal is looking for someone who can teach her Noddist lore.

- **Death to the Clan of Death:** Zal is not what she claims to be. She is the reason the Giovanni are now missing. She masquerades as a confused neonate.

- **The Giovanni Candidate:** Zal is a Hecata whose memory was wiped clean to protect her from whatever befell Chicago's other Necromancers. Only the proper phrase or circumstance will reactivate her to her clan's purpose.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Zal appears as a twenty-something woman. She has a slight build and dark brown hair.

- Zal is even paler than the average Kindred. The Blush of Life does little. At first, Zal resisted wearing the macabre things her compulsion compels her to collect. Now she leans into the goth look hard, to better mask her chalk-white skin.

- Zal still uses her mortal identity and has no Mask.

Sire: Unknown

Embraced: 2017 (Born 1991)

Ambition: Discover the mysteries hidden in my blood

Convictions: Make sense of these morbid compulsions and visions through my music; Obtain more knowledge at all costs

Touchstones: Jack Fallow — ghoul and forensic pathologist; Zal's parents — living in the suburbs

Humanity: 7

Generation: 9

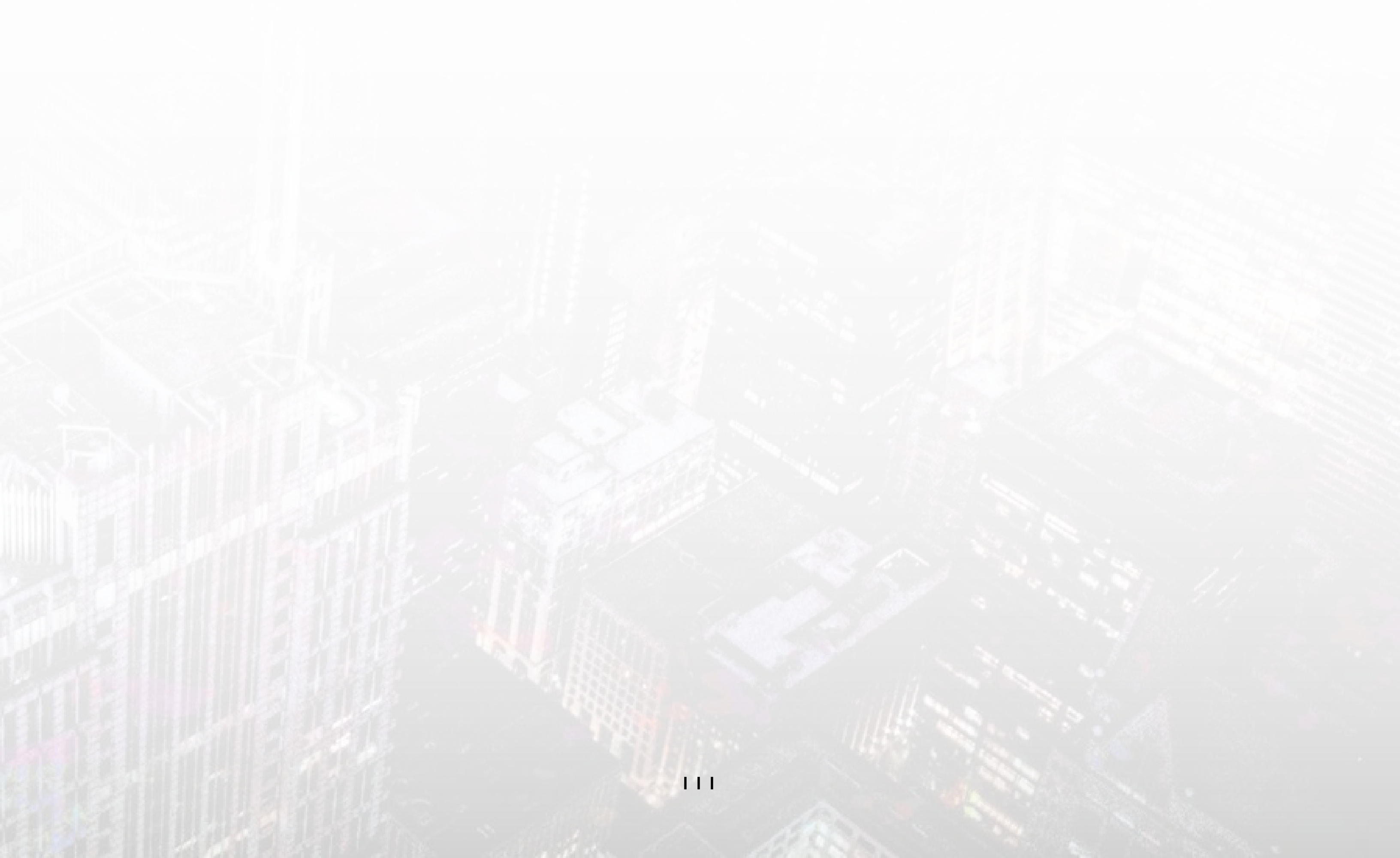
Blood Potency: 2

Attributes: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2; Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 3; Intelligence 4, Wits 2, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 5, Willpower 6

Skills: Craft (Taxidermy) 1, Drive 1, Stealth 2; Insight 1, Performance (Upright Bass) 4; Academics (Dead Languages) 3, Awareness 2, Investigation 2, Medicine (Forensic Pathology) 2, Occult 2, Science (Thanatology) 1, Technology 1

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Fortitude 1, Obfuscate 1



GANGREL

"The joy of being of our clan is you have the freedom to choose: Camarilla or Anarch. The only wrong answer is when you try to play both sides."

— Tyrus, to a new member of the Wolf Pack

Chicago's Gangrel significantly reduced in number when the Wolf Pack — a coterie of vampires in part acting as Hounds for the Prince and in part acting with greater Camarilla authority, as Archons against Sabbat and Lupine activity — departed for reasons unknown. Now, the biker gang is making its return. Where they'll fall in allegiance is a source of much debate among the city's vampires.

ANTHIUS "DREAD"

Epitaph: Wounded Wolf

Quote: *"Sometimes you have to not fight to survive."*

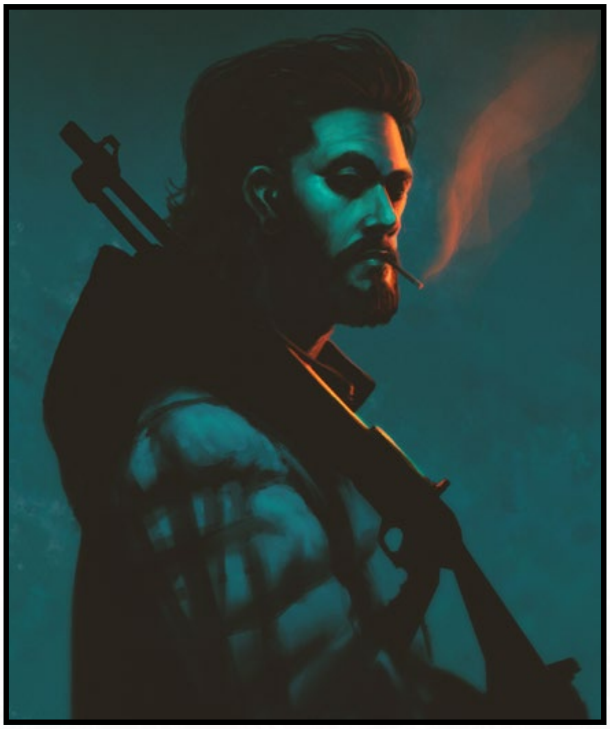
Clan: Gangrel

MORTAL DAYS: REBUILDING A NATION

Anthius emigrated to America from Greece following the American Civil War and set up a farm on the outskirts of Seattle. With so many having been killed in the conflict, there was an opportunity for a young man to make his fortune. He reared cattle and sheep on his land and became a respected member of his community despite keeping largely to himself. While the tide of times passed him by, he quietly prospered.

After a few years on the farm, he noticed his animals were getting sickly. He couldn't explain it until he spotted a lone wolf on the outskirts of his farm one night. He grabbed his rifle and rushed out to defend his flock, only for the wolf to calmly turn and move back into the woods from whence it came. Every night for several months, the wolf came again, and every night Anthius came out to confront it, it departed.

Then came the first night when the wolf didn't appear. Anthius hoped the mad creature had been killed in the woods, or maybe died of old age. The wolf never returned, however, that very night, an older man came to visit. He introduced himself as a weary traveler seeking a rest from the road. Against his better judgement, Anthius opened his door and let the strange man inside.



The strange traveler told him tales of the wilderness, about wandering the forests through the eyes of an animal. Anthius had heard tales of the so-called medicine men of the old west and wondered if this was some snake oil salesman here to sell him native trinkets or drugs. Instead he fell upon him and Embraced him.

KINDRED NIGHTS: HIS OWN MAN

Anthius was not interested in his sire's offer of companionship. He stayed with him as far as D.C. before striking out on his own again. With only the very basics of his Kindred existence explained to him. Anthius hoped to live out eternity in seclusion, but the news coming from his homeland during World War II called him back to defend Greece from the Nazi invasion.

Following the war, he was drawn into the ensuing Greek Civil War, fighting on the side of the Democratic Army of Greece under the banner of the Greek People's Liberation Army. Following their defeat, Anthius returned, despondent, to America. He vowed never to return to Greece. While travelling across the country, intending to return to Washington, he encountered Tyrus and became his travelling companion. Once they reached Washington, the two decided to keep moving together and have been friends ever since.

The nomadic lifestyle suited the man who had just abandoned the idea of a homeland and so he was wary when he and Tyrus became bogged down in the affairs of Chicago but, nevertheless, fought to aid his friend in his struggles.

The wounds he suffered at the claws and teeth of Lupines during their attack put him in torpor and, since recovering, Anthius has become far more circumspect. This change in his attitude has put some strain on his relationship with the other members of the Wolf Pack. However, their vast history and shared experience runs deep, and it would take a great wedge indeed to separate him from his coterie.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Calm the Beast:** Anthius believes Tyrus is veering too far towards a bestial nature. He fears not only that his oldest friend might fall into madness, but that he may simply get himself killed in the process.

- **Not Our Fight:** Having bled for the Camarilla and received scant reward, Anthius sees their continued loyalty as misplaced, seeing the Anarchs as more sympathetic to the needs of the Kindred of the world than the Camarilla, which is merely an analogue of the kingdom he fought to replace in Greece.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Life on the Road (Haven 0)** The Wolf Pack don't keep a settled haven and stay on the move around the city and its outskirts. They can regularly be found frequenting biker bars and garages owned by their contacts.

- **Doc Holliday's (Allies 2, Contacts 2, Influence 3)** Doc's is a prominent feature on the I-90 and a favored haunt of the Wolf Pack. Its owner and several of the patrons are friends of theirs, and they have found useful information and ghouls within its walls over the years.

- **Betty Boop's Garage (Allies 1)** Betty Boop's is a small motorcycle repair business based in South Chicago. The owner and chief mechanic, Thera, is a Greek immigrant and Anthius enjoys talking to her in his native tongue.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Perry "Como" Santori (Retainers 3)** Perry is an old school biker and one of Anthius' ghouls. He isn't the sharpest tool in the box, but as blunt instruments go, he is very effective.

- **Thera Astoris (Allies 1, Resources 1)** Anthius does odd jobs for Thera and finds her excellent company. Her political idealism reminds him of himself when he was younger, and he regularly tries to measure her firebrand nature.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **The Wolf Pack (Suicide Pact?)** Recent events have led Anthius to believe that the Wolf Pack needs to be more careful or they could end up dead. Their recent battles have not gone well and Anthius worries the reckless nature of his companions is going to get them all killed. That said, he would rather die beside them than survive their death.

- **Sergeant Duncan MacTavish (Fear)** Their recent encounter with Sergeant MacTavish has spooked Anthius. It is obvious to him that, although he is younger, the bogeyman of Chicago has training and equipment that equalizes his disadvantages. Max's prediction that he would kill Tyrus hasn't helped.

- **Prince Kevin Jackson (Disappointment)** Anthius' hopes for Prince Jackson were for someone that would really try to change things. All he sees from the new Prince is more of the same.

- **Milena Aronyan (Decent)** Milena might be a Blue Blood, but she knows what it means to get your hands dirty. She has tried to convince him of the worthiness of Prince Jackson but Anthius remains unconvinced.

WHISPERS:

- **Schism in the Pack:** Tyrus has seemingly been asked to leave the city alone. Anthius fears a plot to kill him is afoot, especially following the warnings of what would happen if the Wolf Pack leader leaves the city.

- **Defanged Wolf:** Some voices in Elysium say that Anthius has lost his taste for battle and no longer has the heart to do what needs to be done to protect the Camarilla. His position of Archon is in question and opportunists jockey to be first in line should he require to be replaced.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Anthius lives completely off the grid. Only Thera is aware of his hiding places and she is happy to pay him cash in hand for the odd jobs he does. This situation suits Anthius just fine. He did set up a false identity as a mechanic in the 1970s under the name of George Papagiannopoulos, but hasn't maintained it since then (**Mask 1**).

- Despite his nickname of "Dread", Anthius is decidedly more measured and thoughtful than the other members of the Wolf Pack. When roused, however, he is nearly as formidable as Tyrus himself and some older Kindred warn licks not to underestimate him.

- Anthius is a handsome, tall man who often wears a padded jacket and jeans. He styles his hair with healthy doses of pomade and can often be seen sliding a slick comb through his backcombed mane. He carries a shotgun which he keeps in a side compartment built into his motorcycle.

- Regardless of the Wolf Pack's somewhat diminished status, Anthius is still an Archon and is treated with deference by most at court. While whispers take place behind his back, most wise Kindred are careful not to insult him to his face.

Sire: Keegan

Embraced: 1872 (Born 1845)

Ambition: Freedom for all, at any cost

Convictions: Keep his friends safe, even from themselves

Touchstones: Thera Astoris — Employer and friend

Humanity: 6

Generation: 8th

Blood Potency: 3

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4; Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 4; Intelligence 4, Wits 4, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 7, Willpower 7

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Drive (Motorcycles) 4, Firearms (Shotgun) 4, Larceny 2, Melee (Knives) 2, Stealth 4, Survival (Wilderness) 3; Animal Ken (Cattle) 3, Etiquette (Camarilla) 3, Insight 1, Intimidation 2, Leadership 2, Persuasion 3, Streetwise 4; Academics 2, Awareness 3, Investigation 3, Medicine (First Aid) 2, Occult 1, Politics 2, Science (Fuel) 2, Technology (Motorcycles) 3

Disciplines: Animalism 2, Fortitude 4, Obfuscate 1, Protean 4

LEWIS "LULU" SHENG

Epitaph: The Fixer

Quote: "You best stay the fuck out my way."

Clan: Gangrel

MORTAL DAYS: JUST ANOTHER JOB

Lewis was born and raised in Grand Crossing, Chicago — one of the roughest parts of the city. Since he was a child, he was involved in the local street gang called the "C-O Young Ones", a small-time group of hoodlums who quickly became known troublemakers. When he was eight years old, he learned how to unlock cars without the key, at eleven he was hotwiring said cars, and by the ripe age of thirteen he was driving those cars.

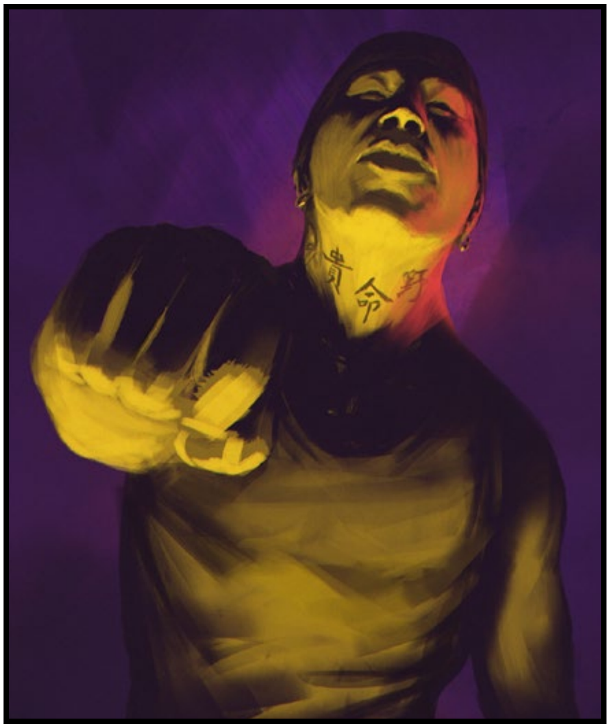
However, one day a carjacking did not go as planned for Lewis and his lookout. They broke in and were getting the car out of the driveway when they were forced to stop by a car pulling in. The man behind the wheel jumped out in a frenzy, phone already to his head calling the police. Lewis' partner bailed, leaving him to fend for himself. The police arrived and he was charged with motor vehicle theft. He served a five-year sentence in a juvenile detention center due to his young age.

When Lewis was released as an 18-year-old, he went right back to his old neighborhood and saw how little it had changed throughout the years. His time in prison had not changed his troubled mind, only provided him with more contacts and rep. A part of him was ashamed the neighborhood had stagnated in his five-year absence, but this gave him an opportunity finish what he started. If nothing else, the five years in prison earned him respect, especially among the younger gangsters.

Through the next year, Lewis rose the ranks in the gang very quickly, garnering more and more respect as he completed each task better than the last. Long gone were the days of Lewis the carjacking hoodlum. He had taken on a new identity: Lulu. In spite of his new alias being laughable to some other gang members, Lulu made damn sure to show everyone he completed his work no matter what. Need muscle? Call Lulu. Need backup? Call Lulu. Need to ice a fool? Call Lulu. If there was a task that needed doing, and done quickly, you call Lulu. From that point on, Lulu always referred to himself in the third person.

KINDRED NIGHTS: TIME FOR THE REAL BUSINESS

With a new name, Lulu felt bulletproof. He could not help but feel as if the world was his to take with every successful hijack, robbery, theft, and, eventually, murder he performed. This newfound attitude brought him to the interest of the gang-leader going by the name "Diligence". The leader was a Gangrel in the employ of Walter Nash, a



career criminal of Clan Ventrue, and the spark the young mortal portrayed was nothing but fascinating to him. On that night, he became a ghoul and got his first taste of the Kindred world. He wanted more. He could not get enough. It only took two months for Diligence to Embrace Lulu.

One night after his Embrace, Diligence was shot in the head and burned to death by an opposing gang. Lulu was left to his own devices, divided between the world of kine and the world of Kindred. He did not know how to utilize his new abilities and did not know where to seek more knowledge.

That night, he went to a strip club and almost drained a dancer dry. He went to the bar to get a shot, and vomited all the blood back up. Ever since, Lulu could never find that spark he had before his Embrace. He wandered the world like a zombie desperately trying to find someone like him. It was months later he spotted a woman plunging her fangs into a homeless man's neck not too far from his haven. He chatted her up and after her initial defenses lowered, he explained his situation to her. The two Kindred have since formed a strong, friendly relationship.

Lulu runs a car procurement "business" where he successfully provides the Kindred in the city with vehicles on demand. Her earns a substantial amount on his illegal business and has made a name for himself in the underground society but fears he's just sunk back down to his Lewis Pitts status as a hijacker and nothing more.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Destroy the Competition:** Although Lulu's drive will never be the same, he yearns to once again feel that spark of life taken away from him with the Embrace. Performing illegal deeds does not give him the same rush it once did but destroying the competition does. He will not let anyone, no matter age, clan, or name, stand in the way of doing his business.
- **Lulu is My Name:** Being left to his own devices as a newly Embraced vampire and feeling as if the whole world turned its back on him gave Lulu enough willpower to withstand anything the world has to throw at him. His ambition reaches above that of most young vampires, at least that is what he thinks, and he wants to climb the social ladder to stand on the top of the criminal underground pyramid in Chicago.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Chatham Garages (Allies 3, Haven 2)** Lulu runs his business out of a series of garages and car mechanics' in Chatham, each of which is set up for "detailing" stolen vehicles that he then has driven to their new owners. Lulu ensures the operation remains well-run and efficient, and chases off any overt signs of illegality taking place around his properties.
- **Grand Crossing Rowhouses (Contacts 3, Haven 2)** Although not directly affiliated with the gang since running his own business, he is still welcome in his gang's old headquarters located in Grand Crossing, in an abandoned rowhouse. He still has a couple of good friends from his time hanging around, although many of them are dead or now have families.
- **The Hood (Allies 2, Herd 2):** The area between Chatham and Grand Crossing is unpleasant to many Kindred, but to Lulu, it is his Heaven on earth. He knows every single neighbor, the grocery store owner, the kids playing on the street, even the police in the area who he bribes to stay out of his business.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Jody Wrangler (Retainer 2):** Lulu first met Jody a couple of weeks after his Embrace, as the newest prospect of the gang. As a prospect, he was treated harshly by the rest of the gang, as a way to toughen him up and also show status. Lulu could not help but feel sorry for the kid and took him under his wing. In exchange, Jody brought back some lost confidence to Lulu, as he looked up to him more than anyone else.
- **Albert Ingmann (Contact 2):** Albert was Lulu's prison pastor, the two forming a close bond that extended beyond Lulu's time inside. The pastor still writes to Lulu, who is scared to meet up with the priest again following his Embrace.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Alphonse Gabriel Capone (Employer):** Lulu is constantly looking to expand his business. Recently, this led him to contact one of Capone's henchpeople, who promised protection and security, if only he provided Capone with percentages of the business. Lulu agreed and the two are now in a dangerous working relationship. Lulu has no idea how dangerous Capone is, or indeed the legendary gangster's true identity.

- **Nadine "Nitro" Lewandowski (Ally):** In Lulu's days as a mortal, just as he entered the crime environment of Chicago, he met Nitro, a young girl who, much like himself, was a troublemaker. Although they never grew close, Nitro did pull Lulu out of trouble more than once, and Lulu sees her as a valuable ally.

- **Tatyana Makarova (Kin):** On the face of it, a low-level gangster and a former Soviet fighter pilot should have little in common. Surprisingly, the two feel kinship over the status as outsiders and underdogs. Tatyana was the first vampire to really give a shit about Lulu, so he watches her back.

WHISPERS:

- **Dark Past:** Several Kindred in the city claim to have seen Lulu feeding from minors hanging around Chatham. He calls them "prospects". Some rumors go as far as saying he uses his position of influence to feed from young women especially.

- **Charity Loss:** Shortly following a well-publicized homeless charity run from Grand Crossing to Chatham, the sizeable amount collected suddenly disappeared from the safe in which it was held. A month after, Lulu established his new business and started driving around in a sports car he holds in his own name.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Lulu is a 6'2", physically-toned Chinese-American. He knows the way to success is in how you present yourself, therefore he always makes sure to wear shirts and tops showcasing his gang tattoos. He also has a couple of prison tattoos on his knuckles and around his neck. He often wears a cap or a beanie covering his buzzed hair.

- "Lulu" is the Mask Lewis wears, and he does so effectively on the street. Were the police to arrest him, or if he drew the attention of more malignant forces, such as FIRSTLIGHT, his street identity would swiftly crumble (**Mask 1**).

Sire: Diligence

Embraced: 2012 (Born 1983)

Ambition: Rise to more than just the role of carjacker

Convictions: I'll never let the law take me alive

Touchstones: Albert Ingmann — prison pastor Lulu met while incarcerated.

Humanity: 5

Generation: 13th

Blood Potency: 1

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2; Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Composure 3; Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 5

Secondary Attributes: Health 5, Willpower 8

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl (Street Fighting) 3, Drive 3, Firearms 2, Larceny (Car Theft) 4, Stealth 2; Intimidation 2, Leadership 2, Persuasion 2, Streetwise (Chicago Underworld) 3, Subterfuge 1; Awareness 1, Finance 2

Disciplines: Celerity 1, Fortitude 2, Protean 2

MAX "BLOOPER" HAGEN

Epitaph: The Beast of the Backroads

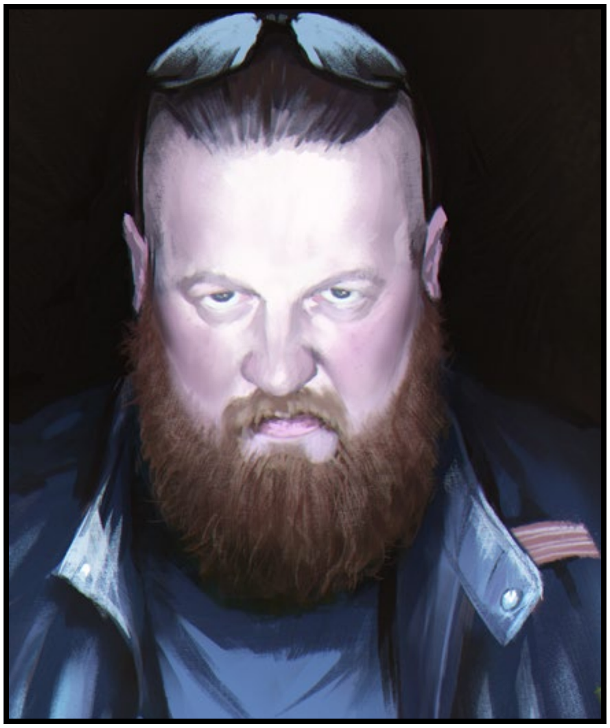
Quote: *"You call that evil? Oh, little pup, you ain't seen the things that'll tickle your cold innards and put writhing eels in them."*

Clan: Gangrel

MORTAL DAYS: OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

Growing up just outside of nowhere, Illinois, Max's slow-flowing days bled into one another. In the lazy haze of hunting, fishing, and camping, he dreamed of anywhere that wasn't the sleepy town of Carmi. When allowed at school, Max excelled at sports and learned about the wide world, but times were lean, and his family required him to toil on the farm most days. Max stared with lust at the open roads, hungry to devour the miles and find a more lucrative vocation.

Prohibition was two decades gone, but moonshiners still managed a tidy sum throughout the '50s and '60s. By the time he stood 17 summers high, Max knew every backroad, byway, and bolt hole with intimacy. With his foot on the gas pedal, no law dog could catch him. Such careers, however, are always one day away from a bad end. Shortly after his eighteenth birthday, Max stood in front of a grim judge who gave him a choice: serve his country or serve time in Southern Illinois Penitentiary. With little thought, Max enlisted in the U.S. Army.



Max took quickly to the military and served his first tour in Pleiku, Vietnam in 1962. His country boy naiveté and a penchant for the M-79 grenade launcher earned Max the nickname "Blooper." His first tour concluded, Max re-upped for another, staying in Pleiku. This second tour took an abrupt end on February 7th, 1965. He never saw a third tour, never went home to see his father before he died, never took another breath in the warmth of the sun.

KINDRED NIGHTS: INTO THE FIRE

Max was Embraced in the hot jungle night, as the shells rained down. There were fangs and screams in the dark. When Max's heart stopped, the staccato explosions became the heartbeat of his new existence. The Sabbat pack had slipped into the camp, seeking cover. The Cainites had no plans to turn Blooper, but the pack Ductus saw something in the soldier worth preserving.

Max awoke with a mouthful of swampy soil and tore his way from his earthen womb. When the red fever dream of his first frenzy faded, Max found the fang-gnawed corpse of his squad's NCO in his arms. The man had saved Max's life on more than one occasion. The memory of that night haunted the rest of his unlife and began his first slide towards the Beast.

The vinculum bound Blooper's will to the Sabbat cause. Where his pack went, he followed — through Vietnam, to New York, and eventually the Midwest. After a Chicago raid, Blooper and his pack fled south to Danville, Illinois. The pack had used the small city as a staging ground for years, unaware they were being watched.

The daytime attack came without warning, and the groggy vampires could not properly respond or regroup. Some fell to ash and Final Death. Others, Blooper included, found themselves processed and imprisoned in Blacksite 24. The years limped by as eternities in hideous fluorescent light. Max endured experiment after agonizing experiment. Time and torture eroded the bonds of blood, and Blooper resented the pact and sect that used him. Hunkered down in a hell of introspection, Max saw how debased he had become. He saw, painfully so, why a Masquerade was necessary.

In 2017, Blooper escaped the FIRSTLIGHT facility. He fled into the country and the night, but remains in the Illinois area. There is much work to do. The Sabbat has all but vanished into their Gehenna Crusades. He'll have to settle that score later. In the meantime, Max uses his violent talents to help the innocent and atone for years of monstrous atrocities. He also stalks FIRSTLIGHT, biding his time.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Reconnoiter:** Blooper does not remember the exact location of the FIRSTLIGHT base, but lopes about central Illinois, ever-searching, ever-securing a wider territory. He knows those desolate backroads. He tails FIRSTLIGHT agents. He gathers a small group of Anarchs he calls the Railroad Dogs. Someday soon, they will take the fight to FIRSTLIGHT.

- **Haunted by the Past:** Memories of his monstrous deeds torment Blooper. A recovering former member of the Sabbat, he recognizes that one slip could send him spiraling back into the belly of the Beast. For this reason, Max maintains a hard definition of right and wrong and is willing to risk his own neck to maintain it. Crossing the lines of this raggedy code of conduct is not something Blooper tolerates in those around him, which often causes tension between him and his fellow Kindred.

- **Tinfoil Hats:** Torturous years as a captive of FIRSTLIGHT frayed Blooper's nerves more than he cares to admit. His desire for revenge only barely outpaces his fear of being recaptured. These two drives fight like feral cats in his guts. The paranoia is strong. Max distrusts anything electronic and compulsively covers his tracks.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **The Historic Lincoln Hotel (Fame 1, Haven 4)** Built in 1923, the abandoned and historic Lincoln Hotel is the centerpiece of the failing Urbana downtown. Shut down and condemned in 2016, Blooper and the Railroad Dogs use it as a haven. They maintain the rumors of its haunting to keep the public away.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Red Adams (Contacts 2)** Red is the president of a local motorcycle club that raises money for local charities, supporting such causes as the Cunningham Children's Home and the Rantoul Special Olympics. Blooper met Red at local bike nights and recognized his worth in keeping tabs on gang and police activity in the area. Blooper refuses to feed Red his vitae even though it would make the sometime-unpredictable biker more reliable.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Railroad Dogs (Family)** Consisting of the only Kindred Blooper trusts, this coterie maintains a working relationship as tight as any Sabbat pack, but without the forced fellowship of ritual vaulderie. In this ragtag group of Anarchs, Max finally found the family he needed. However, his willingness to trust his comrades could leave him vulnerable.

- **Edward Neally (Odd Solidarity)** Every once in a while, these two become the most unlikely of drinking buddies. They both have Sabbat sorrows to drown. Under the influence of inebriated blood, they make a game of gleefully coming up with ever more elaborate forms of revenge to enact on their former pack mates.

WHISPERS:

- **Traitor:** There's no way Blooper escaped that hunter facility without being let out. He's a double agent! Hell, maybe he's a programed sleeper agent and doesn't even know. Can we trust anyone he's "rescued?"

- **That's no Gangrel:** He might shape-shift, but he talks a lot like a Brujah. Hell, he moves a lot like a Brujah.

- **Driven:** There's something screwy about his FIRSTLIGHT story. He rants like a conspiracy theorist, avoids all useful technology — extreme paranoia. Yet he continues to pursue the bastards. Just doesn't make sense. Why isn't he long gone?

- **Dark Past:** For someone so young, his blood seems awfully thick. It doesn't matter whom he serves now — once diablerist, always a diablerist.

- **Omega Wolf:** Why hasn't the Wolf Pack approached this obvious potential addition to their coterie? If the Archons don't trust him, there must be something fishy about this Gangrel.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Blooper is a large man who appears to be in his late 30s to early 40s. For a man of the streets, he keeps his red beard and long, brown hair well groomed. He likes to keep the sides of his head shaved. A perpetual scowl adorns his face. Even with the Blush of Life, there is something preternaturally savage about him.

- Blooper dresses the part of the biker — faded jeans, leather chaps, leather vest with the colors of his crew, and a network of patches containing symbols recognizable only to Kindred in the know. When the weather demands, he dons a leather jacket, wearing his vest over it in the biker culture fashion.

- Blooper's mortal identity is that of a local biker named Larry Mincher, a Gulf War veteran with few holdings. His reluctance to use electronic technology leaves only a faint information trail (**Mask 2**).

Sire: The Hilton Pack

Embraced: 1967 (Born 1944)

Ambition: Find and kill my former pack

Convictions: Help the innocent

Touchstones: Red Adams — contact within the biker world

Humanity: 5

Generation: 8th

Blood Potency: 2

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5; Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 1; Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 8, Willpower 4

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Drive 3, Firearms (Automatics) 3, Larceny 1, Melee 1, Stealth (Tailing) 2, Survival 2; Insight 1, Intimidation 1, Leadership 1, Streetwise (Biker Gangs) 2; Awareness 2, Investigation 1, Medicine 1

Disciplines: Celerity 3, Obfuscate 2, Protean 3

NADINE "NITRO" LEWANDOWSKI

Epitaph: The Face of the Pack

Quote: *"We can't let Ramrod's sacrifice be in vain."*

Clan: Gangrel

MORTAL DAYS: CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Nadine grew up in a tight-knit, and poor, family in New York. As the youngest child, she was doted on by her father and older sister, Raya, who always looked to protect her from the harsh realities of life. She never truly knew what her father's business was or what it was that her sister wasn't telling her. She only knew that it put food on the table and kept a leaky roof over their heads. They didn't have much and relied on each other.

One night, their apartment was visited by a group of men who said they were associates of her father. Nadine was curious about them, but her mother insisted that she stay in her room while the men talked business. A few moments later, her sister burst in carrying a backpack she seemed to already have packed. Without explanation, she began stuffing items of Nadine's clothing into a second bag, ignoring her pleas for explanation. Raya thrust the bag into her hands and told Nadine to follow her as she climbed out of the window and onto the fire escape. They were no more than halfway down when the gunshots rang out. Raya would not even allow Nadine to scream as they departed, not wanting to give themselves away to anyone that might be pursuing them.

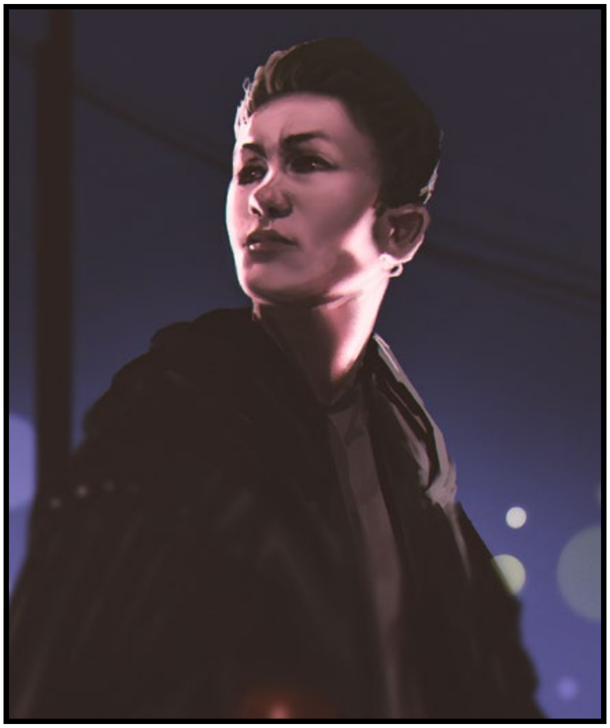
Consigned to life on the road, Raya and Nadine embarked on a life of petty theft to survive, finding shelter in abandoned garages and houses. Occasionally, they would slip in through the windows of families on vacation and spend a week living like royalty on the contents of their refrigerator before quickly moving on.

Spending only what they could steal and quickly growing out of the clothes they had scrounged in their hasty exit from their parents' house, they fell in with various gangs on their travels. Eventually they joined up with a group of bikers offering them family and belonging on the open road. It was this that brought them into contact with the Wolf Pack and Ramrod.

The charismatic Gangrel kept the two young guns in his sights for a while before bringing them into his service as two more ghouls in his burgeoning collection. For a while, the two had meaning and family. The vitae blinding them to the revolving door Ramrod's ghouls seemed to flit through as they were lost in the many fights into which he threw his soldiers. Through it all, though, Nadine and Raya remained alive and continued to serve their domitor.

That all changed on the night they met Maldavis. Ramrod thought their presence would minimize the chance of conflict. He had not bargained upon the presence of Duncan MacTavish in the rafters, and he gunned Raya down in front of her sister.

Heartbroken at her loss and in scant reward for her unflinching service over a number of years, Ramrod embraced Nadine and offered her a place in the Wolf Pack.



KINDRED NIGHTS: FREEDOM AND VENGEANCE

Nadine adapted well to Kindred life, since not much changed for her. The burning desire for revenge remained at the back of her mind, however hard Ramrod and the others tried to suppress it. Taking the name of "Nitro", Nadine became an integral member of their group.

Whenever the opportunity arose to take a pot shot at the Anarchs, Nadine would grab it with both hands in the hope of drawing out her nemesis, the man who killed her sister. Despite many attempts to find MacTavish, however, it seemed she was beneath his notice.

That was until the fateful night when MacTavish took the only family she had left, her sire. Ramrod sacrificed himself so she could escape. Another family member giving her life so she could live on. She fell into a depression for a while, but Dread talked her into remaining with the Wolf Pack. Ultimately, she had nowhere else to go.

Returning to Chicago, Nadine has had enough of being the one who is saved. She will take out this Anarch bogeyman or die trying.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Attack the Flock:** Searching for MacTavish is like trying to find a needle in 500 haystacks in the dark. However, Nadine knows how to get his attention. She constantly lobbies both Tyrus and the Prince to take action against the Anarchs, hoping to draw the murderous Kindred's attention back to them.

- **Uncover the Past:** Raya never told Nadine why the men who killed her family did so. She is unaware of who they are. She has no idea what shady deals her father made with them. She would give almost anything to find out, though.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Life on the Road (Haven 0)** The Wolf Pack are constantly moving around the city and its outskirts, making temporary havens in garages and biker bars.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- Nadine hasn't yet taken anyone into her service. Instead, she is often installed as the leader of the forces rallied by Tyrus and Anthius. In keeping with the tutelage of her sire, in time, she intends to raise an army of ghouls to defend Chicago from the Anarch menace and Second Inquisition alike.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **The Wolf Pack (Family)** Nadine is the acceptable face of the Wolf Pack. Her gregarious demeanor makes her more suited to talking than the psychotic Tyrus or aloof and withdrawn Anthius. She regards the two men as the only real family she has left to her in the world and treats them accordingly.

- **Sergeant Duncan MacTavish (Pure Hatred)** He killed her sister right before her eyes. What more needs to be said?

- **Prince Kevin Jackson (Backstabber)** Nadine suspects Jackson may be secretly trying to do away with the Wolf Pack. For this reason, she wants to gather forces loyal to the Pack rather than the Camarilla, not trusting any aid the Prince offers them or personnel whose loyalty is to him.

WHISPERS:

- **Divided Attentions:** While Nadine maintains her first loyalty to the Wolf Pack, many have noted her inquisitive nature toward New York and the organized crime scene there.

- **Voice of the Wolves:** While she does not command the instant respect her elder peers do; all Kindred know that she speaks with the voice of the Wolf Pack. Threatening her is akin to threatening them all.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Nadine lives completely off the grid and has done since she was a child. Having been declared dead by the State of New York, she is not actively being looked for by law enforcement other than as a suspect in numerous thefts across the country.

- Nadine is a pale, skinny woman who appears to be in her late teens or early 20s. She has blond hair cut short to fit inside motorcycle helmets. Nadine wears oversized clothing that often seems to hang off of her and make her look smaller than she is, but serves as hiding places for an arsenal of weapons.

- Nadine is known around the city by the name "Nitro" and she keeps her true identity to herself. Only other members of the Wolf Pack refer to her as Nadine but never in public. She earned her name for her choice of motorcycle, eschewing the usual chopper style for a high-powered superbike.

Sire: Ramrod

Embraced: 2018 (Born 1999)

Ambition: Free herself from the ghosts of her past

Convictions: Gain vengeance on all who have wronged me; Build a new family

Touchstones: Herb "Trashcan" Taczan — Blue Knights soldier and potential ghoul; Erin Logan — Riverdale schoolgirl and potential ghoul

Humanity: 7

Generation: 9th

Blood Potency: 2

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2; Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Composure 2; Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 5, Willpower 5

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Drive (Motorcycles) 3, Firearms (Pistols) 3, Larceny 1, Melee (Baseball Bat) 2, Stealth 2, Survival (Urban) 1; Etiquette (Camarilla) 3, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 3, Streetwise 4; Awareness 3, Investigation 2, Technology (Computers) 2

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Fortitude 2, Protean 1

TYRUS

Epitaph: Madcap Biker

Quote: *"Fuck 'em up, lads."*

Clan: Gangrel

MORTAL DAYS: A NEW FRONTIER

Tyrus came to America when it was still called "the New World" and that is what he wanted. A new world, untamed by human progress. He longed to find a lawless frontier where he could find himself and live by his own code for his own reasons. America didn't disappoint him and he wandered far and wide, drawing the gaze of some of the first Kindred to arrive in America.

Tyrus often rented himself out as a guide or tracker for people wanting to leave the safety of the old port towns behind and make their way into the real wilderness. He took his charges to places unseen by human eyes in hundreds of years. He hunted and cooked the freshest wild game on the trail. Life was good.

Of course, as all mortal life is fleeting, so are its pleasures. Tyrus feared the day when he became too old to savor the smell of clean air after a day's hike across the prairie or taste the clean water that flowed from inaccessible mountain streams. One evening, drunk in a tavern in Maryland, a vampire approached Tyrus and discussed this condition with him. He offered to make him forever young and ensure that his voyage through this wild country could go on forever.

KINDRED NIGHTS: MODERN-DAY OUTLAW

Although his sire kept his promise, the price to be paid was steep. Tyrus would never again watch the sun rise over the lakes or draw nourishment from the wilds. Instead, he was a predator and humanity was his prey. He tried to take to this new life, assured by the eternal youth it promised him. However, the doubts of what he had become constantly gnawed at the corners of his mind.

Tyrus descended into a life of transient violence, going from place to place, getting involved in brawl after brawl. The advent of automobiles and motorcycles breathed new life into him and allowed him to cross great distances at speed.

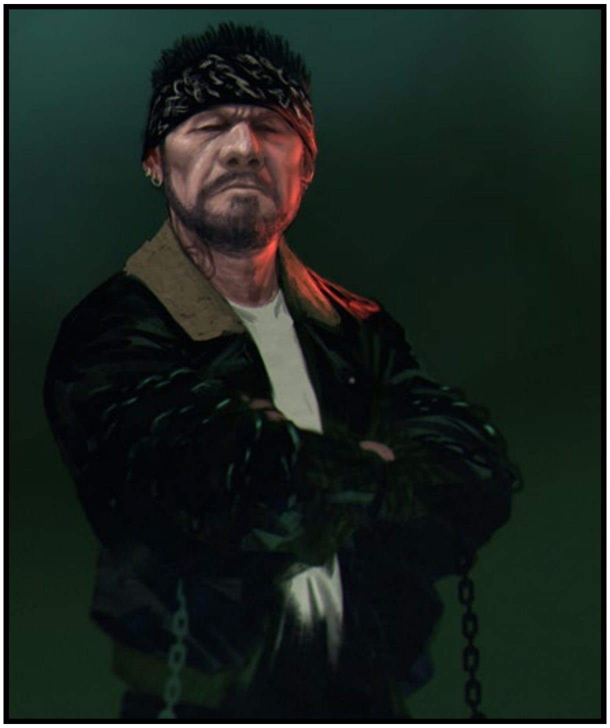
He realized that he took no comfort in his solitude and followed the trend of the times, trying and failing on multiple occasions to put together the perfect biker gang to roam the country as modern-day outlaws and vigilantes.

He Embraced many, slaughtering almost all of them as they proved feral and unworthy in his eyes. Finally, he gathered the group to himself known as the Wolf Pack. Together, they not only found friendship of sorts, but purpose. They proudly worked together as Archons for the Chicago Camarilla.

While his name has been tarnished by the death of a Prince on his watch, Tyrus is still feared and respected throughout the city. He continues to tread the line between loyalty and insanity, while secretly hoping to be ordered out onto the road once again.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Name Restored:** Tyrus wishes to restore the reputation of the Wolf Pack in the city after the blows it has taken over the past years. The upcoming summit regarding the Lasombra may be such an opportunity and Tyrus has redoubled his efforts to keep the Pack at the forefront of security for the event.



- **Hit the Road:** In reality, all Tyrus truly wants is to return to his transient life. Travelling from place to place and never settling down for too long holds the greatest appeal. He appreciates the security the Wolf Pack's position in the city gives, but fears they have already outstayed their welcome in this town. Only his younger charges' desires to continue to perform their duties to the city, and his desire to fulfil what he sees as his duty to them, keeps him from leaving.
- **Kill the Bogeyman:** Tyrus has been on the receiving end of a bullet from Duncan MacTavish and he fears the deadly Scotsman may be the end of him. At the same time, he may be the battle that Tyrus needs to bring him back to himself. After all, nothing gets his blood flowing like a good scrap.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Life on the Road (Haven 0)** The Wolf Pack are always on the move and Tyrus especially eschews the idea of making a haven.
- **Doc Holliday's (Allies 2, Contacts 2, Influence 3)** Doc's is Tyrus' favorite bar, filled with mortals he likes, trusts, and uses for information on the road ahead.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **"Blazin'" Buzz Baroni (Allies 2)** Buzz is a hoary old biker who has seen it all. His stories of the people who have come and gone from his bar could fill a very entertaining novel and he knows the score with all of the biker gangs in Chicago. He earned his name for the vast quantities of marijuana that he's sold at Doc Holliday's. He often points Tyrus in the direction of people he needs to talk to, and he's the first opinion Tyrus looks for when he's considering taking a new ghoul.

- **Gang Members (Retainers 2, Herd 2)** The Wolf Pack have always maintained a group of ghouls to watch their backs during the day and in dangerous situations. Tyrus also maintains some regular gang members in his service for feeding purposes.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Olaf, the One-Eyed King (Wary)** Tyrus is nervous about this new figure on the streets. If it is, as he fears, a broken minded Lodin, there's no telling what he might have in store for the Archons. Tyrus shields the others from this rumor, fearing they may underestimate their former Prince and try to silence him with force. He does not believe Lodin could be so easily dealt with, given what he has survived.

- **The Wolf Pack (Surrogate Children)** Tyrus sees himself as the leader of the pack and so it's up to him to make sure that they are strong enough to survive. He is often tough on them, but his purpose is always to keep them sharp. He worries that Dread is no longer the same Kindred who was put into torpor by the Lupine attack on the city.

- **Sergeant Duncan MacTavish (Bitter Respect)** This upstart Anarch has become a name the Camarilla licks speak with fear. Tyrus originally thought he was little more than a ghost story, and then the ghost shot him in the face. He is concerned by recent prophecies that MacTavish's eyes will be the last thing he sees.

- **Prince Kevin Jackson (Disappointment)** While he had hoped to form a bond with the young Prince, Tyrus has found him to be disdainful of his record and his methods.

WHISPERS:

- **Heading Out:** Word on the street is that Tyrus is being sent out of the city. Some speculate this is to get him out of the way for the Lasombra negotiations.

- **Walking the Line:** Tyrus is seen by some as a defender of the Camarilla, but some fear he is one bad night away from completely losing his mind in a killing spree.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Tyrus lives completely off the grid. He is mostly spoken of in stories by biker gangs but rarely, if ever, do those telling the stories know his face.

- The old Gangrel has a terrible habit of self-harm and often burns himself with lit cigarettes or stabs through his flesh with safety pins or even nails. He very seldom heals damage taken in combat and seems to enjoy being hurt.

- Tyrus almost exclusively wears biker gear, with a worn looking bandana atop his head with a shock of black hair sticking out of the top. His arms are adorned with robust looking, spiked chains and a set of brass knuckles are never far from his fingers.

- Regardless of the Wolf Pack's somewhat diminished status, Tyrus is well known as a terrifying combatant and is treated with due respect by all who encounter him. He has never desired a Mask and will likely never adopt one.

Sire: Gareth Strong

Embraced: 1635 (Born 1604)

Ambition: Ride to eternal freedom

Convictions: Protect the pack

Touchstones: Buzz Baroni — Biker Bar Owner

Humanity: 5

Generation: 7th

Blood Potency: 4

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5; Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 3; Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 4

Secondary Attributes: Health 8, Willpower 7

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Craft (Motorcycle Parts) 3, Drive (Motorcycles) 4, Firearms 2, Larceny 4, Melee (Improvised Weaponry) 4, Survival (Wilderness) 3; Animal Ken 3, Intimidation 4, Leadership (Gangs) 4, Streetwise 2; Awareness 3, Politics 1, Technology (Engines) 3

Disciplines: Animalism 3, Celerity 2, Fortitude 3, Potence 2, Protean 5

LASOMBRA

"It amuses me to no end that Chicago, the place of the grand sacrifice, draws Lasombra to it like flies. What does that say of our clan, hm? Morbid curiosity, or an innate desire for self-destruction, maybe."

— Zahra Yusef, in a conversation with the ashes of her sire

Chicago proves quite the staging area for Lasombra in these modern nights. Following the sacrifice (**Chicago by Night**, p. 313), the fate of at least a section of the Clan of Night has been decided in this domain.

BRADEN WHITE

Epitaph: Bold Entrepreneur

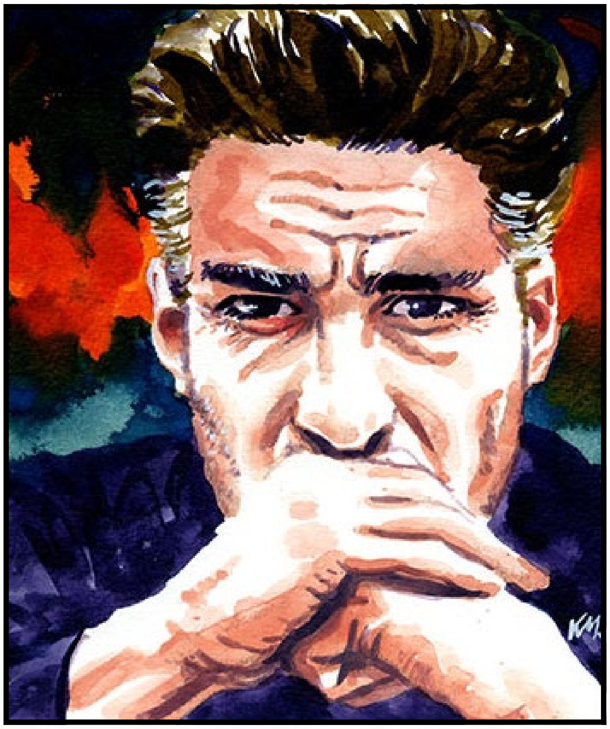
Quote: *"Being good isn't as important as being first."*

Clan: Lasombra

MORTAL DAYS: BORN TO GREATNESS

Braden White is the scion of a wealthy family in the United Kingdom, groomed from his earliest days to succeed. Whatever advantages in life could be bought, his parents afforded him. Trips abroad, tutors in all manner of instruments, games, sciences, martial arts, athletics. All were made available to him. It seemed that Braden couldn't fail in life. He attended the finest private academies that Europe had to offer. From his native Britain, to France, Switzerland, Austria and, finally, Italy. It was there his inexorable march to the high-life came to an abrupt halt.

Marked out by several well-placed contacts of his sire in the elite boarding schools and Universities in Tuscany, Braden was invited to enjoy a skiing trip in the Dolomites with several hand chosen students. Being whisked away to a secluded mountain retreat was not particularly alien to these men of class and distinction, and so they went, full of their own self-importance, into the lair of a monster. What followed was officially described as a terrible accident when a mechanical failure on one of the lifts carrying groups up the mountains caused a carriage to drop. In truth, Braden was the only one his sire and her retainers left alive. At first, it was hailed as a miracle and his parents were elated to find their son as the only survivor of the ordeal, but they found him changed. His memory was seemingly erased by amnesia and he had become addicted to something the consultants and faith healers his parents hired couldn't place.



His sire wanted him to crawl back to her, and she was immensely gratified when he did. Abandoning his family and faking his own suicide, he desperately sought more of the vitae he craved and the answers to the truth of his past. His sire instructed him that it didn't matter who he was, what mattered was that he was to become Lasombra.

KINDRED NIGHTS: A NEW MAN

Stripped of much of his advantages, Braden faced life without the endless wealth and trappings it brought. He was given a new identity, a small stipend and assigned as a minor functionary in one of his sire's business ventures in Florence. Braden cannot remember exactly what it was he did for her, or even her name. What he does remember is the hardening cruelty of her tutelage. She stripped away any memories she deemed weakening or soft. She stringently eradicated any compulsion toward behaviors not useful to her purposes. In Braden, she would cultivate the perfect childe to make her the envy of her peers. However, it was the envy of her peers that was to change Braden's Kindred existence for the better.

He was her star pupil and her contemporaries in the area grew weary of her endless sermonizing about her plans for him. They ensured that not only would he forget her, but he would defect to her clan's great enemy.

Forever the pawn, Braden was finally free to be his own man. Under the conditioning his sire's enemies set down, he resolved to join the Camarilla in America. Braden constantly felt something was missing in his existence, though he could only place it within flashes of memory. He began to keep a journal of his experiences and began his new life in Boston. It was a difficult existence, maintaining his standing with so many enemies arrayed against him, but Braden was equal to the task. He learned lessons from fellow outcasts such as the Giovanni, whose habit of keeping strong familial ties appealed to the perpetual loner. To that end, he brought Errol Blacksmith, one of the city's leading financiers, into his service and proceeded to extend his tendrils throughout members of the extended family.

Under Braden's influence, the Blacksmith family became an echo of the family he had lost. He molded each new generation to fulfil their great destiny and hoped that one day one of them would show enough merit to warrant the Embrace and become a new branch of loyal Camarilla Lasombra.

Braden's move to Chicago was both a necessity and an opportunity. He has been aware for some time of his mysterious sire's desire to have him destroyed. He hopes that hiding his operations behind the Blacksmith family is enough to throw her off the scent, but he remains paranoid of her reappearance. Learning through sources at court that his clan were sending a delegation to Chicago, Braden uproots, intending to be the first on the scene to make his mark with the new clan hierarchy. After all, he was here before them. They need him as much as he needs their protection. Or so he hopes.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Searching for Himself:** Braden's memory is a Swiss cheese of black spots created by his sire's endless tampering with his mind, and her enemies' subsequent reprogramming. While he tries to keep one eye on the businesses operated by the Blacksmiths, he finds himself turning more and more toward researching his past.

- **A Bridge to the Darkness:** Sensing an opportunity, Braden hopes to earn a place as a go-between for the Lasombra arriving in Chicago and the court there. He believes his long, faithful service in Boston should stand him in good stead. In truth, he is a relative unknown in the city and must prove himself to the Prince before his plan can come to fruition.

- **Vengeance or Self-Defense:** Braden is certain that his sire is trying to kill him. The very thought of it seems etched in his mind and he has been known to wake in the day screaming, "She's coming!" For this reason, he is very suspicious, particularly of anyone hailing from Italy or who has even visited there in the past as being an agent of hers.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Evanston Townhouse (Haven 3)** The city's Seneschal was kind enough to assist Braden in purchasing a sandstone townhouse in Evanston. It may not be as grand as his property in Boston, but it will suffice for now.

- **Blacksmith Family (Allies 3, Contacts 3, Herd 2, Resources 4, Retainers 3)** Braden's most trusted servants have accompanied him on his journey while he leaves his loyal ghoul, Errol, in Boston to maintain the main part of the family business.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Errol Blacksmith (Retainers 2)** A ghoul of some ten years, Errol's time at the head of the business may be ending soon. Braden is considering the idea of Embracing the old man but fears making such a request of Prince Jackson so soon may hinder negotiations and his position.

- **Arlene Blacksmith (Allies 1, Herd 1)** Errol's daughter is one of Braden's most promising pet projects. He brought her to Chicago to finish her medical studies, where she is working on hematology.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Rabbi Michalis Basaras (Distrust)** Braden was livid when he found that another Lasombra was already in the city before him. And a preacher to boot. Though the Rabbi seems friendly, Braden worries that Basaras is an agent of his sire.

- **Alan Sovereign (Helpful?)** Sovereign has been nothing but welcoming of Braden since his arrival. He hoped the Seneschal was simply rolling out the red carpet, but Braden suspects Sovereign may see him as a useful billfold for his enterprises.

WHISPERS:

- **Nos-fear-atu:** Braden is fascinated by the Nosferatu. Some say he has an innate fear of them, but he is more interested in aiding the clan for some reason.

- **Loud and Proud:** Unlike the quiet presence of other Lasombra, Braden seems keen to make his mark at court. He has already made an appearance at several high-class establishments.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Braden is a tall, stern faced man who appears older than he likely should after his sire's cruel tutelage. Small streaks of grey fleck the sides of his hair at the temples and throughout his eyebrows. Worry lines punctuate a face that could be considered handsome, were it not so serious.
- Braden has adopted the alias of Clifton Walker to attempt to throw his sire off his scent. He has gone to great lengths, including a minor boon with the Seneschal, to secure official documentation of his new identity (**Mask 2**).
- One of Braden's key interests is in contributing to the Chicago nightlife. While this may seem to be an oversubscribed area of influence in the city, Braden feels that Lasombra coming to the city may feel safer in an establishment controlled by their own. He operates such businesses behind the names of Blacksmith family members.

Sire: Amelia di Carlo

Embraced: 2002 (Born 1978)

Ambition: Be the first to welcome the new clan

Convictions: Uncover the truth of my past; Become a Lasombra lynchpin

Touchstones: Arlene Blacksmith — prodigious medical student; Errol Blacksmith — successful financier and strange father figure

Humanity: 5

Generation: 11th

Blood Potency: 1

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3; Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Composure 4; Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 6, Willpower 7

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Stealth 1; Etiquette (Elysium) 3, Insight 3, Leadership 4, Performance (Singing) 2, Persuasion 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge (Impeccable Lies) 4; Academics (Literature) 2, Awareness 2, Finance (Inheritance) 3, Investigation 3, Politics (Camarilla) 3

Disciplines: Dominate 3, Oblivion 1, Potence 2

EUSTACE LANCASTER

Epitaph: Beckoned elder Lasombra desperate for retribution

Quote: *"The Jyhad is all-encompassing. It is the impetus to wake, our every movement perfectly calculated and motivated, and the last fleeting moments before the weight of the sun reclaims us. We are molded by our environment; such is the toil of damnation.*

Clan: Lasombra

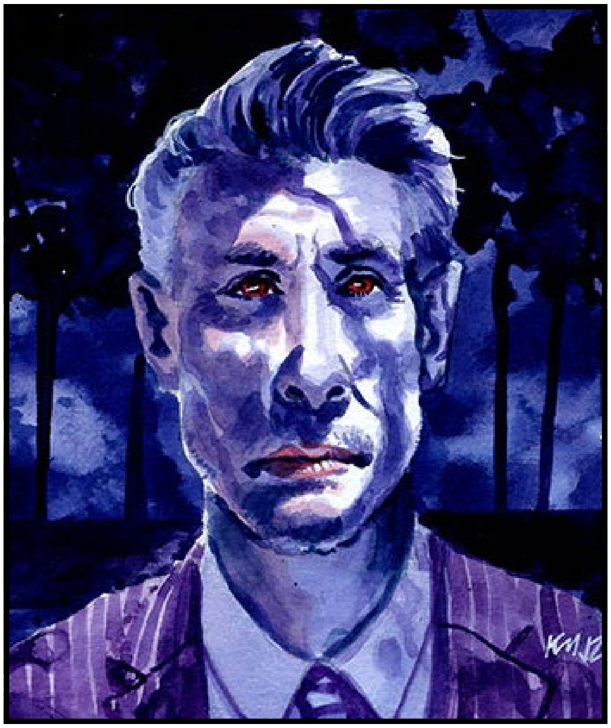
MORTAL NIGHTS: THE CROWN'S SHADOW

Eustace Lancaster remembers little of his mortal day as the centuries past have become nothing more than a faded tapestry. His personal memories only have a scattered amount of terrors and delights. Eustace remembers the courts of Henry VI, the glory of the kingdom of England. He recounts the feelings of love for his mother Mary, forced into a convent by her own family. He recounts houses warring over lands and titles, crowns drenched in the blood of devastated royal armies. What most stands out in his mind was the young love of a noble maiden and her suicide by throwing herself from the ramparts of a castle due to petty politics between houses. This memory by far is his most solidifying, forging the hatred that has driven him forward in modern nights. Her delicate face still haunts his dreams from time to time, her name long-lost to his labyrinthine mind.

Left nothing but his own machinations for power, he turned toward the courts as solace. The royal families warred with words as sharp as daggers all around him and he reveled in the violence. His aptitude within the courts was only matched by his contempt for the houses and their trivial bickering. Driven by his enmity, Eustace forged alliances with ease and broke them just as easily when the need arose. He instigated calamity after calamity between these royal lines for purposes of observation. This malice and skill garnered the attention and growing respect of his soon-to-be Lasombra sire.

Kindred Nights: The Knight's Fear

Eustace was apt to use his knowledge of monarchial matters to wage into the Jyhad. He found sick gratification destroying his enemies in the Cainite courts. When given the order to orchestrate a war between the noble houses, a design mirroring interclan conflicts, Eustace began questioning his allegiance to his sire. Rebuked as a pathetic upstart and given the choice to either be erased from memory or follow through with his sire's command, he set the plan into action. Eustace came to grips with his placement as a pawn in a larger game. This was his first lesson in the Jyhad, one he never forgot.



Pushing King Edward IV of England into marrying Elizabeth Woodville, a woman of no great title, Eustace's subtle actions helped motivate a new phase of the Wars of the Roses. The young Lasombra used the chaos as a front to put his own machinations in motion. He began meeting with fellow neonates conspiring to wage a war of their own. This war would free them and raise them into the leadership of Cainite society. Rebellions swept the continent, throwing centuries-old alliances into disarray. This was when Eustace claims to have found a red flower growing in the moonlight outside his haven. Upon its consumption, he felt the blood bond to his sire snap.

Bolstered by a new sense of purpose, Eustace consumed his sire. With the Anarch Revolt raging around him, once again, he waded into the panic-stricken courts rallying those to the war effort. Though wherever he went, one vampire stood in his way. Eustace's anathema went by the name of Talley, a fellow Lasombra. Talley showed open disdain for Lancaster, seeing him as a poseur and questioned his allegiances. The knight spoke of Lancaster's past loyalties, ones he was so quick to destroy as he saw fit. Politically crushed and discarded as a betrayer to the revolution, Eustace watched as the movement he helped create moved on without him, eventually becoming the Sabbat. He vowed to destroy Talley, as Talley had destroyed his place in the Sabbat's foundation.

As the years flew by, Eustace observed the rise and fall of a plethora of Cainite leaders. Finding American Kindred easier to manipulate, Eustace built a formidable network of spies as he travelled city to city, never settling anywhere too long. This provided him the ability to always be a few steps ahead of any Sabbat pursuing him and allowed him a job as a traveling diplomat for the Camarilla.

At the turn of the 21st century, Eustace began hearing voices, but he dismissed them. The moving shadows he saw from the side of his vision were just figments of his overactive imagination. One evening as he gathered his things in his hotel room to travel north to Washington D.C. he swayed and stumbled. Unable to control his body, Eustace bashed his face against the mirror hanging in his room. Within the shattered reflection he saw a void pulling him in. Eustace screamed in terror as his armed detail rushed into the room. Eustace, shaken but resolute, realized the vision had left him. The need to travel east possessed his mind. Later that night, after meeting with one of his network contacts, he found that Talley was moving toward Chicago with the goal to cement the Lasombra induction to the Camarilla.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **No Quarter:** Eustace Lancaster's obsession to destroy Talley has taken him to Chicago. He is searching for ways to annihilate the Lasombra contingent vying for admittance to the Camarilla. He sees this as validation of his leadership from years before and will do everything in his power to prove he was right.

- **No Peace:** Lancaster has learned of the Church of Caine "reformation". While he cares little of their dogma, he has also heard of their feared ritae. He will gladly work in tandem with the Church if one of their ritae can rid him of this affliction plaguing his mind.

- **No Rest:** Once finished with Talley, Eustace plans to unify the remaining Lasombra once and for all. He sees his clan as above the political foolishness and only through independence can they finally be rid of the traps of the Jyhad. Knowing of the stories of the past, he fears that the Sabbat were correct in the eradication of the Antediluvians. The debauchery of the Sabbat hindered their goals. Only by his steady hand could their destruction definitively begin.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **The Drake Hotel (Haven 2, Herd 1)** Opulently placed off the shore of Lake Michigan, Eustace has taken residence within the Drake Hotel. When he has control over himself, he peruses the members of high society for feeding.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Lancaster Holdings LLC (Allies 4, Retainers 3)** Eustace has a significant security detail and around the clock service from people he keeps on retainer. He quickly transitions through these kine to not create suspicion or resentment. He keeps relationships strictly business professional and will keep them on contract for three to six months at a time.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Talley (Enemy)** His age-old enemy, Eustace is searching the city for the whereabouts of Talley so he can finally have his revenge.

- **Sierra Van Burrace (Torture and Kill)** Eustace knows Sierra is leading the transition of the Lasombra into the Camarilla. Craving the respect she has, he has begun planning her demise. To Eustace, she is nothing more than a new Talley waiting to thwart his plans.

- **Father Arden Canty (Salvation)** This Noddist priest offers hope to a vampire as old and twisted as Lancaster. If Eustace believes embracing the Cainite faith will help him maintain control, he will sacrifice everything for them.

WHISPERS:

- **Lost it:** Eustace has completely lost his mind. He gives out random orders to people he doesn't even know anymore due to the condition of his Beckoning. It is only a matter of time until he gives in to the call.

- **Desperate Measures:** The only reason why Eustace gives lip service to the Church of Caine is to keep up with the ritae that puts the Beckoning at bay in his mind. He has come up with the ritae with the help of Arden Canty and refuses to give his secret to anyone.

- **Cold and Alone:** Eustace Lancaster has no friends or allies that he could consider Touchstones to humanity. Because of this, he is barreling toward losing his battle with his inner beast.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Eustace Lancaster's mortal guise, a British ambassadorial assistant named Owen Tudor, has diplomatic immunity. This Mask allows him to move freely back and forth to the United Kingdom as he pleases, though he has not returned since the destruction of the Second Inquisition's purge of Kindred in London **(Mask 2)**.

- Believing himself entitled to the finer things in life, Eustace dresses the part. He has butlers, his security detail, agents of his information network, and his chauffeurs at his call.

- Eustace has never been traditionally handsome, his nose a fraction too long, his eyes small studs in his face. However, his regal bearing is often enough to impress onlookers.

Sire: Henry of Castile

Embraced: 1461 (Born 1422)

Ambition: Unify the modern Lasombra clan in my image

Convictions: None

Touchstones: None

Humanity: 2

Generation: 9th

Blood Potency: 4

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2; Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Composure 2; Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 2

Secondary Attributes: Health 5, Willpower 4

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Drive 1, Firearms 2, Melee (Swords) 4, Stealth 1, Survival 2; Etiquette (Court) 5, Insight 4, Intimidation 4, Leadership 3, Persuasion 4, Subterfuge 3; Academics (History) 4, Awareness 2, Finance 3, Investigation 1, Politics (Royalty) 3

Disciplines: Dominate 5, Fortitude 2, Oblivion 4, Potence 4

MALKAVIAN

"We're just one big happy family."

— Jason Newberry, explaining why there's no in-fighting within Chicago's Malkavians

Jason Newberry, Malkavian Primogen, likes to think he knows everything the rest of his Chicago clanmates are up to. After all, who would dare go behind the back of a figure as terrifying as Son? As it happens, the Malkavians are slipping through his fingers like sand, each one pursuing their own ambitions. Soon, they may even see fit to replace their homicidal Primogen with a more respectable representative.

ANDREA HARVEY-STABOLI

Epitaph: Beast Whisperer

Quote: *"You mustn't succumb to the voice within."*

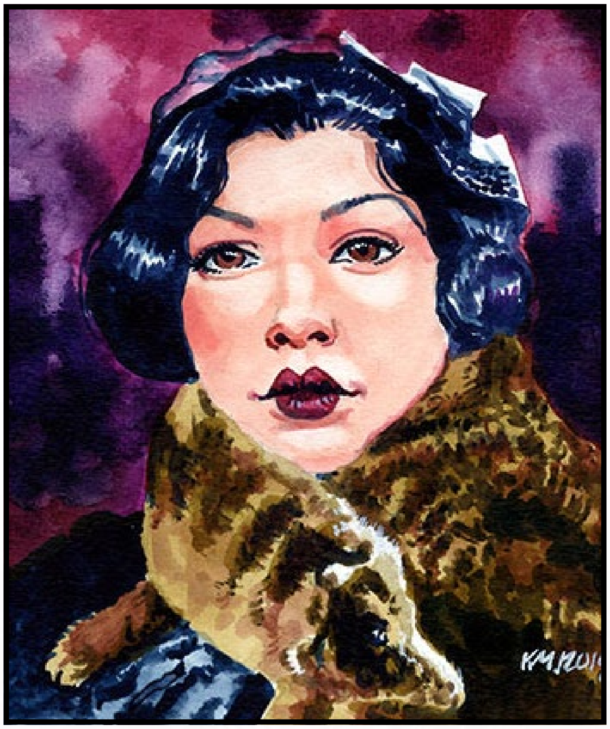
Clan: Malkavian

MORTAL DAYS: WHISPERS OF THE DEAD

It was in the years following the Second World War, in Padua, when Andrea started work us a mental health nurse. She believed it was her duty as a Catholic to help her country's soldiers heal their mental scars. During her time at the hospital, she became great friends with a doctor, Federico di Moze.

Andrea tried to ignore Federico's flirtatious advances as she knew he was already in a relationship and in any case, Andrea had feelings for one of the patients. Since she knew that her feelings were inappropriate, Andrea kept her secret close to her heart. Her depression worsened after discovering the dead body of her love, an obvious case of suicide. It was after his death Andrea first began hearing voices.

Convinced it was him whispering to her during the dead of night, she struggled with sleeping. Not sure whether he was haunting her or if he was an angel, Andrea decided to tell Dr. di Moze about these whispers. Worried she was now going to be a patient at the ward, she reluctantly obliged the doctor's request and entered his office. He conducted an interview and tried to downplay it as mental exhaustion. The doctor told her to take some time off and prescribed her medicine so she could recover faster. She agreed and took the red vial as described.



Though she felt healthier than before, the voices in her mind grew louder. She was now convinced she could hear the inner thoughts of people she treated.

When Andrea entered Federico's office, she felt as if she was gazing upon one of God's angels. Compelled to do anything God's trusted messenger said, Andrea became his faithful ghoul. He took her with him whenever he was to meet a person he couldn't read, relying on Andrea's abilities to hear the mind of others. Federico believed she could hone her skills further by Embracing her.

KINDRED NIGHTS: PUNISHED BY GOD

While some of the whispers were hauntingly accurate, others were off the mark. Federico called the other voices "static," and tried to train Andrea to filter the falsehoods out. When the local Camarilla caught wind of the unsanctioned Embrace, they decided this was Federico's last breach. A bounty was set on the Malkavian doctor and his fledgling. Andrea and Federico fled Italy, splitting up to increase their chances of survival. She never saw him again, and the voice of her Mawla quieted in her head.

Andrea fled to South America, where she met American backpacker, Kevin Harvey. They fell in love, and remained in each other's minds long after Kevin returned to the States. Believing it was true love, he returned to South America to search for Andrea. In the spur of a moment forgetting what she was, she accepted the proposal and told him she would meet him in Washington. She married Kevin and subsequently Embraced him.

Andrea would not know marital bliss for long. An Archon found the two, and while Kevin met his final death, Andrea managed to defeat their assailants. Feeling responsible for her husband's death, she fled from Washington and settled in Chicago. She remains convinced until this day that it was God who sent the Archon and took her love away. Hoping to atone for her sinful existence, Andrea aims to spend the rest of her immortal life helping mortals in need.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Shake the Camarilla off her trail:** The Camarilla in Padua disapproved of her Embrace and chased her from Europe. She's terrified of the organization and doubts any honeyed words they may say to her. Realizing it might be time to change her identity and flee the city, Andrea is trying to find Lianne Miller, as her sire whispered in her mind that she can help her escape.

- **Locate her sire:** Andrea's fascination with the Beckoning comes from the whispers of her sire. She thought her sire met his end when she could no longer hear his voice after her departure to South America. His voice started to whisper to her again, and what she can hear is his struggling resistance against this supernatural affliction.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Lee's House (Haven 2)** The house of a conspiracy theorist in Wicker Park shelters Andrea and her retainer, Dawn. There are multiple locks to the front door, and to enter the house, one must perform a secret series of knocks on the windows. The people staying at the home make sure they come and leave at different hours — no routine allowed — as they never know who might be watching.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Lee Boot (Contacts 3)** A paranoid conspiracy theorist who possesses as many far-fetched ideas as he does hallucinogens. He's convinced Andrea is a time-traveler seeking information and resources so she can change the past and future. Lee helps Andrea with any matters requiring technological knowledge, such as searching for information on the internet while using a VPN. He makes snide comments about how religion is all just a tool for mind control. She tolerates his blasphemous comments as she finds his skills useful and his delusions mildly entertaining.

- **Benjamin Cooper (Retainer 2)** Benjamin is like a son to Andrea and the relationship goes both ways. They met when Andrea was working at a shelter for vulnerable teenagers. Having lost his parents after being kicked out from their home for coming out, Andrea quickly filled that role. Benjamin frequently argues with Lee as he hates his "mightier-than-thou" attitude. He desperately wants Andrea to Embrace him, but he keeps getting told that he's too young. Because of the constant rejections, the toxic seeds of jealousy have started to take root in his heart and Benjamin tries even harder to gain Andrea's favor.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Lianne Miller (Friend and Cautionary Tale)** Andrea views Lianne as a friend, even if she can sense Lianne has ulterior motives behind their friendship. She also views Lianne as a cautionary tale of what happens when one Embraces a mortal while they are still children. Andrea believes no matter how long their unlife is, the mentality of the Kindred will always remain the same as when they were Embraced — meaning children will forever remain childlike. If there are exceptions, then Lianne is not one of them.

- **Jason "Son" Newberry (Absolute Monster)** His infamy has not escaped Andrea, and her divination has unfortunately provided her with the vivid images of many of his victims' last seconds. She fears him so much that she refuses to interact with any Kindred of her own clan.

WHISPERS:

- **Blood Junkie:** Those who know her past suspect that it's due to her being a ghoul prior to the Embrace that makes Andrea particularly vulnerable to the blood bond. Those looking to capture her believe a blood bond would be the best option of taming her.

- **Masquerade Breach:** Few things in both Andrea's life and unlife are more important to her than being a faithful servant to God. Her commitment to the Christian faith is among the first things one learns about the Malkavian. Whispers indicate how Andrea refuses to feed off non-consenting mortals.

- **Camarilla Deserter:** A point of both ire and admiration is the number of years she's successfully evaded capture by the Camarilla's Archons, though whether they're even looking for her is a subject of some debate. The reasons for her wanted arrest compounds and warps as time goes on, but the most prominent whisper is that she stole secrets and valuables from the Paduan Camarilla.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Still a devout Christian, Andrea's goes an extra mile to practice good Christian values. She volunteers at different shelters or soup kitchens under the guise of Donatella Lorenzo **(Mask 2)** so she can aid those in need. Though her thirst is spurred by those who seek medical aid, Andrea refuses to feed off the vulnerable who come to her for help.

- Andrea has dark wavy hair, often putting it up in styles common in Italy during the 1940s. Andrea still wears the wedding band from her marriage with Kevin. It's one of her prized possessions and she'll never consider parting with it.

- She finds it difficult to understand today's fashion and is therefore drawn to older people. Years of practice means Andrea can speak English without an Italian dialect. The voices in her head are predominantly speaking to her in Italian, and she writes in her mother tongue. It offers a level of privacy from the wandering eyes. She also includes some cryptic messages to ward off the prying ones, like Lee or the Camarilla.

Sire: Federico di Moze

Embraced: 1949 (Born 1917)

Ambition: Learn of her sire's whereabouts

Convictions: Never kill or injure a mortal unless in self-defense; Never lie to those who love you

Touchstones: Benjamin Cooper — adopted son; Lee Boot — housemate

Humanity: 7

Generation: 11th

Blood Potency: 2

Attributes: Strength 1, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2; Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 4; Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 4

Secondary Attributes: Health 5, Willpower 8

Skills: Athletics 1, Melee 1, Stealth 2; Insight (The Beast, Mental Illness) 4, Subterfuge 1; Awareness 5, Investigation 2, Medicine (Nursing) 3, Occult (Divination) 4

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Dominate 2

Nosferatu

"It is an easy thing to hide one's true nature behind a monstrous face."

— Edith Beaubien, repeating a phrase Nathaniel Bordruff once said to her

Often underestimated, Chicago's Nosferatu work plots within plots, currying favor with one Kindred and planning the downfall of another. As information dealers and counsellors to the rest of Chicago's vampire population, the Sewer Rats have access to a deep quantity of the city's secrets.

MARTIN

Epitaph: The Unassuming Lord of Avondale

Quote: *"Be at ease, you are welcome here. Perhaps your troubles might lessen if you shared them with me. Please, it is truly no bother."*

Clan: Nosferatu

MORTAL DAYS: BETWEEN THE GREAT WARS

In the small, Polish-Jewish town of Będzin, Poland, Martin was born a few days before the end of the First World War, a mere few days before his country regained independence after over a century of captivity. These were hard times, full of violence, corruption, and mutual animosity between different peoples. Martin grew up between two cultures. Early on, he learned to read people, to take on their viewpoint and, in turn, shift theirs. In 1936, Martin began his studies in Jagiellonian University in Cracow. There he pursued his fascination with history and medicine. A new fascination surprised Martin, sculpting. More surprising still, he discovered he had some talent for it. Blissfully, he remained unaware of the tragedies to come.

Martin would have surely completed his studies had he not been born in the breath between two great wars. In 1939, the Nazi Germans invaded Poland. The fascist occupants quickly dealt with Polish intelligentsia by taking most of the professors from the University to the Sachsenhausen concentration camp. Martin joined the Union of Armed Struggle, an underground army formed by the Polish resistance.

It became quickly apparent Martin was not a good soldier, so he found a more indirect way to fight. He taught secret lessons in the Polish language and in history. Martin spent the war hiding from the enemy, looking over his shoulder, and occasionally starving — yet he survived.

The joy of the Allied victory did not last. Poland traded the occupation of fascism for the occupation of communism. Martin did not have the strength for another fight, so he traveled to the United States of America, to Chicago, and joined the largest Polish community outside of Poland.

KINDRED NIGHTS: THE EMPATHETIC CONFIDANT

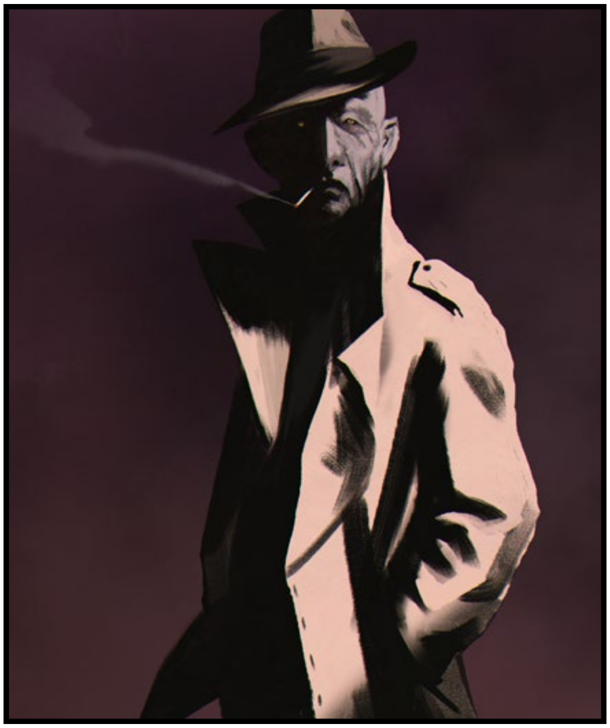
The Embrace was a blur. Martin cannot say how long he was down there. He never saw his sire, not really. His creator existed only as a voice and figure of indistinct outline in the dark. The voice tutored Martin in the particulars of undeath. The voice summoned food for Martin until he too could perform the trick. The voice too came to this country from faraway lands. The voice could be frightful, but admired Martin's desire to help others. Eventually, the voice vanished, melting into mystery, and Martin emerged.

Martin continues much as he had in life. He knows how to read people, be they kine or Kindred, to take on their point of view and perhaps sway it. He offers his help when he can. Martin has a knack for easing the troubled hearts of the living and soothing the Beast in the still chests of the hungry dead. His empathy is not completely altruistic. Every soul he helps unburden is another piece of information, another grateful individual. Over decades, the links of this web gradually form. Martin knows how to do things indirectly, from the underground.

This is how Martin has built his modest kingdom — gradually, brick by brick. Rejected Kindred can find sanctuary here. If you have a problem, they say to go to Avondale. Find Martin, they say. He can help you.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Everybody Loves Martin:** Martin's power base grows, never with a sudden, ruthless maneuver or daring



gambit, but slow and methodical. His domain in Avondale began humble, but his roots in the community are strong and deep, and his sway expands with an almost geological inevitability. No Kindred actively despises Martin. No vampire sees him as a threat. Perhaps this is by design.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Avondale (Allies 3, Contacts 3, Influence 4, Resources 3, Retainers 2)** Chicago's "Polish Village" and the seat of Martin's domain. He spent decades meticulously building his ties to the community. The network of those he has helped hatches and cross-hatches over and over again. Martin is something of an urban legend in the Polish community, mysterious yet kindly.

- **The Basilica of St. Hyacinth (Haven 3)** Martin makes his haven beneath this historic church. Martin continued with his love of sculpting even into undeath. His underground living space is filled with the stony faces, busts, and figures of his creation. They stare silently in the dark.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Father Przemyslaw Mattock (Retainer 2)** Faith is important to Martin. Father Przemyslaw is a priest in the Basilica of St. Hyacinth. The man has performed the Sacrament of Penance and Reconciliation thousands of times. Martin knows every secret shared in the confessional booth.

- **Peter Podolski (Contacts 2)** A businessman with strong ties to the community, Peter fills Martin in on the doings and local politics of the neighborhood.

- **Barta Olchuck (Allies 2)** Barta is the owner of a local restaurant that serves traditional Polish food. Martin maintains his own backroom in the establishment, to conduct meetings. The restaurant is one of the hubs of Polish society of Chicago.

- **Karol Kontek (Retainer 2)** An operative of Context Detective Agency, Karol is an odd individual who fancies himself a connoisseur of jazz and vintage movies. The man is always dressed in a stained raincoat and fedora. He peers into the odd cases and underthings of Chicago, and Martin finds him always entertaining and occasionally useful.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Cedrick Calhoun (Friendly Competition)** It is said that on the first Sunday of every month, Cedrick enters the backroom of a Polish restaurant to play Martin in a game of chess.

- **Joshua Tarnopolski (Common Ancestry)** Though Martin has no known ties to the Anarchs (other than his open door policy in helping others) he does occasionally meet with the so-called Baron of Joliet and Naperville to discuss matters concerning the Polish community.

- **Critias (Therapy Sessions)** Rumor has it the Brujah elder suffers from recent rage problems. Critias visited Martin on a couple of occasions to have his Beast soothed before the worst could happen.

- **Arjun Shah (Secret Meetings)** Martin has an existing relationship with the Banu Haqim of Milwaukee, based on Arjun's interest in history and sculpture and Martin's interest in the Cult of Mithras. They've had several meetings that might blossom into something conspiratorial.

WHISPERS:

- **Too Friendly:** You can't trust this Sewer Rat. He's too nice, too willing to help others. It's just not right.

- **Nosferatu In the Know:** Martin knows why Khalid is acting so odd lately. Someone ought to ask him.

- **Sanctuary or Larder:** The reason Martin abides so many disenfranchised Kindred in his domain is no one misses them after he devours their souls.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Martin is a lean man, apparently 31 years of age, with black hair and gray eyes. His clan's curse stretched and distorted his face and hands. He looks like the product of a mad impressionist painter, the painting having been left out in the rain to warp with water damage.
- Martin always goes smartly dressed in a variety of three-piece suits. His hands are hidden in leather gloves. High collars and wide hat brims obscure his face.
- Martin has a number of mortal aliases under which he operates. Within the Polish community, everyone seems to know these men are somehow connected to the mysterious, frightening, but generous phantom of Avondale **(Mask 2)**.

Sire: Unknown

Embraced: 1949 (Born 1918)

Ambition: To be a fair judge in Kindred society

Convictions: Courage is the highest virtue

Touchstones: Paul and Paul Jr. — friends from Martin's mortal life, father and son (kept alive with vitae)

Humanity: 6

Generation: 9th

Blood Potency: 2

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3; Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Composure 2; Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 6, Willpower 5

Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Craft (Sculpting) 2, Drive 1, Melee 2, Stealth 2, Survival 2; Animal Ken 3, Insight (Empathy) 2, Intimidation 2, Persuasion 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 1; Academics (History) 3, Awareness 2, Medicine 3, Occult 2, Politics (Diplomacy) 1

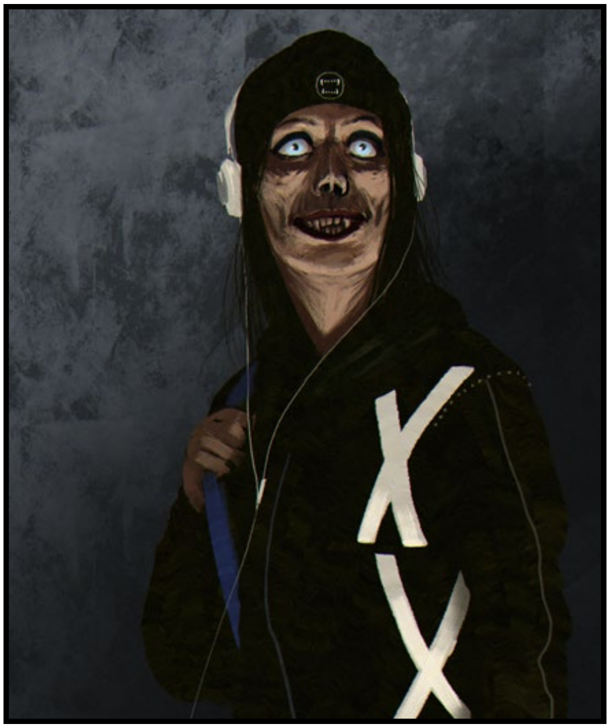
Disciplines: Animalism 5, Obfuscate 3

SALT

Epitaph: Church of Set Fixer

Quote: *"I didn't know wearing a suit like that gave you the right to front on my friend here. Let me tell you all about this jag-off."*

Clan: Nosferatu, Church of Set Convert



MORTAL DAYS: RUNNING FROM PROBLEMS

When Steph Cooper was 12 years old, she woke one night to her parents fighting with her older brother Benjamin. They were screaming about how they "did not raise a queer son" and "his choices would lead him to an eternity in hellfire". Steph tried to stop the fight, but her brother ran out, grabbing nothing but a school bag. Steph chased after him, but her father grabbed her before she could leave the house. She never forgave him for stopping her.

The tension of the situation drove Steph to dive into her school work. She joined clubs about science and chess, desperate to just be invisible to the world and her parents. She wanted to find her brother, but being a young teenager made this goal impossible. Terrified she would be driven out of her home, Steph began smoking weed with some of the older girls at school. The haze of numbness provided Steph with an oasis from the fear and suffering growing in her heart.

Even with everything going on in her life, Steph eventually enrolled in the prestigious Jones College Prep high school. She was a good student but kept to herself until she realized her razor-sharp wit could make people laugh and boys look her way. Steph used her new-found powers to try to make friends, especially in her school's STEM and hacking program. Still attempting to stay away from home as much as she could, she would work late hours into the night with her new friends. She most excelled at network programming and disseminating music and movies illegally to her pals. Her program was even given a grant from a Mr. Calhoun, a big shot philanthropist and non-profit organization builder. Mr. Calhoun was a snappy dresser when he showed up to late night school events. Steph was sick and tired of being afraid of going home. She often expressed this to her friends over social media and even a few times to Mr. Calhoun, who acted as a mentor to the young woman when he visited the school lab.

After dodging another parental conflict, Steph grabbed the nearest bus to the Golden Nugget, a late-night diner she knew about up on the North Side. While going through her homework routine over a cup of coffee and texting her friends, Steph glimpsed Mr. Calhoun walk down the street towards the Redline. Desperate for some guidance, she ran into the night and right into an unfamiliar world.

KINDRED NIGHTS: WILD, WILD UNLIFE

After the Embrace, Steph's body slowly fell into itself, looking as if mummified or preserved by salt, a manifestation of the emotions she bottled up. Calhoun explained a young woman so bright needed a way out and he needed someone of her capabilities as an agent. He offered her employment despite her young age, explaining her technological knowhow would make her valuable to any number of Kindred and their sects. Specifically, he wanted someone — ideally an outsider like her — to infiltrate a fringe group and report back to him on their activities. Seeing a way out of her life, Salt accepted.

After providing months of training and a political rundown of the city, Calhoun explained his childe would be working as an agent within the Church of Set. She would not succumb to their temptations, and would accumulate intelligence on the clan's activities for the Nosferatu and Camarilla. He dropped Salt off outside a set of storefront churches on the city's South Side, and she entered to meet a dark and intense woman known as Reverend Twosret, or Sarah, to her mortal associates.

Salt explained to Twosret her story of mortal abandonment without mentioning Cedrick Calhoun's tutelage. Twosret asked candidly whether she was prepared for a hard but spiritually fulfilling existence, and acting reluctant, Salt explained her nervousness. Sympathetically, Twosret took her under her wing and offered guidance in the faith of Set. Discovering Salt was also adept at defending the Church of Set on the digital front was an added bonus.

Salt now ostensibly serves the Church of Set while feeding information on the Setites and what they know of the Ministry's activities to the Nosferatu Primogen. As she spends time in Twosret's company, however, Salt feels worryingly comfortable with the Serpents' dogma.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Bogey Man:** Salt remembers clearly the face of her brother leaving home forever. She never wants anyone to ever go through the pain of not being able to be themselves ever again. She actively searches out homophobes in her spare time and feeds off them after putting them through some sort of psychological ordeal. She intends to do the same to her parents when she feels ready.

- **Party Girl:** Free to be herself, Salt routinely hits up the Rack for blood infused with late-night revelry. She wants the area to become her domain eventually and uses the space to gather mortal members for the Church of Set.

- **Fuck the Ministry:** Knowing only what the Church of Set has told her, she fully intends on destroying Marcel and any of his followers with blackmail or worse. They have turned their backs on the freedom the clan used to represent. They must pay for their transgressions as anyone who exerts bondage via faith.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Maryland Pig Iron of Illinois (Haven 2, Herd 1)** Using the combined resources of both Cedrick and Twosret, Salt has procured a forgotten basement in a smelting factory on the East Side. The 24-hour schedule of the plant provides workers for feeding, and she maintains a small bank of servers and computer's in her underground haven, dedicated to mining the remains of SchreckNET.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Jones Academy STEM Club (Allies 2)** Still in contact with her mortal friends, Salt has made up a lie about how she tested out of high school and is now enrolled at Columbia College Chicago within their video game department on a full ride. She only speaks with her pals online, since the grotesque change in her appearance.

- **Marissa Cooper (Retainer 1)** During one of her parents' many arguments, Salt quickly poured some of her vitae into her mother's liquor. She doesn't really understand how ghouls work, but she's trying to help her mother get some help for her drinking.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Cedrick Calhoun (Doting Sire)** Cedrick truly cares about Salt but still needs her to get the job done. Gathering the intel of the Church of Set's activities is her primary purpose. Therefore, Salt is tasked with this mission as a caveat for her accounting.

- **Reverend Twosret** (Apprehensive Mawla) Salt is beginning to get results for the church as she uses information acquired online to further Twosret's schemes. She recently received some information on some of the holdings of the Lasombra contingent, a useful bargaining chip for the cult. If she continues to deliver, Twosret is considering initiating Salt into the mysteries of the Followers of Set.

WHISPERS:

- **Wheels within Wheels:** Salt is Masquerading as both Calhoun and Khalid, using the power of both masks to bring down Marcel for the Church of Set.
- **Addict:** Salt is quickly becoming addicted to the lifestyle the Church of Set has provided her. She is starting to slip up and it's only a matter of time until she gets her ass staked and destroyed.
- **Brothers:** Salt knows exactly what she is doing. She plays around the Kindred and even puts on a show for Twosret and Cedrick, just like she did with Ben when they were young and desperate to get out of their house. A master manipulator, she knows her new "parents" are just using her as a pawn. So, she's using the technology they gave her to find out about their dirty secrets, as well as trying to track down her missing brother.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Salt usually goes by Benjamin or Stephanie Cooper. She knows her name is common and can pass casual scrutiny. Salt plays up the college student vibe around the city and can easily pass through many of the academic hot spots with fake university IDs around downtown **(Mask 2)**.
- Donning dark hoodies and cardigans, headphones, and a backpack, Salt could be any college student on any campus in Chicago. Her favorite sweater is a long black one with two large white X's screen-printed up the side.

Sire: Cedrick Calhoun

Embraced: 2017 (Born 1991)

Ambition: Impress my sire and Mawla

Convictions: Freedom for all people, regardless of beliefs

Touchstones: Benjamin Cooper — lost brother

Humanity: 7

Generation: 9th

Blood Potency: 1

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2; Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Composure 2; Intelligence 4, Wits 2, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 5, Willpower 5

Skills: Athletics 2, Drive 1, Larceny 1, Stealth 2; Etiquette 4, Insight 2, Persuasion 1, Streetwise (The Rack) 3, Subterfuge 2; Academics 2, Awareness 2, Investigation 3, Politics 1, Science (Engineering) 3, Technology (Hacking) 4

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Obfuscate 4

Toreador

"I wore the face of the last ghoul to call us a clan of degenerates."

— Mateo García, artiste of Clan Toreador

Too often assumed to be a clan of decadent poseurs, Chicago's Toreador encompass some of the canniest thinkers and most cutting wits in the city. To cross them isn't just to earn a bad reputation in Elysium, but to earn permanent disgrace throughout Kindred society.

JAMES ROYSTON "DR. BENWAY"

Epitaph: A dealer in antiquities

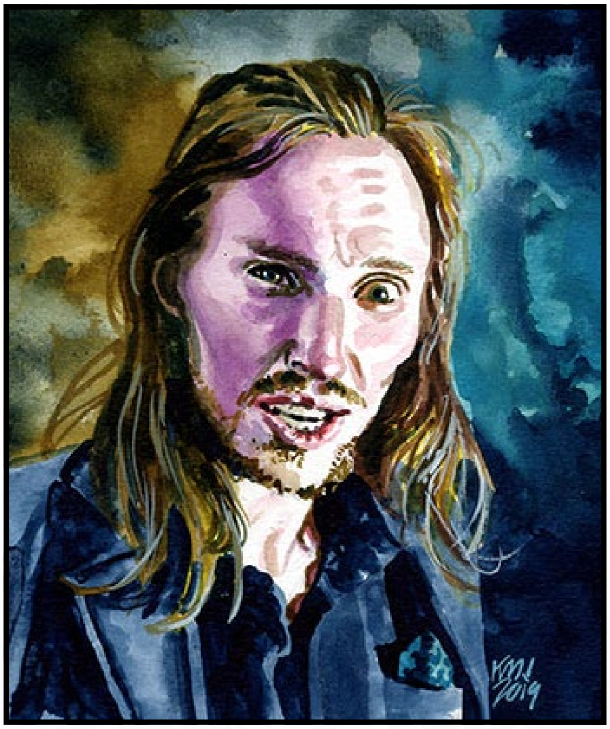
Quote: *"There are mysteries in the desert. We have only caught a glimpse of them. But if you study hard enough... Would you like me to find you that book?"*

Clan: Toreador

MORTAL DAYS: A DISAPPOINTMENT TO HIS FAMILY

The Roystons made their fortune from spices in the East and rum in the West. As good navy men they indulged in a fair dose of privateering on the side. James's father made a good marriage, adding respectability to the Royston's wealth. James was the fifth son, and his mother, who longed for a daughter, never got over her disappointment. Her next pregnancy resulted in twin girls who quickly absorbed the maternal affection James never experienced.

James followed his older brothers to the famous school in Rugby town where he hated every minute. When he complained about the bullies to his brothers, they told him to learn to stand up for himself. His family did not expect him to amount to anything and disapproved strongly of his passion for acting. In the Upper Sixth, his Mercutio and Rudolph received favorable reviews in the Evening Standard and James went as far as to audition for repertory theater, but his father forced him to withdraw, finding him a low level, but respectable, job in the Royston business.



Great Aunt Cynthia proposed and funded a tour of Europe to get James away from the life of mediocrity his father planned for him. James wrote regularly to his great aunt and became Cynthia's window to the carefree life she had always desired but never dared to live. When news of her death reached him, James decided never to return to England. The trust fund she set up for him was more than adequate to his needs.

Adopting the pseudonym Dr. Benway to avoid alerting his family to his whereabouts, James left Europe and travelled to North Africa. There, among the bazars and chaotic mix of old and new civilizations, he met and fell in love with the beautiful Sophia Agriolas. She had been in Africa for years, tracking down ancient sites of the earliest desert settlements and shared James' passion for antiquity and adventure. Together they sought ancient manuscripts in the seedy underbelly of Tripoli and travelled the desert at night with a company of Tuareg nomads, avoiding encounters with the authorities, seeking out forgotten ruins.

KINDRED NIGHTS: A DEALER IN ANTIQUITIES, BOOKS AND OTHER CURIOSITIES

In the desert, beneath the stars, Sophia revealed her true nature to James. Shocked at first, he thought for a while, linking this to what he had learned from the texts she had given him to study. He begged to join her, and she Embraced him, locking him into his early middle years forever… The subsequent inevitable slaughter of their bodyguards? It is easy to hide bodies in the desert.

Over the next decade Sophia taught James what he needed to know about Kindred society: how to exist as a nomad, how to avoid arousing the ire of the elders and the laws of the Masquerade. She taught him not to feed from the Tuareg, from whom they both learned the lore of the desert. Sophia would only feed consensually, and, in the desert, they relied upon the draft beasts to slake their thirst.

Their idyll ended with the Turco-Italian war. James was away on an errand when Tripoli suffered Italian bombardment. On seeing the city on fire, he fled, never discovering his sire's fate. His shame at his own cowardice left him unable to return to Tripoli.

He soon met up with Jonathan Clarke, a ghoul without a master, who offered his service. Clarke was not a complete stranger as he had helped Sophia with various enterprises in the past. They pooled resources and set up an import/export business specializing in antiquities. They remained in Africa and southern Spain through both wars until the '70s when they made the journey to Chicago. There Benway concentrated on his research whilst Clarke legitimized and expanded their business.

Having introduced himself to Lodin, Benway ingratiated himself with Annabelle, who encouraged him to take up acting once more. He was fascinated with the new Elysia and, while not so much of a mover and shaker, did what he could to assist in their establishment.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Support for Annabelle:** Benway has supported Annabelle since his arrival in Chicago. He is aware, on some level, that he is her pawn, but he always *has* been the pawn of some woman or other.

- **The Trade in Antiquities:** Benway continues to trade in antiquities and rare books, using Clarke as his daytime associate. He spends a lot of time and effort acquiring rare artifacts and tomes. This brings him into contact with many of the Kindred who have an interest in such things.

- **Promote the Theater:** James is a keen patron of all forms of theatre. He would like to see every theatre in Chicago from the Auditorium down to the meanest of backstreet alternative venues declared as Elysium.

- **The Beckoning:** James occasionally wakes with an inexplicable desire to return to Tunisia, or somewhere in the area. He doesn't understand it. Clarke invariably talks him out of it.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Benway Books and Antiquities (Contacts 1, Haven 3, Herd 1, Resources 2)** James purchased this property on the Loop during the depression. Since moving to Chicago, he developed it into a well-respected antiquities store, specializing in books. At night he occasionally entertains other Kindred — particularly the Toreador and Tremere who rely on James to supply the artworks and tomes they crave. James spends his days in the secure basement vaults. James feeds from some of his business contacts, although he does provide substantial discounts in return to the confused associates. Clarke manages the daylight business.

- **The Auditorium Theatre (Influence 3)** James does not control this theatre; it is one of the city's Elysia and he has taken it upon himself to guard it. He will, occasionally, give performances, acting out monologues from plays and reciting poetry. He always invites the Kindred of Chicago, but they only come when Annabelle promotes him.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Jonathan Clarke (Retainer 4)** Clarke will never say who he was working for before he took up with James Benway. A British adventurer, he had been running contraband around Africa for years, maybe centuries. He obtained items for Sophia and Benway on several occasions. He originally took up with Benway as a meal ticket, but the two have formed a relationship of mutual respect and financial interdependence.

- **Sammy Poole (Contacts 1)** Sammy is the doorman at the Auditorium Theatre and is happy to chat with James and relate all the gossip he learns from his position. Sammy turns a blind eye when James and his friends use the stage late at night when the mortal actors and audience have left.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Annabelle (Admiration)** James is happy to promote Annabelle's agenda. She does not tell him everything and he accepts this. He hopes, in return, she will help to promote his stalled acting career.

- **Lianne Miller (Paternal Interest)** Benway would like to become a mentor for the young Brujah who seems rather lost. Both, after all, are interested in matters mystical.
- **Bobby Weatherbottom (Suspicion)** Bobby frequently comes to James for rare tomes and other artifacts. Bobby is a good customer and owes James several favors. James is concerned Bobby is exploring forbidden knowledge and wonders whether he should speak to someone about this.

WHISPERS:

- **Cursed:** James brought a cursed item to Chicago from Africa and intends to foist it off on any who oppose his schemes.
- **In league with the Sabbat:** James doesn't care who he deals with and is providing rare tomes to the Sabbat in exchange for a promise he will be passed over when they invade the city.
- **The Arachnid:** Benway is not fully in control of Jonathan Clarke. Indeed, on occasional nights Clarke commits murders and sex crimes and has been dubbed "the Arachnid" by some members of the press for the spiders found nesting in one of his victims long after death. By all accounts, Clarke is an ancient being with origins shrouded in mystery.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Benway is tall and stringy-thin. He looks unfit and weak. He dresses conservatively, always hoping to be inconspicuous, but can never resist a touch of bright color. This may be a silk handkerchief in a jacket pocket or a colorful scarf setting off a dark t-shirt in a rock club.
- When using Blush of Life, Benway's hair appears fuller, his chest rises frequently as if he's breathing rapidly, and his eyes sparkle with excitement.
- James Royston is long dead. Dr. James Benway (**Mask 2)** is alive and well and runs a successful business. Clarke, who has excellent underworld connections, provides James with valid ID. Including a certificate showing a doctorate awarded for studies in Archaeology at Carthage University in Tunis.

Sire: Sophia Agriolas

Embraced: 1901 (Born 1874)

Ambition: To understand what Sophia was looking for in the desert

Convictions: Always strive to unlock the mysteries of vampirism

Touchstones: Jonathan Clarke — ghoul and business partner

Humanity: 8

Generation: 10th

Blood Potency: 3

Attributes: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2; Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Composure 4 Intelligence 4, Wits 4, Resolve 2

Secondary Attributes: Health 5, Willpower 6

Skills: Athletics 1, Craft (Restoration) 3, Firearms 1, Survival (Desert) 4; Etiquette 4, Insight 5, Performance (Acting) 2, Persuasion 2, Subterfuge 1; Academics (Archaeology) 4, Awareness 3, Finance 3, Investigation (Antiquities) 4, Occult 2

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Celerity 3, Dominate 1, Presence 2

MATEO GARCÍA

Epitaph: The vengeful artiste

Quote: *"We all love pretty things, but Kyra says it's boring to only see perfection. That's why she's trying to break me — to make me more beautiful and human. I'm tired and wish to be whole."*

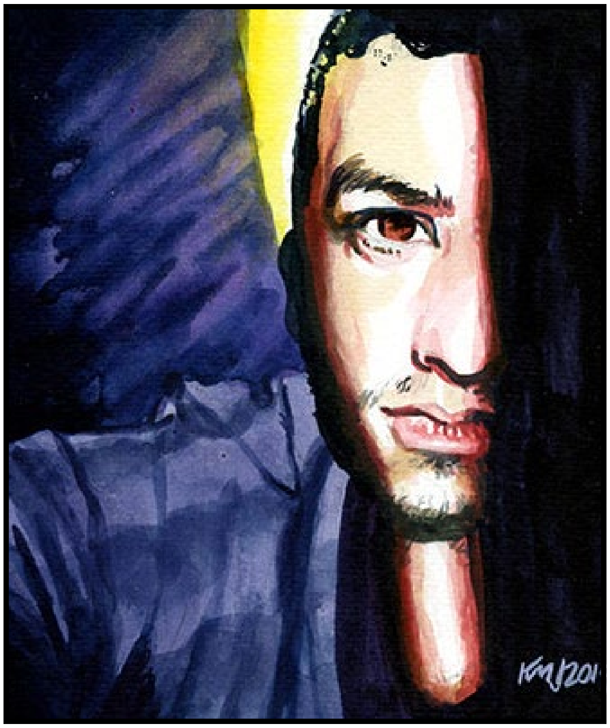
Clan: Toreador

MORTAL DAYS: SOCIOPATH IN THE MAKING

Mateo's upbringing was far from abusive, but to hear Mateo tell it, growing up in Chicago with his aunt was worse than hell. When his father passed, he took out his grief and resentment on his mother, verbally abusing and blaming her for the cancer that took her husband. Mateo used his grades as leverage to get what he wanted from his mother and aunt, purposefully getting bad results and then blaming his mom, never able to accept responsibility for his own failings.

Even when he tried, Mateo's academic talents weren't enough to obtain the scholarship at the college he wanted to attend. He went to his mother screaming it was all her fault for taking away his opportunities. When she made it clear she couldn't afford to pay for his tuition and rent, Mateo's abuse became physical for the first time. His aunt was finally fed up with watching her sister being harmed by her son, and called the police. Mateo was subsequently forced out of his aunt's house.

Mateo fell into a life of parties and excess. At one event, a ravishing brunette was the center of everyone's attention. Spurred on by his friends, he approached her, fully confident she would fall for his charm. It was the start of Mateo and Kyra's whirlwind romance. He adored



Kyra and her effect on others made him feel as if he were dating a celebrity. Their sense of entitlement was similar and they often embarked on expensive trips. He would often tease Kyra for having low alcohol tolerance, as she would always sleep in after late nights. With her, he was a rock star.

After their initial honeymoon phase, the intense romance turned to a dramatic on-and-off-again relationship. They would always try to out-do each other by making the other jealous. Kyra would tell him all about the celebrities and crazy parties she went to, while Mateo had his arms around a different girl every night.

KINDRED NIGHTS: TICKING TIMEBOMB

One night, Kyra called him, asking for a meeting. He felt inexplicably compelled to do so and was greeted by a gruesome scene. One of Kyra's boyfriends was tied up in the chair and surrounded by numerous henchpeople. She handed him a loaded gun. Before he had any chance to speak up, Kyra told him that if he was willing to do anything for her, including murder, then she would share her power with him and give him anything he could possibly dream of. All he had to do was to prove his loyalty and dedication. He grabbed the gun, took five steps forward, and planted the muzzle against the man's forehead.

"This way I won't miss," he said, and fired three shots in succession.

Mateo's introduction to the unlife was filled with decadence, as promised. He didn't like the rules of the Masquerade and Camarilla. His previously doting sire showed a different side of herself as Mateo expressed his disgust at the rules. She quickly resorted to violence and humiliation to control his bad behavior. This in turn strengthened Mateo's inherent need for control and drove him to episodes where he performs vile acts on mortals. He feels little sympathy during these moments of excess as he derives pleasure from causing others misery.

His good looks make it easy for him to find willing victims to drink from, however this causes Kyra to fly into a murderous rage. She knows Mateo can't fight back against her elder abilities. She enjoys making games out of her abuse, stalking him as he goes to find victim. She then jumps him and tells him how he risked breaching the Masquerade before enacting her physical punishment. The beatings would sometimes be so bad, he would use most of his vitae in recovery and need to hunt again the same night.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Officially leave the Camarilla:** Mateo wants to leave the Camarilla with a bang — no sneaking out quietly during the night, everyone has to know. He despises the Camarilla both for allowing his sire to abuse him for years, but also for being too strict and dictating how Kindred should act. Mateo mentally lists buildings tied to the Camarilla he could destroy to strike a blow at the Kindred organization. His ambition to kill his sire is more important, however, and he will not execute his exit plan until he has a strategy involving her murder as well.

- **Worshipped by mortals:** Mateo has always thrived on attention and adoration from others. As he is now a Toreador, he believes it's his right to be worshipped like a vampire from fiction. He wants a herd of beautiful women. In his head, he justifies it by comparing to how some hardcore fans show their level of dedication to people Mateo finds mundane. After all, countless people themselves throw themselves willingly against celebrities, so why shouldn't vampires be allowed to have adoring fans?

- **Kill his sire:** Mateo suffers regular beatings from his sire. The reasoning varies, from punishment for potentially breaking the Masquerade, to feeding from mortal women. She also like to "remind" him she's stronger and more powerful than him. Those times he reaffirms his want to leave the Camarilla and end his sire.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **A basement on the South Side (Haven 1)** Though he has a haven granted to him by Kyra, he hates staying there. Though he cannot change his physique by exercising anymore, he has some training equipment littering in his haven. He keeps them out of sentimental ties and sometimes tries to train to calm down.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **His gang (Allies 2)** Dean Greenstock, and Greivin Ferreira are Mateo's oldest friends who're starting to leave the partying life behind. Though their behavior is stereotypical frat house masculinity, they do care about each other's wellbeing. Mateo has requested his friends keep some of the equipment he's gathered for creating makeshift bombs. The both of them disapprove of his relationship with Kyra.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Kyra Ripa (Abusive Sire)** Those who have seen them together say there are few Kindred couples more toxic than them. Though no one is sure if they view themselves as a romantic couple, Kyra sometimes calls herself his girlfriend. Their mistreatment of each other started during Mateo's mortal days, but escalated after his Embrace. Matteo harbors no warm feelings for her and refuses to talk about her.

- **Jason Newberry (Admiration)** Mateo's heard the rumors of Son's nightly activities and has a twisted form of admiration for the Malkavian. Mateo always took a sick enjoyment out of harming others during his mortal days, and this lust has grown since his undeath commenced.

- **Devin Boyce (Potential Ally?)** Mateo wants Boyce to join him in formally declaring for the Anarchs, but isn't sure how he can convince him. He doesn't know the political circumstances preventing Boyce from leaving in the same matter as him. Though wary of any Kindred in the Camarilla, Mateo hopes that he can trust Boyce when the time for his exit comes.

WHISPERS:

- **Wants to move up in the Camarilla:** Mateo's been compliant and polite for a long time now. What that means for a person of his disposition is that he wants something. Some Kindred suspect he wants to move up so he's not working underneath his sire.

- **Definitely up to something:** Someone acting so secretly and reclusive is definitely up to something. Could the torture of his victims be something he plans to do to his sire?

MASK AND MIEN:

- Mateo doesn't have a Mask as his Embrace was recent. Though initially quite boisterous and self-confident, Mateo has now retreated, usually only speaking when addressed or when he's trying to seduce his victims. His once athletic body had started failing in the months leading up to his Embrace, resulting in his growing quite thick around the middle.

- Many can't tell he's biracial until they hear his name. Mateo looks predominantly ethnically Caucasian, his dark eyes and slight tan indicating his Latino heritage. On a good night he wears knock-offs of the expensive brands, always perfectly ironed and clean. Mateo believes with his charisma, he would make a great supermodel.

- One can tell when Kyra has seen him, as the signs of violence are apparent in his disheveled look. She often tells him he is far too pretty for his own good so her rough handling of him is justified. She's often telling him, "no one is interested in the strong, handsome guy if he's all beat up, especially if it was his girlfriend who did it." He's been scolded multiple times whenever he refuses to allow others to take photos of him.

Sire: Kyra Ripa

Embraced: 2012 (Born 1986)

Ambition: Kill his sire

Convictions: Those who've laid their hands on me deserves to die

Touchstones: Greivin Ferreira — buddy from back in school

Humanity: 3

Generation: 12th

Blood Potency: 1

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3; Charisma 5, Manipulation 3, Composure 2; Intelligence 1, Wits 2, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 6, Willpower 5

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 1, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Melee (Knives) 2, Stealth 1; Etiquette 2, Intimidation (Cold) 4, Leadership 2, Performance 3, Persuasion (Seduction) 4, Subterfuge 3; Academics (Gymnastics) 1, Politics 2

Disciplines: Celerity 2, Presence 2

TREMERE

"Despite all advice to the contrary, we have lost sight of who we are."

— Abraham DuSable, in a recent speech to his fellow Warlocks

As in other domains around the world, the Tremere of Chicago are fractured. The only saving grace is the fractures have yet to turn on each other. While some members of the clan attempt to unify the disparate shards, most are delighted at the prospect of pursuing self-interested schemes.

ARDEN CANTY

Epitaph: Deacon of the Church of Caine

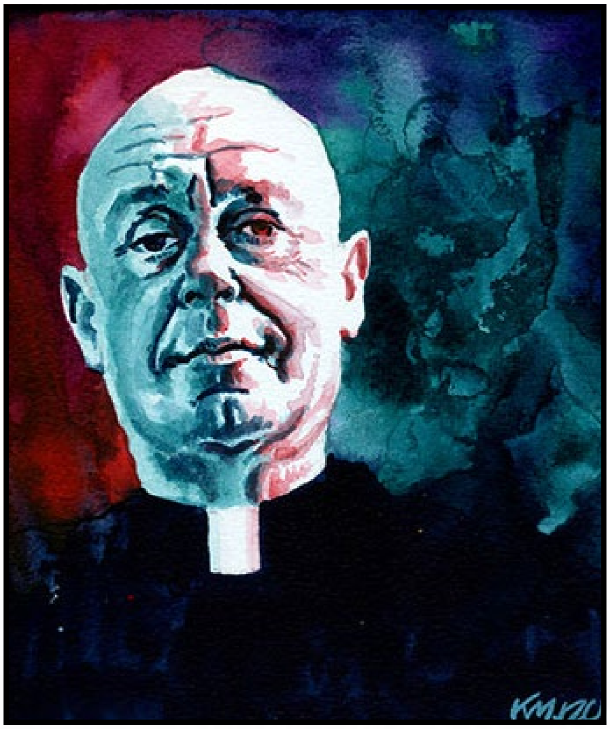
Quote: *"We are the hope, the truth, and the night."*

Clan: Tremere

Mortal Days: The Hand of the Lord

Born in 1843 on a coffin ship fleeing the "Great Starvation" of Ireland, Arden never knew the love of his family. His mother died in childbirth over the Atlantic, her body tossed overboard with nothing but a shawl and a prayer. As he was nameless and abandoned, the presiding priest baptized him with the name "Arden", meaning "solitude" in some languages. The resilient boy grew, as many did, at the St. Patrick's Boys Asylum, fighting for food and recognition. He was an intelligent child, one who enjoyed reading the bible and learning about the mysteries of the world. This drive pushed him toward the priesthood of the Catholic Church. He eventually took his vows and presided over a congregation rapidly falling into turmoil. While the American Civil War raged, draft riots over religious bigotry ignited in the summer of 1863. Arden, in his arrogance, attempted to quell a mob readying themselves to cause trouble. Someone, perhaps his unknown sire, shot off a pistol and the situation became an outright panic with screams of spies. The resulting riot lasted overnight, generating a tragic amount of fatalities: 84 rioters and 10 police officers. Father Arden Canty was confirmed as one of the fallen. The newly minted martyr's body was never found, and it was rumored local Protestants absconded with it for their malicious rites.

The act of Embrace happened quickly in the ensuing panic. Shot defending a young woman with her child, a shadow poured over Arden. Thinking this was an angel of death, he beckoned it with open arms. Given the curse of unlife, Arden was left to fend for himself once again.



KINDRED NIGHTS: THE HAND OF THE ANGELS

Not receiving formal training on his new condition was overbearing but not unendurable. He studied his new-found powers, joining a Sabbat pack and becoming a Noddist. He preached like before, but now his darkened liturgy told of the end times and the truth of Caine.

The wiles of the Sabbat did not fall upon Arden's psyche kindly. Witnessing the atrocities and partaking in them occasionally drove him deeper into Noddist literature and his own twisted thaumaturgical designs. He began exploration of a thaumaturgical branch supposedly capable of starting a divine fire in the heart of an undead being. After poring over tomes he borrowed or stole from other blood sorcerers, he hypothesized such heat could become so intense it could resemble a flame. His research brought him to places of great immolation, wandering through cities desperate to find the key to unlock his blood's potential.

Close to losing himself to the Beast and desperate for some sort of respite, Arden looked to the only stone unturned, the Catholic Church. Arden commanded the presiding priest to entomb him into the walls of his church. He secretly prayed that upon waking, his shattered soul would find some sort of solace.

Arden awoke to a dream of great calamity. He dreamt of the Pyramid breaking into multiple sections and one becoming a shadow of its former self. In a stupor only a hundred or more years could create, Arden rushed into the sanctuary desperate for blood. Finding and killing a family of three, he realized a small child sat huddled, terrified by witnessing the violence. Realizing he created a lifetime much like his own, Arden commanded the child to forget all she had seen. Disposing of the bodies in a local graveyard, he wove memories into the residing priest, Father Raul Gonzalez, and used his newfound resources to help the small child.

Grief-stricken and desperate for knowledge, he realized the year was 2009. He secretly wandered Chicago for any Cainite who could possibly help his plight. By a pure stroke of luck, he located two Cainites, Abraham DuSable and Simon, the now-deceased leader of the Church of Caine of Joliet.

Simon told him of the Gehenna War, the destruction of his branch of the Tremere, and how the war left the Sabbat devastated. Arden wandered the United States a while, looking for evidence of Simon's words and new meaning for his existence, before eventually returning to Joliet depressed. He found Simon's haven burned out, and in the wreckage a leather-bound book of newly formed rites. His depression turned to motivation, as he realized this was a sign for him to carry the torch for his House and the Church of Caine.

Single-handedly, Arden organized the reformation of his branch of the Church, taking guidance from the Gnostics beyond Chicago and reviving his congregation with increasingly Protestant practice. He's still uncertain as to whether he accepts the Gnostic view of Caine as an angel and as life on Earth as a form of hell, or whether he can bring himself to once again adopt his childhood Catholicism. For now, preaching the Cainite gospels as a form of evangelism will do, at least until the flock is strong.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **The Great Reformation:** Arden participates in the rebranding and rebuilding the Church of Caine. His main goal is to recruit disillusioned Anarchs, but also reach out to the Camarilla's lost and faithless.
- **I Will:** There are still enemies among the city cracks in need of annihilation if the reformation can ever be successful. Arden aims to cut down the Bahari cults blossoming in the city.
- **The First Archbishop of the Camarilla:** The waves of time have left Arden with knowledge of the long game. His goals align with bringing the fledgling church into the limelight by providing solace to those tread upon within the city. This ends only with the Church becoming the official religion of the Camarilla.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **The Holy Family Church Rectory (Haven 3, Influence 2)** The Holy Family Rectory provides close contact with his ghoul Father Raul Gonzales, financial backing of the congregation, and a significant library.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Father Raul Gonzales (Retainer 2)** The good father has been successfully forced into thralldom after much difficulty. Conditioned to respect Arden as a visiting monsignor, he helps him acclimate to modern technology and society.
- **Holy Family Parish (Herd 1)** The "caring" Monsignor uses the parish to procure blood from the congregation. This gives him a sense of control over his flock and he is learning Spanish to earn their trust.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Abraham Dusable (The Way In)** Arden is circling Abraham to find his weakness. He realizes the Regent is looking to rebuild the Pyramid and unify the clan. Arden has been dropping hints his goals are very similar to the magus. Arden knows the Cainite doesn't trust him but will use him to ease his "rehabilitation" into the Camarilla.
- **Edward Neally (Redemption)** After hearing rumors of a Cainite walking away from the Sabbat and surviving, Arden began searching for the vampire known as Edward Neally. He senses a void could be filled with the redeeming message of the new Church of Caine.
- **Joshua Tarnopolski (Symbol)** Arden is working on converting the Brujah Baron of Joliet to the Church of Caine, as he believes such a prominent Kindred member of the flock will ease the transition of other vampires.

WHISPERS:

- **The Keeper of The Kingdom:** By some stroke of good fortune, someone very high in the ranks of the Camarilla likes Arden and believes in his work in Chicago. Supposedly this may even be a member of the Inner Council.
- **Money in the Bank:** Arden possesses significant boons and backing from the Ventrue empire of the city of Chicago. Hedging their bets, they are allowing this heresy into their city to undermine the Sabbat war machine.
- **The Lure of Flame:** A thaumaturgical prodigy, Arden succeeded to bend his blood in mastering the thaumaturgical branch focused on fire. He can cause his hands to engulf in flame and cause frenzy-inducing attacks.
- **A Man of The Book:** The tome Arden recovered from Simon's haven holds countless rites of the newly reformed Church of Caine. These rites assist any Cainite daring enough to use them.

Mask and Mien:

- Arden's Mask is weak, and he knows it. He is attempting to gain falsified documents with the help of his retainer. He has used the name Father Martin O'Connell since he began holding night masses at the Holy Family parish **(Mask 1)**.
- Arden prefers the Roman cassock as his nightly wear. He is a thin, bald man, lanky and awkward with the body of an academic, but still tall at 6'2". What he lacks in appearance, he makes up in bravado, walking straight-backed with commanding airs.

Sire: Frondator

Embraced: 1863 (Born 1823)

Ambition: Rebuild the Church of Caine

Convictions: Bow only to the divine

Touchstones: Father Raul Gonzales — retainer and confidante

Humanity: 3

Generation: 10th

Blood Potency: 3

Attributes: Strength 1, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2; Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Composure 3; Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 4

Secondary Attributes: Health 5, Willpower 7

Skills: Craft (Sermons) 3, Melee 2, Survival 2; Etiquette 2, Insight 1, Intimidation 3, Leadership 4, Performance 1, Persuasion (Confession) 4, Streetwise 1; Academics (Theology) 4, Finance 1, Occult (Thaumaturgical Theory) 4, Politics 2

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Blood Sorcery 4, Dominate 4, Presence 1

CLARENCE BARTLEBY

Epitaph: Herald of the Crawling Tongue

Quote: *"Listen. Listen! The Tongue, it will tell you such things..."*

Clan: Tremere

MORTAL DAYS: FAKE IT TILL YOU MAKE IT

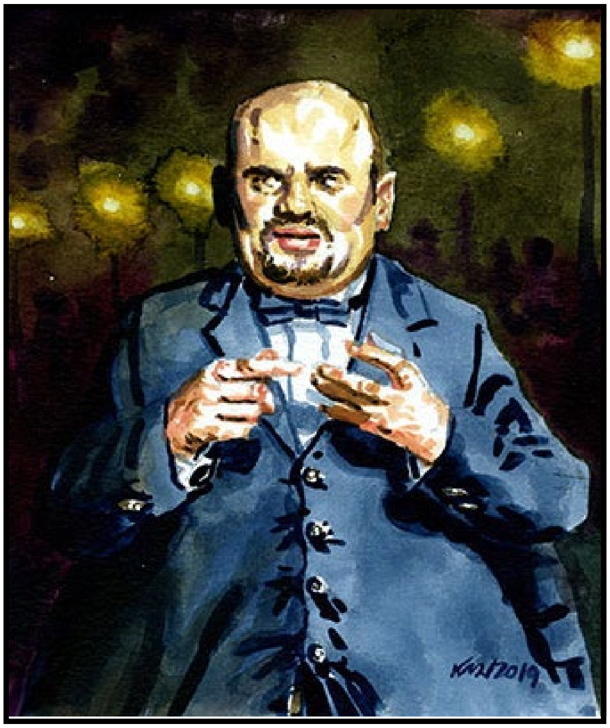
Clarence Bartleby found out early in life that most problems could be solved with a copious amount of B.S. (though he prefers to call it chicanery, legerdemain, or jiggery-pokery). He had a knack for getting out of homework, out of responsibilities, out of citations, out of paying the bill. Coated in a slick sheen of lies, Bartleby became as slippery as a fish, and without the skeletal structure of conviction to hold up his morality, he could slip through openings and opportunities the scrupulous could not manage.

Though Bartleby genuinely loved books, he cheated his way through most of his education, purely out of habit. After a series of minor grifts, Bartleby decided he ought to put his academic degrees to a better line of work. He added a few fake credentials, affected a false British accent to impress the rubes, and used his knowledge of rare books to con the elderly or their beneficiaries out of their rare collections, paying a fraction of their worth. Rare book collections have a way of being bequeathed to those who know nothing about them, and Bartleby perched like a carrion bird to pick each carcass clean.

Along the way, Bartleby became quite knowledgeable of odd antiquities and esoteric tomes, which fetched a fine price from certain, eccentric buyers. He slipped further and further into the occulted corners of the black market. During a lean year, Bartleby broke into the wrong house to steal a forbidden book. This led to a defensive ward going off and fangs piercing his throat.

KINDRED NIGHTS: IN SEARCH OF THE TONGUE

The Tremere put Bartleby's tenacity for ferreting out arcane texts and curios to use. The vagabond happily served the Pyramid doing what he had always done, though on a higher pay grade. He honed his particular investigative skills for such oddities, as well as his magpie hands for the acquisition of them. He had a greasy sort of essence that allowed him to wriggle his way into places and situations more upstanding warlocks would not deign to venture.



While the work was good, the wayfaring lifestyle did little to cultivate any long-term gains or standing. Bartleby decided to establish himself at a chantry, settling in Indianapolis. Oh, the rotten luck! Soon thereafter, the city fell to the Anarch Movement. It became a haven for the Ministry of Set and its cults. Bartleby dealt in the accouterment of the cultist, but found such people pitiable, worse than a sucker. He slipped out of that city as quickly as he entered.

As they say: one door closes, and another presents itself to be lock-picked. Bartleby called in a favor. Tracy Graves, known as Erichtho, of the Chicago chantry, found Bartleby mildly repugnant, but he had been useful to her in the past, most recently in helping her acquire a Hand of Glory. She owed him. She put in a good word with DuSable, and while the latter despised Bartleby, there was perhaps a way to shore up good will with Chicago's Regent.

A band of Bahari cultists had recently looted the abandoned Milwaukee Chantry. If word was to be believed, they liberated a number of occult artifacts from the Tremere coffers. Bartleby put his nose to the grindstone and sniffed out any and all pertinent rumors.

That's how Bartleby heard of the Crawling Tongue. The relic was described as a mummified tongue in an ancient, ornate box. Murmurs in the shadows suggested the withered organ brought revelations and terrible miracles. Some rumors said the tongue was one of the items taken from the Milwaukee Chantry. Other rumors claimed the tongue was a reliquary brought back from the Gehenna Crusades. Apparently, the relic had found its way into the hands of a small cult of mortals.

Bartleby swooped in. Sacrificing a little shoe leather, he tracked down the mundane-seeming cultists. With perfect friendliness, they invited him into the ritual circle. One among their smiling number cut out his own tongue during the rite. When Bartleby sprinkled a few drops of vitae on the relic, it animated, slithering into the maimed man's mouth, fusing to and possessing the body. The Crawling Tongue's vessel then spoke, and its gibbering words warped space and opened the odious Tremere's mind to new vistas of reality.

That was the night Bartleby found religion.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **In the Tongue We Trust:** Bartleby's life never had purpose beyond momentary avarice. Now it brims with writhing meaning! The Tongue has such things to share. The Tongue has plans. Bartleby helps guide this new cult. Whenever the Tongue wishes to inhabit a new vessel, he helps perform the ritual.

- **Avoid the Tremere:** Bartleby has one master now, and it is not the Pyramid. The Cult of the Crawling Tongue is on the move, and Bartleby takes pains to make sure his clan does not track him. Luckily for Bartleby, the Pyramid is not so organized and powerful as it once was. Through his guile and the power of the Tongue, he has eluded them thus far.

- **Strange Research:** The Tongue urges Bartleby to research into weird and disturbing avenues of occult study. He does not know its ultimate plan, but he obeys. The Tongue speaks in languages Bartleby has yet to even identify, but he trusts utterly in its cadence.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **On the Run (Contacts 2, Haven 1, Influence 1)** Bartleby keeps moving, with the cult, about the greater Chicagoland area. He sleeps in whatever accommodations they can provide him (Basements and motel rooms). He calls in favors from his street contacts to help his life on the run. It is not the most secure existence, but an agile one.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Cult of the Crawling Tongue (Herd 3, Retainers 1)** The cult serves the Tongue, and since the Tongue favors Bartleby, they aid him as well. Though constantly on the move, the vampire has no shortage of willing meals. They also serve as mediocre retainers. How did such unremarkable people end up with this powerful relic?

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **The Crawling Tongue (Mawla 3, Complete Worship)** Though it is not a Kindred, the Tongue does offer Bartleby arcane and ritual knowledge. Bartleby assumes the sentient relic has grand plans in store for him.
- **Erichtho (Avoidance)** Tracy Graves searches for the younger Tremere. Thus far, Bartleby eludes her. The more she learns about this tongue relic, the more desperate her search grows. All warnings she sends go unheeded. Clearly it is all propaganda to tempt Bartleby to betray the Tongue.
- **Marcel (Suspicion)** The priest of the Ministry of Set put out word that he can help Bartleby. Secretly, Marcel has aided the Tremere in their search, hoping if the heat is turned up, Bartleby will accept the offer for aid.
- **Erzulie (Wary)** The Mother-Above-All among Chicago's Bahari offers Bartleby and his cultists shelter from the Tremere. She wants a look at that tongue.

WHISPERS:

- **The Tongue of a Thousand Rumors:** It is the Tongue of the Crone and it speaks the lost revelations of Lilith. No! It is the Tongue of Enoch and its utterances will guide a pilgrim right to the Dark Father Caine himself. No! It is the Voice of Oblivion and the priests of Shalim know its nihilistic utterances will reduce reality to liquid blackness. No! It is Set's tongue! No! It is a corrupted mummy's organ. No! It is a powerful wraith's fetter. No! It is a demon bound to withered flesh. No! It is an alien parasite from the deep planes. No! It is…
- **The Long Con:** The relic is just some badly preserved piece of meat. The cult is a collection of mundane mortals duped by Bartleby. All of this is the opening gambit to a con he's been planning for years. Everyone is reacting just as he hoped.
- **The Jigsaw Puzzle:** The Tongue guides Bartleby to the sites of other mummified body parts. At first, Bartleby dared to question the Tongue regarding its ultimate goals. He does not dare such things any longer.
- **It Came From Beneath the Lake:** The tongue crawled out of Lake Michigan. It is the fleshy herald for what is to come. The rest is still down in the depths.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Bartleby appears as a man in his mid-forties. He stands 6'2" and is shaped like a ball. His shoulders are narrow but his chest puffs out like that of a bird. He moves with the awkward dexterity of a stork. His hands are always in motion. Even with the Blush of Life, his complexion is quite waxy.
- Even in his breathing days, Bartleby amassed a collection of guises and fake identification. No one identity holds up long under careful scrutiny, but he has so many. He drops them as freely as a gecko detaches from its twitching tail in order to confuse a pursuer **(Mask 1)**.

Sire: Olivia Fairchild

Embraced: 1995 (Born 1951)

Ambition: Obey and exalt in the presence of the Crawling Tongue

Convictions: None

Touchstones: None

Humanity: 5

Generation: 13th

Blood Potency: 1

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2; Charisma 1, Manipulation 4, Composure 2; Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 2

Secondary Attributes: Health 5, Willpower 4

Skills: Brawl (Dirty Fighting) 1, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Larceny 4, Melee 1, Stealth 3; Etiquette 1, Insight 3, Persuasion 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 4; Academics (Rare Books) 2, Awareness 1, Investigation 3, Occult (Arcane Objects) 3

Disciplines: Auspex 1, Blood Sorcery 2, Dominate 1

VENTRUE

"This fucking city is mine."

— Capone, seething to Alexa Santos

The Ventrue like to claim they're the foundation of the Camarilla, the mouthpiece for the Camarilla, and the body of the Camarilla. In Chicago, perhaps that's why there have always been so many Blue Bloods.

ALPHONSE GABRIEL CAPONE

Epitaph: Chicago's Kingpin

Quote: *"Most folks ain't looking for dead guys, so being a dead-dead guy is even better."*

Clan: Ventrue

MORTAL DAYS: MOB LEGEND

As one of the most notorious names in the history of organized crime, Capone was always a figure Kindred kept a close eye on. Under his leadership, the syndicate known as the Chicago Outfit achieved unprecedented dominance as the premiere criminal organization in America. During prohibition, the Outfit made a fortune selling contraband alcohol to speakeasies across the country. This made Capone not just a very wealthy and powerful man, but a folk hero. Newspapers ran stories on him. Even the police turned a blind eye to his activities while allegedly investigating him.

Within just a few years, Capone established an empire many Kindred in Chicago desired. However, fearing it could be used against him by rivals, Prince Lodin shielded Capone from influence. When the Outfit's activities began to destabilize the city and cause escalating violence on the streets, Lodin finally acted and ensured Capone's fall from grace, pushing the mortal authorities to jail him for tax evasion in 1931.

When Capone emerged from prison, his old organization had diminished. New bosses vied for scraps of power. It looked like he would have to start from scratch, but he then received a visitor. The Prince of Chicago extended a hand to the man who was once its mortal overlord and invited him to taste real power. As the phrase goes: it was an offer Capone couldn't refuse.

KINDRED NIGHTS: NEW HEIGHTS

Capone was a natural in Lodin's court. He was put to work organizing and administering several complex enterprises, which he did with efficiency and efficacy.

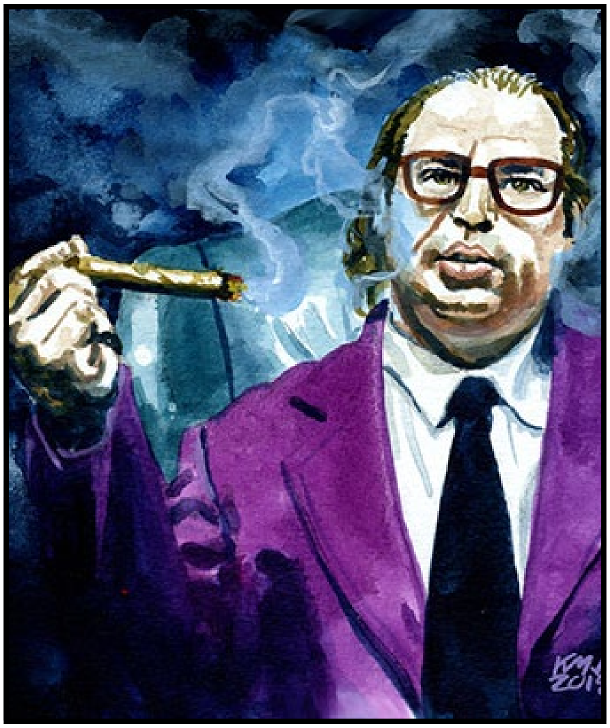
Lodin was highly impressed with his new childe and lavished affection upon him, aiding him in taking control of crime once again. The difference now was Capone wouldn't be the figurehead. He would rule from behind the scenes and direct the mob as a puppet master. Though at first he resented his disappearance from the public eye, it became a position Capone relished.

There was only one fly in the ointment of his new life. A bulbous, grotesque fly named Ballard. Horatio had wanted to put a stop to Capone as a mortal, and as a Kindred he found him insufferable. When Capone made moves into areas of legitimate business to launder his dirty fortune, Ballard took it as a personal slight. What followed was a secret war lasting half a century.

The conflict between the two Kindred threatened to tear the city apart and create a situation far worse than the one Lodin feared in Capone's mortal days. With journalists digging for the story behind the situation, Lodin was forced to act. His decree was designed so both sides lost a vital weapon. Capone was ordered to turn over control of the police and Ballard to surrender influence over the city's government. The compromise irked both men. In attempting to maintain the loyalty of his progeny, Lodin lost them both. When the Prince's fall occurred, Capone shed no tears of blood.

The experience taught Capone a valuable lesson: even as a vampire, there's always a higher authority who wants in on your action. Capone wasn't interested in sharing with the Camarilla and their distant, Euro-centric leadership. He certainly wasn't interested in throwing in his lot with Anarchs who would expect him to burn up everything he had earned in some bullshit crusade for freedom. The only person who mattered was him, and his goal was to get outside of the game. To become a player, not a piece on the board. He seized the role of Ventrue Primogen, but it was only a brief clutch at power before the fires of the Inquisition reignited.

Rumors of his demise surprised some and relieved many. Most Kindred of Chicago didn't believe the stories of his demise at first, but they eventually realized he was exactly the kind of vampire the Second Inquisition were



gunning for in their initial wave of purges. In actuality, Capone laid low and waited, staying patient while keeping his eye on developments via the individual believed to have destroyed him, Alexa Santos. A few years of quiet were nothing to a man who'd done eleven years in the can.

Now, with Jackson on the throne, the time has come for Capone to flex his muscles again. All eyes, both living and dead, are on Chicago now. Whatever happens in the coming nights, Capone desires to be the prime mover behind the crown dynasty. Whoever is Prince, they will pay the piper, and the piper will be playing Capone's tune.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Old Grudges Die Hard:** Capone has not and will not forgive or forget the interference of Ballard in his machinations. Without him, Capone believes he would reign now as his sire's true heir. Anything he tries to take in Chicago needs to be grasped from Ballard's cold, dead hands. Of course, if those hands were reduced to ash… Capone has moles in Ballard's organization and once he understands the true extent of that network, he'll move to take it all.

- **King of Princes:** What your title is doesn't matter, it's all about who owes. Capone understands this more than most. Let someone else sit the throne and deal with the assassination attempts, the Camarilla's distant demands and the damned Anarchs. Capone will be the man behind it all. He intends to establish himself as the leading Ventrue in Chicago and make sure whoever has the title is firmly in his debt.

- **The Old Country:** Capone maintains his feeding preference for Italian women. In order to fully re-establish his supply, he requires access to the docks and the airport. For now, he secretly funds an exchange program with several Universities in Italy, making sure the preferred vessels always win the nominations, regardless of their qualifications.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Evanston Manor (Haven 4)** Capone operates his enterprises from within a manor house near Northwestern University in Evanston. This keeps him close to his source of nourishment while also keeping him near the haven of Alan Sovereign, who he intends to place under his thumb.

- **Lake Michigan Imports Inc. (Allies 3, Contacts 2, Influence 3, Resources 3, Retainers 5)** LMI is the façade incorporating what's left of Capone's holdings. A formidable, citywide employer, not only does it grease the palms of the mobster, it allows him a measure of influence over city government functionaries who compete to have them open new enterprises in their areas to impress voters.

- **Soup Kitchens, Citywide (Contacts 2, Influence 3, Retainers 2)** Poverty brings opportunity to those who know how to benefit from it. Just like during the great depression, Capone knows by feeding the poor, he places them in his debt. He has overseen the opening of various food banks and soup kitchens across the city, not only for the recruitment of new blood, but also the rumors and whispers heard inside and the contact it gives with street level informers in his organization.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Francis "Tin Can Fran" Ambrosini (Retainers 2)** Francis is a middle manager in LMI. In his spare time, he runs a podcast called "Old Family Recipes", in which he gives recipes that can be made with cheap, tinned ingredients. Capone uses his popular broadcasts to send coded messages to his associates.

- **Teresa Halstone (Retainers 1, Herd 2)** Teresa is a large, formidable woman and the manager of Capone's trust fund who work with Italian Universities to secure scholarships for specially selected students. He treats her similarly to a mother as she shares his mother's name and resembles her.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Alexa Santos (Lieutenant)** One of the city's Hounds, it's not as if Alexa's disloyal to Jackson so much as keeping their options open. They reported Capone's final death a few years ago after Capone made an offer that keeps Santos and their partner Aluc permanently taken care of financially. Alexa is Capone's closest ally, but considers the arrangement strictly business.

- **Nickolas "Sweetie Pepper" White (Time Bomb)** Nickolas isn't aware of it, but he is Capone's secret weapon. The chaos he creates will be certain to fracture the old school hierarchy of Ballard's, as soon as Capone can identify where to strike.

WHISPERS:

- **Alive or Dead:** Some Kindred still refuse to accept Capone is dead. Ballard always keeps an eye out for his former rival's return.

- **Anarch Grudge:** Though he has moved on to bigger fish, the Anarch Movement has not forgotten the suffering they endured at Capone's hands.

- **Mortal Following:** The few who know of Capone believe he has more mortal employees, retainers, and hired muscle than any other Kindred in Chicago.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Capone has not established a new alias or public persona for himself. This is his key weakness and strength all at once. He keeps his activities off the record and restricts his own movements, lest the Second Inquisition catch sight of his famous face.

- Capone is a stout, balding man with a scar upon his left cheek he received during his time as a bouncer in Brooklyn. He appears to be in his late 40s. He is prone to loud outbursts when threatened or informed of failure by his employees.

- An old-fashioned man, Capone dresses himself almost constantly in fine Italian suits. He is always on the lookout for talented tailors who will work off book.

Sire: Lodin

Embraced: 1947 (Born 1899)

Ambition: Climb past the top

Convictions: No debt should ever go unpaid

Touchstones: Teresa Halstone — Mother Figure

Humanity: 5

Generation: 8th

Blood Potency: 3

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3; Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Composure 4; Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 3

Secondary Attributes: Health 7, Willpower 8

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Drive 2, Firearms (Tommy Gun) 3, Larceny (Racketeering) 5, Melee 3, Stealth 3, Survival (Urban) 3; Etiquette (Elysium) 2, Insight 2, Intimidation 4, Leadership (Organized Crime) 5, Persuasion 3, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 4; Awareness 2, Finance 3, Investigation 3, Politics 2, Technology 1

Disciplines: Dominate 4, Fortitude 4, Presence 3, Potence 2

AMELIA LOCKE

Epitaph: Seeker of Stories

Quote: *"Go on thinking the way you do and I'll walk all over you."*

Clan: Ventrue

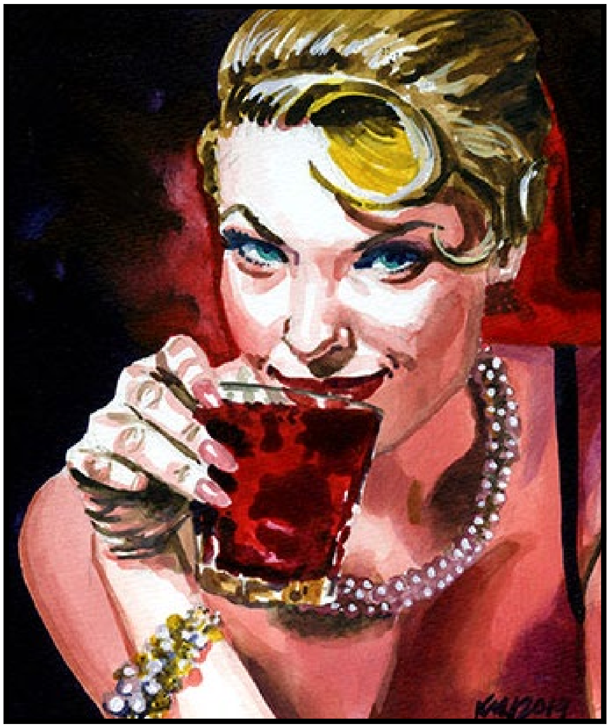
MORTAL DAYS: FROM BEHIND THE DESK TO BEHIND ENEMY LINES

By the end of her first week as a secretary at the Chicago Sun, Amelia outed a corporate spy by rummaging through the garbage and piecing together discarded notes. She compiled her evidence, followed him under the cover of night to his secret meet-ups, discovered all of his drops and contacts, and wrapped it all up in a neat little exposé slid under the editor in chief's door. Although it never made it to print, she made her mark and gained a reputation at the paper as "the secretary who thinks she's a journalist". Within the first year, she was promoted to the chief's personal assistant and given her own office.

Amelia was a hero among the working women in the building. Her edits were sought after almost as much as the stories themselves. Over the years, the courting of her male colleagues faded due to countless rejections and was replaced with respect. Yet, Amelia still felt unfulfilled.

The chief rolled in every night about an hour after sundown. She admired him. He had never made a pass at her and always yelled at her with the same intensity and expectations he held for any of the men in the office. Although she did not know it, he had grown fond of her moxie. She was fierce, yet could paint with her written word.

A night finally came where both she and Joseph Peterson were in the office alone. She took a deep breath and marched into his office without a knock. As she demanded to be treated as a real journalist, Joseph did



not look down at her or ridicule her for her gender, but applauded her tenacity. He offered her a new position as correspondent in Russia during the last years of the Cold War. He also offered her a glass of red wine — actually his vitae — thus bonding her to him.

KINDRED NIGHTS: MINING THE GREATEST STORIES

In Moscow, Amelia mastered her craft. She wrote cutting biographies, true stories of human hardship, scathing critiques of corrupt governments and their warlike actions, and became known widely for her skill. In 1988 she was considered for a Pulitzer Prize, but fell short. Nevertheless, she made a reputation and earned respect on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

It was in Moscow that she encountered the eventual love of her life: Tatyana. This woman, hard-bitten and sharp-edged, had served as a pilot of the famous Soviet Night Witches during the Second World War, and was exiting her fifties when she met the younger, energetic Amelia. The two found each other fascinating, fell for each other, and when the Cold War ended travelled to the United States together.

By the time Amelia returned, her bond to Peterson had disappeared. Seeing him for the first time in a decade and realizing he hadn't aged, she asked him to make her as he was. Peterson obliged after a short conversation with his sire. Amelia didn't hesitate in giving the same "gift" to her lover that night.

Amelia continued to work at the paper following her Embrace. Writing and Tatyana were her two loves, and she often wrote reviews of Kindred entertainments for the enjoyment of the court. High society gossip wasn't in her sphere of interest, but she adjusted her writing to suit the audience. For mortal eyes, she continued to report on mortal political affairs.

Amelia's unlife existed quietly until Peterson claimed the throne of Chicago. He never consulted her, never warned her, and never prepared her for what might happen if his coup failed, which it did. Joseph Peterson's exile had a ripple effect, where the new Prince Jackson cancelled all boons owed to his descendants, and stripped them of all prestige they might hold in Elysium. Though she held little, Amelia still smarted from this unnecessary punishment.

With her sponsor gone from the paper, the new editor fired her due to her perceived age making her "out of touch" with current affairs. With the help of Tatyana, Amelia started a career in online journalism for a handful of companies, but without the tangible benefit of words in a real-life newspaper, her interest wanes.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Moving On:** Amelia was contemplating faking her own death when Peterson was exiled, but her new online enterprise has made her reconsider. The issue she finds with online journalism, beyond the obvious lack of fact-checking and verified sources, is how anybody can do it. Her name is being drowned out, on one hand alleviating the need for her mortal self to die, and on the other rendering any identity she chooses to take on redundant. Amelia is developing a sense of ennui, only lessened through company with her lover, Tatyana. She would be lost without her.

- **Rebuilding:** Amelia's sire recently transferred to her the deeds to a large warehouse near Lincoln Park. She hasn't heard directly from Joseph, only knowing he wants her to have the building. Unsure of whether it's because there's something of worth within it, or if he just wants her to own some property, Amelia is currently unsure of how to act. For now, she's hiring mortals to empty the place out before considering whether to turn it into something like a business front, large haven, or even a small-press publisher.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **The Office (Allies 1, Haven 2, Resources 2)** Amelia's office in Old Town is her place to truly be herself. She pays for it monthly and can freely spend her time however she wants within its four walls. She has befriended a few other renters in the building who are also journalists. She never sleeps there during the day, seeing it more as a way for her to connect with her Humanity.

- **Love Nest (Haven 2)** When Tatyana originally moved from Russia to the United States, Amelia took it upon herself to keep her and her girlfriend protected from a potentially dangerous world. She does not earn much on her freelance journalist gig, but it is enough to pay the rent for a small two-bedroom apartment near Soldier Field.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Jimmy Ballinger (Retainer 2)** Jimmy used to deliver newspapers to her old apartment, and he soon fell in love with Amelia's infectious charm and confidence. When Amelia told him she was not interested, he begged her to at least befriend him. He has since been her devoted ghoul for the last two years.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Joseph Peterson (Respect, Trust)** Peterson and Amelia always had a good eye for each other in a professional manner. Peterson admires how Amelia went against all odds in a man's world and landed herself a prominent position at his newspaper. Amelia likes to push her sire's buttons and loved nothing more than challenging him. She misses him horribly.

- **Tatyana Makarova (Love)** If it was up to Amelia, she would write a book about Tatyana and the love they have for each other. She will do anything for the childe she calls "Yana", and Amelia has on several occasions blocked incoming physical and verbal attacks aimed at Tatyana. She sees nothing but beauty in her lover.

WHISPERS:

- **Man-hater:** It is no secret Amelia wants to fight for equal rights, even in Kindred society. This has led some ignorant Kindred to believe she has a genuine hatred for the opposite sex, and cannot be trusted to work alongside male vampires.

- **Mightier than the Sword:** Amelia's reviews of Elysium entertainments concluded when her sire was exiled. Rumors hold that she now writes scathing biopics of the city's most influential Kindred, and intends to send them to Camarilla domains across the States.

- **Virtues:** Because Amelia is an attractive female and she gained ground so quickly in a male-dominated industry, it is rumored she only got to the top so quickly because she slept with her boss and sire pre-Embrace. She despises few rumors as much as this one.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Although Amelia likes to think of herself as a modern woman, she often takes inspirations from '50s haute couture with form-fitting jackets and high-waisted skirts cinched in tightly and creating a perfect hourglass silhouette. Her strawberry blond hair is always styled in a short and lightly curled hairdo, held up by copious amounts of hair spray.

- Amelia always carries a confident smile and determined walk when getting from A to B. Her piercing green-eyed gaze can make the will of a weaker vampire crumble.

- During her time in both America and Russia, Amelia established a well-known name both as a photographer and journalist. Her self-employment means she can work at night without anyone raising an eyebrow. To date, she has not established a Mask.

Sire: Joseph Peterson

Embraced: 1992 (Born 1960)

Ambition: Win a prize for my journalism

Convictions: I will prove the strength of my gender time and time again

Touchstones: Roe Locke — Amelia's niece, who hero-worships her vampire aunt

Humanity: 8

Generation: 9th

Blood Potency: 2

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2; Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Composure 4; Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 4

Secondary Attributes: Health 4, Willpower 8

Skills: Athletics 1, Craft (Photography) 2, Drive 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2; Etiquette 3, Insight 2, Leadership 1, Persuasion (Open Up) 3, Streetwise 2; Academics (English Literature) 2, Awareness 2, Investigation (Journalism) 4, Politics (Cold War) 4, Technology 1

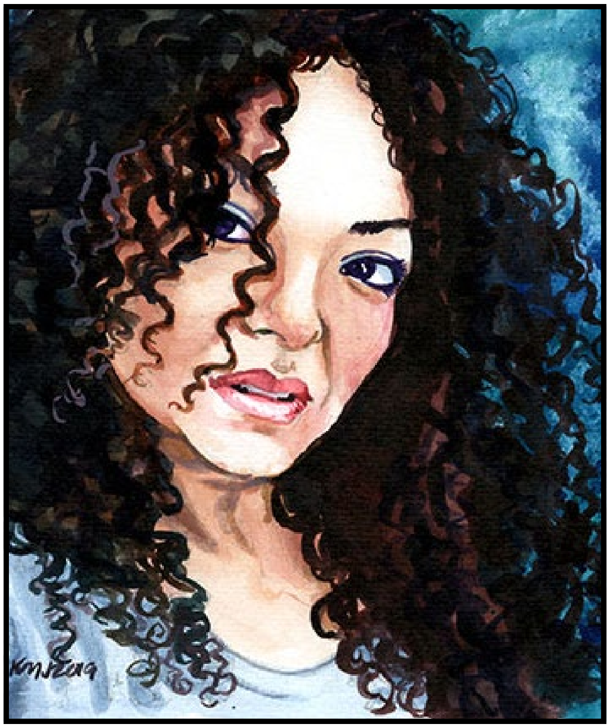
Disciplines: Celerity 1, Fortitude 2, Presence 3

MILENA ARONYAN

Epitaph: Blue Collar Blue Blood

Quote: *"Someone prepared to sweat will always lose out to someone prepared to bleed."*

Clan: Ventrue



MORTAL DAYS: DARK PAST; HOPEFUL FUTURE

Milena Aronyan arrived in Chicago with her mother, fleeing the Armenian Genocide, along with many other families. Her earliest memories are of her mother's determination to get her daughter to safety and the sacrifices her father made to make it possible. Though she missed out on ever truly knowing the man, Milena's mother ensured that she grew up instilled with his values of self-sacrifice, dedication, and hard work. She reminded her that as outsiders in this strange land, they would have to work twice as hard as others to get anywhere.

Milena's mother lacked the formal qualifications to get anything but very basic cleaning and service jobs and she took on as many as she could. Opportunities for Milena to access the education and support needed to climb out of their predicament in the ghetto were rare at best. However, the young woman was more determined than any to succeed and give her mother the new life she deserved, that her father had died for.

With access to the upper echelons of medicine, law or finance difficult and expensive to acquire, Milena sought employment as an apprentice tradesman. In 1960s Chicago, such pursuits for a woman were frowned upon greatly, however, she finally found a plumber willing to take her as an apprentice, Maurice Plinkton.

Working for Plinkton and Sons wasn't easy. Many householders weren't comfortable with a foreign woman coming into their house and doing a task traditionally performed by men, but still Milena persisted. She accompanied Maurice and his sons on jobs to learn the trade and later they were simply there so that a man was present to ease the guilt of the stuffed shirts who hired them to fix their broken toilets and sinks.

She worked so hard, and did so well, that the small family business began to grow and become one of the leading plumbers in the city. However, when Maurice died and left the company to Milena rather than his two sons, the disinherited family members sued her to prevent her using the family name and accused her of manipulating their father.

It was at this moment that Alan Sovereign decided to make his investment. He had been following the business, thinking of putting money into it, but what he found was a dedicated potential childe who could take this fledgling business under her wing. He offered to fund her legal defense and ensure that she won. In return, she would now answer to him. Milena's path from retainer to ghoul to Kindred was swift.

KINDRED NIGHTS: FANGS TO THE GRINDSTONE

Milena's Embrace was not without problems. Learning that she would have to sever her ties to her mother was a difficult choice for her to make, but Sovereign made it clear that it was a choice between that and destitution for the now elderly woman. Milena reluctantly agreed and took the Embrace.

Her main regret about this was that she could no longer work during the day. She felt that she had less time than she would like, but she continued to work and grow her plumbing business, taking a keen interest in the apprentices and tradespeople she hired. Following her mother's death, she opened a trust in her name for hiring women interested in taking a trade. Much to her sire's delight, she continued to grow and diversify her portfolio, acquiring interests in sanitation, janitorial duties and buying up land on which she constructed multi-level parking lots and waste disposal sites.

While many of the Ventrue look down on Milena as a woman interested in low ranking business, the wisest among them realize her true clout. Milena's staff have access to some of the most heavily guarded and secure facilities in the city. Many of them are people to whom cracking someone over the head with a wrench or disposing of a body bag without asking questions is no issue. Furthermore, to them, Milena is more than a boss, she is a leader and a mentor. She rewards hard work with good wages and fair terms, though she is quick to dismiss those she feels aren't carrying their weight.

Milena may not be the textbook Ventrue, but already large parts of the low-end businesses in Chicago are in her hands. Her actions attract the eyes of Camarilla peers and Anarch rivals alike.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Improve the Camarilla:** Milena believes she can change the Camarilla from within. She admires Prince Jackson's rise to power and sees him as a young Kindred who had everything going against him. She believes she can convince him to pursue a more egalitarian rule than his predecessors.

- **Low Hanging Fruit:** While her rivals pursue their own personal skyscraper, Milena understands they are just eye-catching monuments staffed by janitors and cleaners who have access to every room inside.

- **Open Negotiations:** War destroys. It can do nothing else. The Anarchs are simply a bunch of kids who want to do things differently. Milena is interested in maintaining good relations with them, leading some to see her as somewhat of a sympathizer.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **South Loop Penthouse (Haven 4)** Some criticize Milena for keeping such an ostentatious haven, but she would argue that she has damn well earned it.

- **Ani Aronyan Trust Inc. (Allies 3, Contacts 4, Resources 4, Retainers 4)** Milena's group of companies was renamed as part of the legal transfer. It remains the only concession she was forced to make. Through this firm, her tendrils run deep into the city.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Martine Laclerc (Retainers 2)** A French girl who was working as a stripper when Milena found her, Milena offered her a job in her offices and now she operates as her PA. Milena admires her dedication and her forthright, honest demeanor.

- **Walter Plinkton (Herd 1)** Only one of Maurice Plinkton's sons remains in the plumbing business. While Milena does not speak to him, she does feed from him regularly as, unlike his brother, he still does an honest day's work.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Alan Sovereign (Mentor)** Milena is eternally grateful for the opportunities her sire provided her. That said, Milena recognizes Sovereign is no friend of the working man and hopes to forge her own path without him.

- **Prince Kevin Jackson (Great Hope)** In the Prince, Milena sees hope for the immortal future: a young Prince trying to bring even lifelong enemies around the table in peace, who is prepared to make concessions to Anarchs with his rule of 10. She is one of his staunchest supporters.

WHISPERS:

- **Vicious Streak:** While a very positive and helpful influence for good in her community, many of Milena's competitors and rivals have been known to have met grizzly fates inside trash compactors.

- **Anarch Diplomat:** Rumor has it that when the Prince wants to get word to the Anarchs of Gary, he sends it through Milena.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Milena is a short, wiry woman with wild brown hair that explodes from her head when not tied down in a tight ponytail. Her face is lined and careworn and she appears to be in her late 40s or early 50s to the casual observer. Her Middle Eastern appearance often draws unwelcome remarks from passersby, but those who know her are very careful to avoid disparaging her heritage. Milena speaks several languages including Armenian, Turkish, and Farsi.

- When feeding, Milena targets men who have done a full day's manual labor. She claims that the efforts they have exerted sweeten the blood and quickens her with vigor at each feeding. She finds the lazy and the unmotivated to be physically repulsive.

- Milena often makes friends of those who she identifies as outcasts or ostracized, unless they have expressed disloyalty to the Prince. Milena tries to mediate and bring such Kindred back into the fold.

- Milena regularly goes on-site for jobs at night and is sometimes seen in overalls. However, she tends to favor casual trouser suits when at court.

Sire: Alan Sovereign

Embraced: 2009

Ambition: Work to unite all Kindred

Convictions: Unite Kindred for the betterment of all

Touchstones: Martine Laclerc — personal assistant and confidante

Humanity: 7

Generation: 10th

Blood Potency: 2

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3; Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Composure 4; Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 4

Secondary Attributes: Health 6, Willpower 8

Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Craft (Plumbing) 4, Drive (Trucks) 3, Firearms 2, Larceny 1, Survival (Urban) 2; Etiquette 1, Insight 3, Leadership 3, Persuasion 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2; Academics 1, Awareness 3, Finance 3, Investigation 2, Politics 2, Technology (Sanitation Systems) 3

Disciplines: Dominate 2, Fortitude 2, Presence 1

TATYANA MAKAROVA

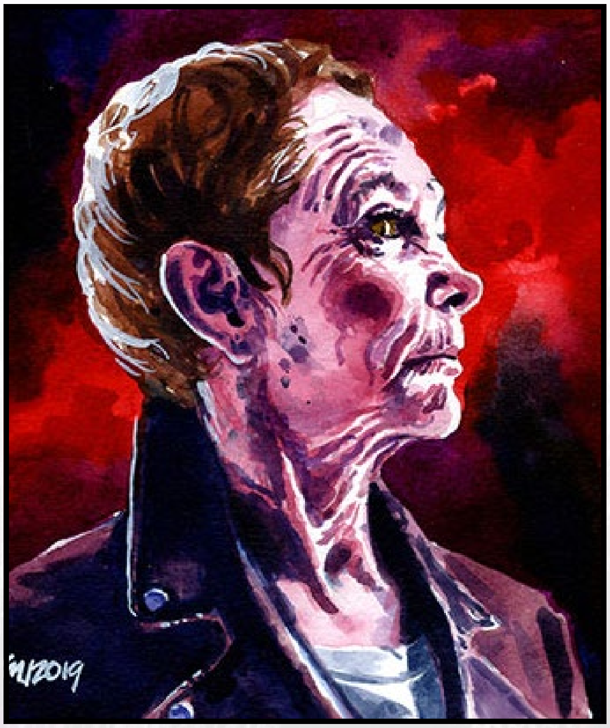
Epitaph: The soaring Soviet

Clan: Ventrue

Quote: "Don't worry about what is below you, worry about what is above and beyond, that is where you should be looking"

MORTAL DAYS: INTERVIEW WITH AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST

Tatyana never knew she would spend her 20s in the military. Her enrollment came as a surprise to her, just as the war did. She grew up on a remote farm on the outer edges of Siberia, where she lived a simple and predetermined life with her five sisters. Tatyana was the most stubborn of her sisters, and used to run away from her chores to catch dragonflies in the field and chase doves in the yard of the farm. Her desire for something more, something else than living and dying in the same place, expressed itself through her fascination of flying beings. Everything from birds to the rare airplane passing by once in a while caught her full attention.



When the Second World War broke out, she saw her chance to escape her rural existence. She enrolled as a volunteer in the Russian military on her sixteenth birthday. It took little time for her to become one of the first female aviators in Russia, a part of the 588th Night Bomber Regiment.

Tatyana never felt comfortable with the propagandist side of her military role. She ducked out of interviews, insulted journalists, and avoided fame for many decades after her stunning career in flight. She focused on, and some would even say was largely in love with, her machine. It took her until the 1980s, well after the war's conclusion to finally meet a reporter who was interested not just in the Soviet message, but the true story of the Night Witches. This reporter was Amelia Locke, working for an American paper. Being in the Russian military as a woman was often lonely, and she was fascinated by other women brave enough to break their societal mold. This interview laid the foundation for the relationship between Tatyana and Amelia.

Tatyana and Amelia fell deeply in love during the interview and created a rare bond of trust and care. Their age difference, respective nationalities, and political allegiances didn't matter. All there was, was them. The world could be in flames for all they cared. When the Cold War ended, Tatyana left Russia with Amelia and returned to the journalist's home city of Chicago.

KINDRED NIGHTS: THE STRANGER

Tatyana felt strange and alone in an American city. The only life she'd ever known was in Russia, either as part of the military complex or in the expanse of Siberia. The sheer volume of people, distractions, excess, and waste in Chicago appalled and terrified her. When Amelia returned to their rented house one night, after meeting with her boss at the newspaper, Tatyana accepted her lover's Embrace with confusion and fear. She had no idea what was going on, and to this night is still unsure whether she consented.

Acclimating to existence as a vampire has been hard for Tatyana. No longer can she feel the sun on her face as she soars through the clouds, and compounding her difficulties are her struggles with the English language — which only after two decades in the United States has she learned to write. She loves Amelia dearly, but where once Tatyana was a fierce, proud woman, she is now shy and reclusive. She wants to return home, but knows deep down that nothing waits for her in Russia.

Surprising to Tatyana is her attachment to communist ideals. She never cared for the politics of her motherland when she lived there, but the startling disparity in wealth and power between mortals and Kindred alike, shocks her. She loathes the concept of a Prince one cannot contest, finds the Anarch attempts at revolution petty and childish, and identifies more and more with her struggles as a young woman in a male-dominated world.

Tatyana rarely leaves Amelia's side in public, but in private, she broods and plans. She's growing tired of her role as a recluse, limited to advising Amelia on her journalistic subjects. She wants to help fledglings who do not understand the cruel world of which they're a part. She wants to enact actual change in this domain of Chicago. Most importantly, she wants to take to the skies again, and is contemplating how feasible a private night flight company might be, and how valuable such a resource could become for Kindred interested in smuggling goods and themselves to other domains with private airfields.

PLOTS AND SCHEMES:

- **Taking Flight:** Tatyana is attempting to convince Amelia to support her venture of purchasing a couple of light aircraft, a hangar, and a strip of land from which to fly. The outlay will be considerable, but flying is a dream Tatyana wishes she could live again. It's been nearly 30 years since she last sat in the cockpit of a plane. Amelia is reticent, as she doesn't know what the logistics and risk would be to a vampire pilot, but her partner is slowly wearing down her resolve.

- **True Revolution:** Tatyana's had enough of the feudal nonsense in this prominent Camarilla domain. If they won't embrace an alternative form of government, maybe a good revolution is what's needed. She wasn't alive to see the Romanovs fall, but she believes all archaic systems need burning down if they won't change with the times. It's early nights yet, but Tatyana Makarova may start looking for co-conspirators to lead a rebellion against the corrupt institution of the Camarilla and what she sees as their Anarch lapdogs.

DOMAIN AND HAVEN:

- **Full Heart Family Shelter (Contacts 2, Haven 2)** Despite her stern demeanor, Tatyana has a caring heart. She invested what little money she had in helping to establish a shelter in Englewood for battered women and their children. She does not have the funds to pay the taxes related to running the establishment, however, and is seeking aid in that regard.

- **Love Nest (Haven 2)** Tatyana and Amelia share a two-bedroom apartment near Soldier Field. The haven is filled with memorabilia from her time in the military, and set up mostly for writing and studying. While ill-suited for guests, the two women love their small home.

THRALLS AND TOOLS:

- **Nimarra (Retainer 1)** A young Nigerian woman who illegally emigrated to America to seek another life away from her abusive family and husband, Tatyana took Nimarra under her wing, and gave her a part-time job at the shelter, mainly babysitting and cleaning. Tatyana refuses to feed from women at the shelter, preferring to hunt than keep a herd.

KINDRED RELATIONSHIPS:

- **Amelia Locke (Adoration)** Despite her discomfort with her surroundings, Tatyana would not change her place beside Amelia for the world. Something about the fiery journalist keeps her spark of life burning. The two would never betray each other.

- **Gérard (Potential)** In Tatyana's distant hope of revolt in the domain, she surveys the few Kindred she's encountered and views Gérard as the best possible general for a revolutionary force. He may not be the smartest or most rational Kindred, but he has a certain charisma and a willingness to throw himself into battle.

- **Lewis "Lulu" Sheng (Care)** Lulu is one of the fledglings Tatyana has found and offered assistance to in their first nights as a vampire. She doesn't formally adopt her wards, but acts as a temporary Mawla to any Kindred trying to find their feet. Her pragmatic side counts on a long-lasting loyalty from these fledglings assisting her in the future.

WHISPERS:

- **Communist:** Among the old guard of Kindred society, Tatyana's political beliefs are not welcomed. Although she claims herself as a socialist and will not hear of the word communist, it is rumored much of the donations her shelter receives still go to her family in Russia instead of the women in need.

- **Russian spy:** Many of the Kindred in Chicago were alive during the Cold War, and some paranoia of Russian spies has been carried through since that time. If she's not working for the Russians, maybe she's working for the Prince of another domain.

MASK AND MIEN:

- Tatyana always looks like she's just stepped out from a cockpit or from underneath an engine. Her tangled brown hair, a few light burn scars on her slender face, and weary eyes bely an acute mind and resilient nature. She wears aviator jackets and combat boots, as well as jeans or army cargo pants. She is a stubby woman with broad shoulders, and it is clear she does not care much for how she carries herself.

- When she uses Blush of Life, Tatyana's eyes become alive, she radiates warmth and compassion, and naturally puts others at ease. Without it, she appears cold and aloof.
- Tatyana adopted a fake identity when she first moved to the States, as Russian immigrants travelled in high numbers and weren't checked nearly as diligently as they are today. She goes by the name Vera Romanenko, and claims to be Ukrainian (**Mask 2**).

Sire: Amelia Locke

Embraced: 1992 (Born 1924)

Ambition: To take to the skies at least once more.

Convictions: Always help women in need.

Touchstones: Nimarra — a fellow migrant and loyal worker at the family shelter.

Humanity: 6

Generation: 10th

Blood Potency: 2

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4; Charisma 1, Manipulation 2, Composure 4; Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 4

Secondary Attributes: Health 7, Willpower 8

Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Craft 3, Drive (Light Aircraft) 5, Firearms 3, Melee 1, Stealth 3, Survival (Industrial) 3; Intimidation 2, Leadership 2, Subterfuge 1; Awareness 3, Finance 1, Investigation 1, Politics (Communism) 3, Science 3, Technology 4

Disciplines: Dominate 1, Fortitude 4

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chapter six

Loresheets

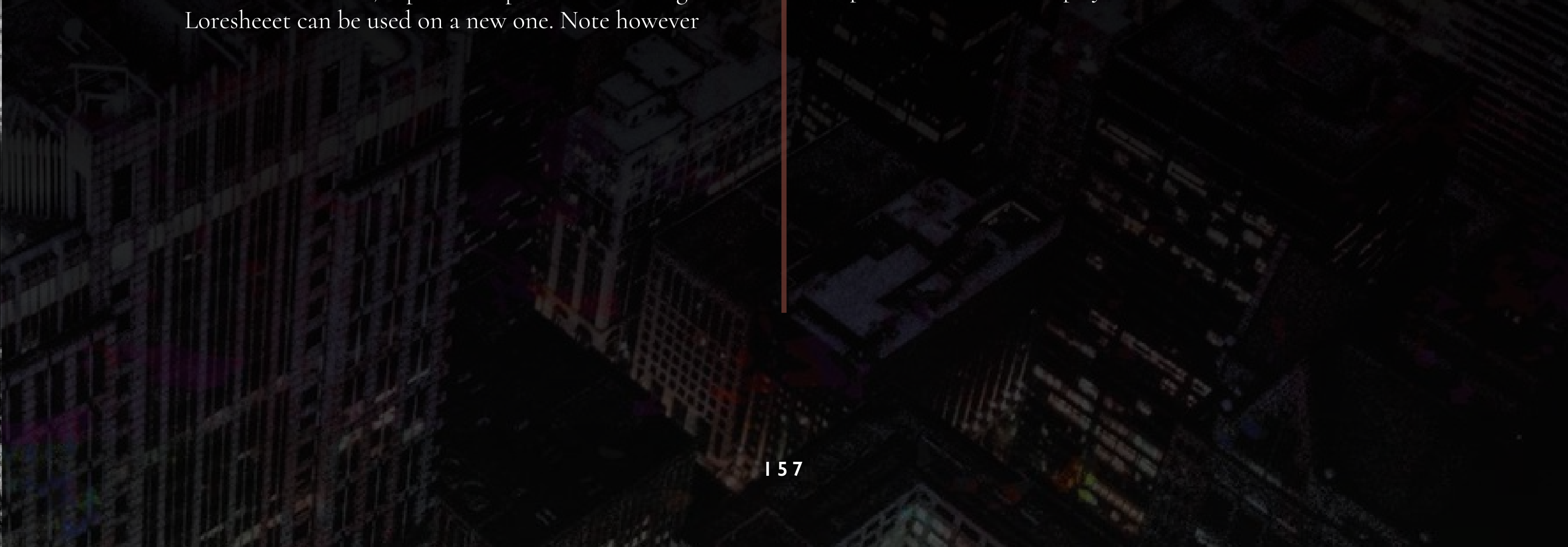
"Chicago's a cesspool, but interesting things have a habit of growing in the thick of sewage."

— Milena Aronyan, explaining her business interests to Horatio Ballard

These Loresheets present prominent personages, places, and events located in and around the Greater Chicago and neighboring Milwaukee metropolitan areas. The organizations and Kindred below have a long history, and even longer reach, making them useable in your chronicle no matter the location.

As per the rules of Loresheets in **Vampire: The Masquerade**, each character may only take a single Loresheet at a time. However, if a player character exhausts or expends a Loresheet acquired at character creation and has formed the bonds, earned the boons, or roleplayed the forging of alliances with characters or groups in these Loresheets, experience spent on the extinguished Loresheeet can be used on a new one. Note however that if a character has already taken a Loresheet named "Descendant of..." a Kindred, and somehow exhausts its benefits, they cannot take a new "Descendant of..." Loresheet unless the vampire in question is within the same lineage. For example, a descendant of Critias could also be a descendant of Menele, as Menele is Critias' sire.

Storytellers are advised to pay close attention to Loresheets their players acquire. Choosing to invest in a Loresheet is an indication that a player is interested in the game involving their Loresheet character, organization, event, or similar. Always attempt to incorporate Loresheets in play, wherever it might improve the story and personalize it for the players.



ARCHONS

Archons are the bogeymen of the Camarilla, the unliving extension of their Justicar's will. They are the watchful eye at the Anarch gathering, the fly on the Prince's wall, and blade in the dark to all who violate the Traditions.

Archons are the Camarilla's elite guardians, inquisitors, and spies. They relentlessly prosecute all violations of the Traditions uncovered during their nightly vigil and have the authority to destroy all Kindred who stand in their way. So fearsome is their reputation that entire domains tremble at word of their passage. And tremble they should, for even the greatest Prince bends the knee in their presence.

Life is hard, if not lethal, for most Archons, but the authority they wield and rewards they reap can be great. A vampire with this Loresheet is not automatically an Archon, but through narrative, is more likely to be recruited as one.

LORE

• **Undercover:** You perform your work undercover, assuming a false identity to get close to your prey. You maintain a false identity as a minor member of the faction you are investigating and gain one bonus die to all rolls related to maintaining your cover. Additional work is needed to make your cover foolproof against intense scrutiny, but Undercover will buy you the time necessary to get your foot in the door without being killed on sight. This advantage may be purchased multiple times to represent a range of false identities.

•• **Watcher in the Dark:** Like many Archons, you are just as formidable a scholar and investigator as you are a warrior. You have access to a vast repository of Camarilla contacts, records, and informants when prosecuting your duties. Once per game, you gain two automatic successes on any Investigation or Academics test concerning the subject of your investigation.

••• **Red Phone:** You have a reliable way of contacting your patron Justicar. This can be via sorcerous means, trusted messenger, or almost any covert method that matches your Justicar's particular preference. Their response to your message varies depending on their current workload and can range from silence, to providing valuable information, exerting political influence, or even deployment of further Archons. The precise game effects of Red Phone are up to the Storyteller and overuse or abuse of this ability may cause your Justicar to reconsider their choice to make you an Archon.

•••• **Color of Authority:** Your Status as a duly appointed Archon of the Camarilla gives you sweeping powers, including the right of destruction. You may sit in, and pronounce formal judgement over, any Camarilla Kindred without retaliation from your fellow sect members. You hold the equivalent of four dots of Status in most Camarilla domains, but stand the risk of earning Adversaries if you judge other Kindred arbitrarily. Note that Archons who abuse their authority often fall victim to unfortunate "accidents."

••••• **Justicar's Blood:** You have access to the potent vitae of the Justicar you serve and are authorized to use it in the line of duty. This vitae may be derived from a blood bond with your Justicar or be an award for meritorious service. Either way, you gain three bonus dice for rolls related to one of the three clan Disciplines (player's choice) of your patron Justicar for the remainder of the night. You may use this once per chronicle.

THE CONVENTION OF CHICAGO

The Convention of Chicago was the first large-scale gathering of the Camarilla in almost a century. Born of the fires of the Second Inquisition, the Convention gathered representatives of Princes and Primogen the world over to discuss the Camarilla's path forward in its time of crisis. Publically, the Convention was a resounding success, a show of unity, and sterling example of everything the Camarilla has to offer. Privately, the Convention succeeded by the narrowest of margins. Intrigue between the delegates and interference by Anarchs nearly derailed the entire event, but swift action by the Archons and Anarch disunity saved the convention from an ignominious end.

You attended the convention as a Chicago native or were a representative from afar. Camarilla, Anarch, or independent, you took this rare opportunity to gather information, make new allies, and further your schemes. Many profited from the convention, and you are not the least of them.

LORE

- **Rabble Rouser:** Prince Jackson and his allies were extremely efficient at thwarting Anarch plots to disrupt the convention, except in your case. You managed to disrupt one of the convention's important after parties, embarrassing the host, humiliating their security detail, and damaging the status of multiple Kindred. Success breeds success, and once per story, you can assemble a small group of fledgling Anarchs to your cause. They count as a three-dot Ally group that will perform one dangerous action for you once per story. They respect your rep, but will not sell their lives needlessly.

•• **Convention Attendee:** You attended the convention and participated in its formal sessions, working groups, and more importantly, after parties. You navigated this web of intrigue successfully and gain two-dots to distribute between Allies and Contacts in addition to being able to ask the Storyteller once per story for a piece of information related to the convention. This information can be part of the public record or a juicy behind the scenes detail (Storyteller's discretion).

••• **Troubleshooter:** Conventions have a way of bringing out the rabble, and Chicago was no exception. You are an agent of Prince Jackson, the Archons, or some other group whose best interests were served by the convention's success. You gain two-dots of Status among the Kindred of Chicago and a "get out of jail free" card from the Prince. Once per chronicle, you can use your service at the convention to have the authorities of your domain turn a blind eye toward a minor violation of the Traditions out of respect for services rendered.

•••• **Formal Delegate:** You were one of the formal delegates to the convention and successfully prosecuted the objectives of your patron Prince or Primogen. Your wild success grants you four-dots to distribute among Allies, Contacts, Retainers, and Resources related to the convention. You also have a standing invitation to Elysium events in Chicago or your home domain.

••••• **Mover and Shaker:** You played an active role in the Convention of Chicago's success. Your rhetoric purchased many a vote during the formal sessions, and your whispers purchased many more during the after parties. These votes are a byproduct of your love affair with uncovering your fellow delegate's secrets. You know who sleeps with who, which closets hide skeletons, and why the trunk of that BMW sounds like its moaning. You use this information and the power it provides to enlist the (grudging) aid of your betters. Once per story, you can collect a Major Boon from a convention attendee in your debt. Work with the Storyteller to determine the identity of the Kindred in question and nature of their aid.

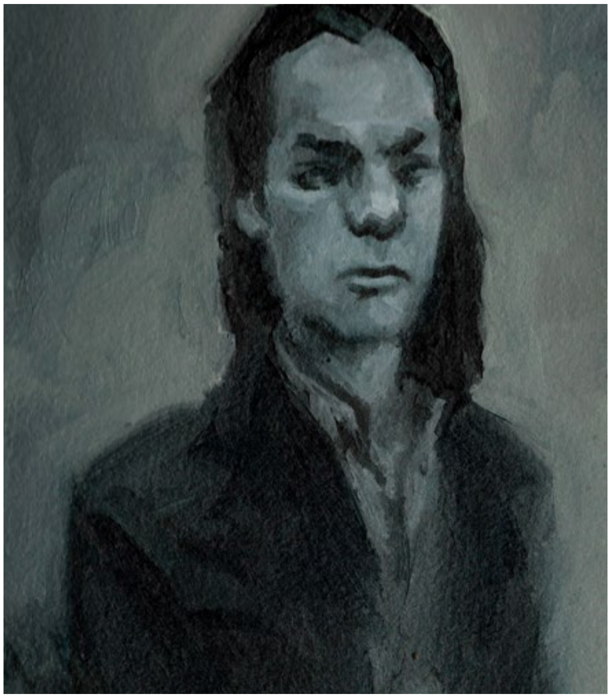
DESCENDANT OF MENELE

(BRUJAH CHARACTERS ONLY)

Menele has walked the Earth since his breathing days as a philosopher-king in ancient Greece. His insatiable lust for enlightenment led him first to India, then to Carthage, a utopia purportedly built on the ideal of peaceful coexistence between Kindred and kine. A utopia reduced to ash by the treachery of Helena.

Apoplectic with rage, Menele razed Helena's beloved Pompeii to a cinder, lighting the spark of their unending rivalry. Helena and Menele fought across the ages until they beat themselves into mutual torpor near present-day Chicago. Menele was on the verge of renewing his ancient grudge with Helena when he was called east by the Beckoning, freeing his childer from his vice-like mental grip.

Many of Menele's descendants inherited his passion for philosophy, enlightenment, and greater ideals, while others became fearsome warriors selected for their ability to defend Menele from Helena's agents. Both were needed to realize Menele's weary dream of founding a new Carthage based on ancient Brujah ideals. Now, Menele's descendants are free to choose their destiny for the first time in millennia. The question is: What will they do with it?



LORE

• Symposium: Menele always liked a good argument and sired many childer after debating the mysteries of life for evenings on end. All of your Persuasion rolls have their difficulty reduced by one.

•• Carthago Delenda Est: Menele maintained an elaborate network of spies, informants, and retainers. His network fragmented upon his destruction, but you managed to claim a portion of it for your own. You have three dots to split between Retainers, Influence, Allies, and Resources, with the absolute certainty that Helena and her agents will attempt to take them from you.

••• Know Thyself: Menele believed the Brujah needed to return to their roots as thinkers and positive agents of change. You are trained to resist the pull of your Brujah fury. Once per session, you can spend a Willpower point to re-roll a frenzy brought about by your Brujah clan bane.

•••• Knowledge is Power: Menele was impossibly old and held many secrets about the Kindred of Chicago and beyond. You were steward of those secrets before. The Beckoning drew him away. Once per story, you may request a single secret from the Storyteller about a clan or Kindred in Chicago or similar domain that felt Menele's influence (Storyteller's discretion).

••••• The Greater Mysteries: Menele spent years learning the meditative practices necessary to perceive the astral plane in his quest for spiritual perfection. You inherited a portion of his ability and remain fully cognizant of your surroundings during your daily slumber. Reduce the difficulty of all Rouse checks to awaken during the day by two.

You also have the ability to perceive fractured glimpses of events to come that may affect your character while you slumber. Once per session, you may roll Resolve + Occult to interpret your nightly visions. Each success brings the vision into greater focus and the Storyteller may offer you one cryptic hint or fact relevant to your character.

GOBLIN ROADS

Travelling between Chicago and Milwaukee is perilous in the extreme. Lupines infest the roads and towns that connect the great cities and far stranger things inhabit the eerie wetlands, forests, and quiet spots between. The safest way to avoid these perils is to navigate the "Weird," a collection of lonely roads, switchbacks, and roadside alters that tortuously thread their way between "oasis" of spiritually unnerving ground repulsive to Lupines. Dubbed "Goblin Roads" by local Kindred, Prince Decker of Milwaukee and Elder Inyanga of Chicago organized a group of intrepid Gangrel known as the "Psychopomps" to ferry Kindred between their cities.

Unusual on the best of nights, the Psychopomps know the secrets of the Goblin Roads and have a unique sense of the Weird that surrounds and infuses them. They perceive the Weird's presence constantly, always feeling its eyes in the darkness, never deviating from their well-marked paths. Passage along the Goblin Roads is a lonely and terrifying experience as the Psychopomp leapfrogs from oasis to oasis, offering sacrifices of blood, alcohol, or prayer to forces unknown. Many Psychopomps go mad, wandering off the road and vanishing forever. Others simply disappear. But none have abandoned their charges mid-journey, always dropping their passengers off at their destination before vanishing back into the Weird to begin their journey anew.

Kindred seeking passage between the two great cities have only to call upon Prince Decker or his newly-minted counterpart Rosa Hernandez. Survival is never guaranteed, but few things truly are.

LORE

• Night Rider: You are a frequent passenger on the Goblin Roads and have become accustomed to their nature. Your knowledge grants you an additional two dice to all Survival tests related to surviving the Goblin Roads if you become isolated in the Weird.

•• Summon the Ferryman: You have arranged passage on the Goblin Roads with Prince Decker, Rosa Hernandez, or one of their Psychopomps. The price of this arrangement can take the form of cash, a minor boon, or something else entirely (Storyteller's discretion). Once per story, you can enlist a Psychopomp to ferry yourself and your coterie between Chicago and Milwaukee.

••• Psychopomp: You are a Psychopomp and travel the Goblin Roads at will. This journey requires 24 hours preparation to attune yourself to the proper rites and sacrifices necessary for safe passage and you gain two-dots of Status reflecting your occupation.

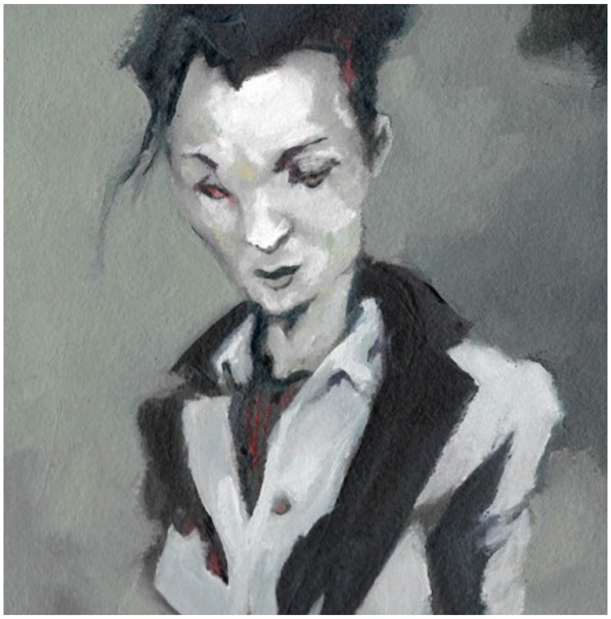
•••• Weird Ally: You led an expedition into the Weird or were separated from your Psychopomp for a protracted period of time. During that time, you encountered and formed a pact or alliance with a supernatural denizen of the Weird. This creature is unusual at the best of times, but will come when called. You gain a four-dot Ally that is a werewolf, mage, wraith, changeling, or something stranger still (see **Vampire: The Masquerade** p. 376 and p. 377 or the Storyteller creates the monster). Once per game, your Ally will come to your aid within 10 hours of your summons.

••••• One with the Weird: You spent many nights looking into the Weird, and one evening, it looked back. You have unraveled one of the deeper mysteries of the Weird. It might be the hidden nature of the Goblin Roads oasis, the true name of a powerful spirit, a potent ritual, the dark secret of a mist-shrouded town, or the location of an artifact of great power. Work with the Storyteller to define the exact nature of your secret, but remember, the Weird does not reveal its secrets casually and there **will** be a price.

JUSTICAR LUCINDE

Lucinde is one of the most formidable members of Clan Ventrue, advancing from Archon, to Alastor, to Justicar. Her role as the first Alastor, or hunter of Kindred declared Anathema by the Camarilla, led to the creation of the Camarilla's infamous "Red List" of most wanted Kindred. As Alastor, Lucinde and her fellow Archon's routinely went deep undercover to stalk their prey, a practice she maintains in her present role as Justicar. Named "Justicar for Unlife" in recent years, Lucinde and her agents have vanished once again into the dark underbelly of vampire society to stalk all who would challenge the Camarilla.

Lucinde's Archons and other agents frequently visit Chicago while prosecuting their duties. You might have worked directly with these agents, or even Lucinde herself at some point in her long career. You may even be an Archon or Alastor in Lucinde's employ. Whatever the case, you stood in Lucinde's shadow and were transformed by the experience.



LORE

• Snake Charmer: Lucinde bears a unique ire for members of the Ministry and knows them well. You gain one additional die for all Investigation rolls related to the Ministers.

•• Patient Hunter: Lucinde's investigation skills are legendary, skills she imparted to you. Once per story, you automatically succeed on one Investigation check related to a member of the Anathema or other Kindred who poses a threat to the day-to-day existence of the Camarilla. This success will not necessarily reveal the immediate location of said Kindred, but it will definitely point you in the right direction (Storyteller's discretion).

••• Legend Killer: You have destroyed, or participated in the destruction, of a member of the Red List. This fame (or notoriety) precedes you wherever you go and allows you to automatically succeed on one test per chronicle, where the tale of this event might be of assistance.

•••• Lucinde's Revenge: Lucinde has astonishing resistance to the effects of Presence. Formerly exclusive to her descendants, Lucinde has begun to instruct other Kindred in this supernatural resistance. Once per chronicle, Lucinde's Revenge renders you immune to a single use of Presence wielded against you as long as the vampire assailing you is of equal-to or lower generation. Vampires of a higher generation than you are unaffected by Lucinde's Revenge and can assail you regularly. Lucinde only teaches this ability to her Archons, Alastors, and chosen allies who have assisted in one of her hunts, or who have been of great service to the Camarilla.

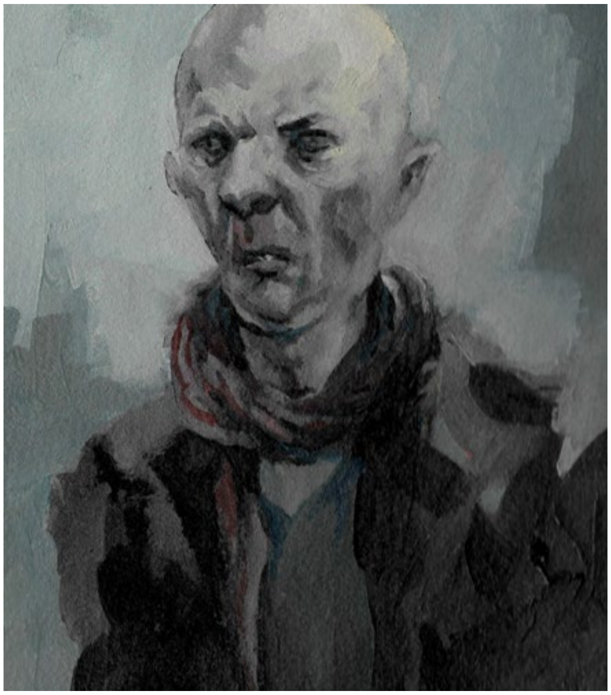
••••• Alastor: You have joined Lucinde as an Alastor and hunt Kindred on the "Red List." You operate under deep cover and enjoy immunity from prosecution by any Prince. You report solely to the Camarilla's Inner Circle and have a mystical mark on your right palm identifying you as an Alastor when revealing your rank and station becomes necessary.

You have a two-dot Mask and have been Zeroed. Additionally, you receive three additional dice to resist all attempts to uncover your identity. Should you reveal your identity, you gain the equivalent of four-dots of Status. You have also earned the undying enmity of all who oppose the Camarilla and are in turn hunted by an Anathema the Storyteller designates as your Adversary.

KHALID AL-RASHID

Ancient and powerful, Khalid was a well-respected member of Chicago's Primogen, and still is to those who believe Cedrick Calhoun's subterfuge. Khalid walked the earth for nearly a thousand years in continual battle against his Beast, always seeking, yet never achieving, Golconda. Khalid's quests led him to Chicago in search of a legendary Inconnu. What he found was a city firmly in the grip of an unending Jyhad between Helena and Menele. Taking to the shadows, Khalid managed to remain unbeholden to either Methuselah and managed to identify a circle of Kindred equally free from their influence. Digging deeper, he found something else entirely, and may well be in hiding, met the final death, or worse.

Khalid is your Primogen, Mawla, or even sire. You pity his inability to attain Golconda, but admire the fact that Khalid never, ever, quits.



LORE

• **Safe Haven:** Khalid's tutelage provides two dots to divide between the Haven Merits of Postern and Security System.

•• **Deadly Stroke:** Khalid was a master swordsman in life, and more so in death. You may have fought beside him during the War of Chicago, or studied at his feet as your Mawla. Either way, you learned well. Once per chronicle, you gain three dice to a single Melee test while using a sword.

••• **Khalid's Notebook:** Khalid recorded his suspicions about the eternal war between Helena and Menele in a notebook filled with coded pages. He tore out many pages of this notebook and secreted them about Chicago and beyond. You have acquired pages from this book and the secrets they contain. Once per story, you may ask the Storyteller for one secret Khalid would have access to about Helena, Menele, or the identity of one Kindred under (or formerly under, in the case of Menele) their control.

•••• **Wicked Garden:** You learned from Khalid or discover notes he left behind about strange entities living in Lake Michigan with oblique references to his sightings and suspicions about the creature known as Nerissa Blackwater. Once per story, this knowledge reduces the difficulty of all Investigation tests involving Nerissa Blackwater or the being she serves by four. Total Failure means Nerissa becomes aware of your inquiry.

••••• **Unbeholden:** Khalid knew about Helena and Menele and assembled a coterie of "wild card" Kindred free from their influence. You are not presently under the control or dominion of Helena, Menele, or a similarly ancient vampire. Once per chronicle, you automatically escape one attempt by an ancient to ensnare you in their Jyhad. Work with the Storyteller to determine exactly how this feat occurs, but you manage to retain your freedom, for now.

KINDRED DUELING

Formal duels between Kindred have taken many forms over the ages, halting only with the rise of the Camarilla and its formal proscriptions against them. Since that time, duels have gone underground were largely confined to the domains of Anarchs, the Sabbat, secretive dueling societies, and cities with permissive princes like Milwaukee. Ancient duels known as "Trials of Death" were fought with strength and fang, two Kindred draining one another until one succumbs to desiccation or destruction. Contemporary duels employ swords, guns, stakes, or even flaming brands. Whatever the form, these turbulent nights have seen a resurgence in Kindred dueling — one that is unlikely to abate anytime soon.

LORE

• **Honorable Combatant:** You are familiar with the rules, strictures, and customs of Kindred Dueling. You gain +2 dice to all Etiquette tests related to Kindred Dueling.

•• **Fight Club:** You have established a flourishing Kindred dueling society in your domain. This society is a lucrative venture and excellent way for Kindred to settle their differences but is frowned upon by the Prince and/or Primogen of your domain. Gain three dots to distribute between Resources, Allies, or Contacts reflecting the profits and connections made through your society.

••• **Stake Fighter**: You honed your stake fighting skills to a razor's edge through years of Camarilla honor duels or Anarch street fights. You ignore the −2 penalty for called shots when attempting to stake another vampire.

•••• **Fire Eater:** Duels with torches and flaming brands are increasingly popular among young Kindred out to demonstrate their courage. They have even become a rite of passage for many Anarchs. These duels are fought with one or two torches around a blazing bonfire, each participant fighting until one succumbs to their wounds or the terrors of Rötschreck. Once per game, you can call upon your experience with fire duels, ignoring the regular provocation to terror frenzy provided by a bonfire. The difficulty to resist terror frenzy induced by being burned is also reduced by one for the scene.

••••• **Trials of Death:** You are a veteran of countless Trials of Death or learned at the feet of a true master. You only remove one die from your pool when making a bite attack. Opponents directing bite attacks against you remove three dice from their pools. The Beast is particularly strong in you during these trials and slakes its thirst with wild abandon. After a successful bite attack, your opponent increases their Hunger by two instead of one.

MALKAVIAN FAMILY

(MALKAVIAN CHARACTERS ONLY)

Being Embraced as a Malkavian in Chicago brings with it an almost instantaneous new family. Many of their number look upon one another as kin: Jason Newberry's sire considered him like her own son; Bronwyn and Corbin grew up like sisters in their mortal days.

While other clans allow their members their autonomy, Son wields his authority as Primogen to micromanage his clanmates' lives. He hosts mandatory group counselling sessions, which he leads. Attendees bare their souls at his behest, providing information the others could use against them. Son also requires the Malkavians under his control to share territories and havens, giving them little respite from one another. They know one another's weaknesses the way only a close-knit family can, and Jason Newberry positions himself as their domineering patriarch.

These ties have also caused some Malkavians in Chicago to form close bonds. Having many members of the clan in the same territory makes guarding it easier, and when one of their number puts out a call via the Web, chances are someone is close by to answer. Though Son has duped outsiders into thinking he's an upstanding member of Kindred society, his abuse of power within the clan gives its members someone to unite against, should the time come to get rid of him.

LORE

• Family Secrets: Attending Son's therapy sessions gives you glimpses into your clanmates' schemes and goals. As careful as most attendees are not to spill *everything*, over time the shapes of their plans come clear. Gain two dice on an Awareness or Insight roll involving another Malkavian.

•• Sibling Bond: You've grown extremely close to another member of your clan, someone who is like a favorite sibling to you. You share a two-dot Haven and a one-dot Herd, and once per story can call on this person for a significant favor. However, they will ask for your assistance in turn and may lay their burdens at your door.

••• Tangled Web: Your frequent contact with other Oracles has heightened your ability to sense and use the Cobweb. Once per story, you may extend your perceptions along it to locate a specific clan member in the city. You may either catch a short glimpse of where they are and who they're with, or deliver one short sentence ("Meet me at the Blue Velvet," "A Hound came looking for you.") into their mind.

•••• A Little Peace and Quiet: With Son constantly forcing you to share space and secrets with other Malkavians, you've had to carve out creative ways to get some alone time. Once per story, you may use an Auspex, Dominate, or Obfuscate power you haven't yet learned (at your current level or below) to hide in plain sight, escape a crowded area, or avoid detection.

••••• Favorite Childe: A respected elder member of the clan has taken a shine to you and appointed themselves your surrogate parent, your favorite aunt or uncle, or doting grandparent. They're intensely interested in helping you achieve your goals, possibly cloyingly so. Gain them as a five-dot Mawla. Once per story, this person will act as a buffer between you and Son, relieving you of whatever obligation the Primogen was attempting to impose.

OCCULT ARTIFACTS

(TREMERE AND BANU HAQIM ONLY)

The 21st century saw a great decline in the use of occult artifacts among the Kindred outside the chantries of Clan Tremere. As the Age of Reason flowered, the Age of Magic withered, and occult objects once prized among the Kindred were cast aside in favor of modern innovation.

The destruction wrought by the Second Inquisition, the Beckoning, and Tremere schism, combined with the Camarilla's edicts against technology have begun to reverse this trend. Many elders' havens are now abandoned, or in the hands of "trusted" ancillae. Entire Tremere chantries lay fallow, and prized artifacts from an older time lay forgotten in slumbering elders' collections, ripe for the taking.

You have gained access to, or knowledge of, one or more precious occult artifacts. These were likely entrusted to Nicolai for safekeeping in the Chicago Chantry or may be located elsewhere. Note that all are powerful in their own way and are likely sought by others, which can make them more trouble than they are worth. It is unlikely that more than one of these will be available to any given coterie.

LORE

• **Rowan Ring:** Rowan Rings are feared tools of assassination employed by elder members of the Banu Haqim or their trusted neonates. They appear to be simple wooden rings, though they are detectable as magical with Auspex or other occult means. After making a Rouse Check, the ring mystically sharpens and elongates into a wooden stake that can be used to make a stake attack (**Vampire: The Masquerade**, p. 221). The stake detaches after use and the ring falls off its wielder's finger. A simple thought transforms the stake back into a ring when not in use.

•• **Cloak of Abalone:** Woven by the Tremere as a powerful weapon against Toreador, the Cloak of Abalone is dull black, brown, or gray on the outside, but opens to reveal a lining that forms a scintillating shower of mesmerizing color. The wearer must make a Rouse Check to activate the cloak, after which the targeted Toreador is immediately treated as if they rolled a Bestial Failure and are afflicted as if their Toreador Obsession was in effect (**Vampire: The Masquerade**, p. 210). Note that the cloak only works on one target at a time, and there is seldom more than one cloak per Tremere Chantry.

••• **Powder of Rigidity:** This uncommon mixture of rare herbs, Gangrel blood, and wolfsbane is increasingly sought after in the wake of the War in Chicago and Clan Gangrel's defection from the Camarilla. Coming in long tubes, the concoction is hurled on the target in an opposed Dexterity + Athletics test. If the thrower succeeds, the tube shatters on the target and coats them in a viscous purple dust. As the magical effects take hold, the target, whether they be a user of Protean, Lupine, or other shape changer, loses all ability to change shape for the next four hours.

•••• **Monocle of Clarity:** Designed by the Tremere to detect Obfuscated spies, the Monocle of Clarity is a beautifully etched monocle set into a delicately filigreed gold and silver frame. The user makes a Rouse Check to activate and rolls Wits or Resolve + five dice against the Targets Wits + Obfuscate. Success pierces the targets Obfuscate. Total Failure pierces the veil between this world and the next, exposing the user to "things" best left unseen, inflicting one point of superficial Willpower damage.

••••• **Tapestry of Blood:** A rare and powerful artifact highly sought after by all. The Tapestry of Blood is a massive medieval tapestry said to have graced the halls of the Vienna Chantry before its transfer to Chicago. The user must make five Rouse Checks and spend a full evening contemplating the weave of the tapestry. As the first rays of dawn strike, the user makes a Wits or Resolve + Occult check with each success granting them greater clarity of vision. This vision can take almost any form, from glimpses of ancient civilizations to glimpses of the future. The only certainty is that the subject of each vision will directly relate to the fate of the user. Total Failure indicates the user saw something truly unsettling about their fate and immediately triggers a compulsion as detailed in the **Vampire: The Masquerade** core book.

THE PONY EXPRESS

The Pony Express was founded by an enterprising group of Ventrue ancillae in response to the Camarilla's abandonment of electronic communications in the aftermath of the Second Inquisition. Recognizing the need for a method of coordinating intercity communication across the sect, the group's founder, Elliot Praxton, assembled a group of like-minded Ventrue to found what Praxton deemed "The Pony Express."

The Express is a system of physical couriers that crisscross the nation using various modes of transportation ranging from muscle cars and unremarkable sedans, to boats, planes, and helicopters. Agents of the express in each city include Kindred and their ghouls who may be permanent fixtures of that domain, or move from city-to-city in a circuit. They operate a dizzying array of blind-letter drops, secret meets, and other anonymous forms of communication that they use to "collect the mail" in each domain. This mail ranges from heavily-encrypted flash drives to old-fashioned physical correspondence.

Express drivers are culled from the ranks of Gangrel loyal to the Camarilla and an ever-increasing pool of young Ventrue and other ambitious Kindred. Drivers brave the perils of the open road, handing off their packages to other drivers at pre-arranged drops or occasionally making long-hauls with particularly sensitive information. Anarchs, Lupines, and the Inquisition stand in their way, but they get the mail through, never taking the same route twice, and always covering their tracks. Working for the Express is dangerous on the best of nights, but it is vital to the Camarilla's survival and Praxton pays extremely well.

LORE

• **Access to the Network:** You have access to the Express and can send or receive a secure message or packet to or from any domain the Express operates in. The delivery will arrive within three nights to a week (Storytellers discretion).

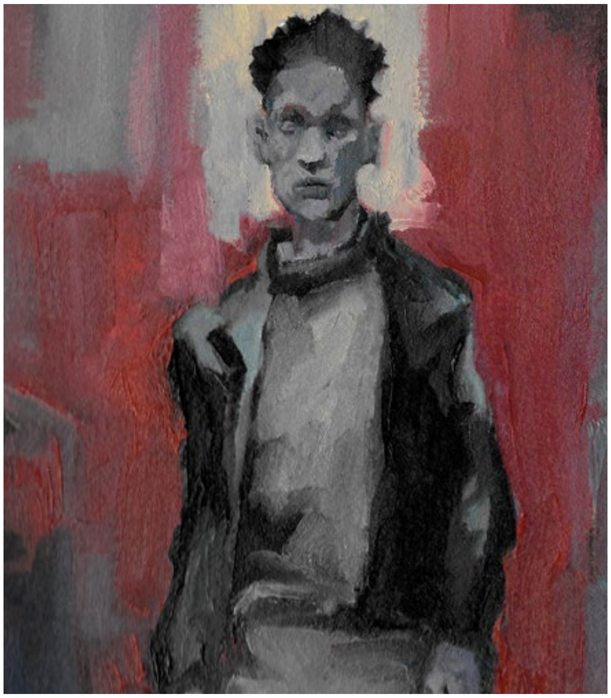
•• **Station Agent:** You collect the mail in your domain and facilitate the handoff to a driver. You have two-dots in Mask and are Zeroed. You also have access to the local Express station, a two-dot Haven with a one-dot Postern. It is owned by Paxton, but available to you while on official Express business. The obligation that comes with this Loresheet sees the vampire often chased or held accountable if expected deliveries do not make it to their recipients.

••• **Driver:** You are a driver for the Express, granting you access to a wide array of vehicles and bolt holes across the nation. You can acquire a vehicle appropriate to your journey's needs (Storytellers discretion) once per story. This is typically a car, truck, boat, small aircraft, or even motorcycle suitable to reach your destination. You also have access to the full Pony Express station network, representing a collection of two-dot Havens within one night's travel of each other. They are owned by Praxton, but available to all his agents and drivers in time of need.

•••• **World Tour:** Praxton recently took the Pony Express international, arranging secure stations at many of the world's major air and seaports and you are at the forefront of this new initiative. Once per story, your gain access to an international mode of travel specifically tailored to accommodate the unique needs of Kindred. This transportation is likely something fast and maneuverable like a Lear jet, or slow and clandestine like a birth on a faceless freighter. Two-dot Havens in the form of Express stations anchor each end of your journey.

••••• **Passenger Service:** Always the innovator, Praxton operates a clandestine passenger service for "special" clients. Once per story, you and your coterie obtain passage from your domain to any destination the Express operates in. (Storyteller's discretion).

SHERIFF DAMIEN



Damien never wanted to be Sheriff of Chicago, but now that he's accepted the position he takes it damned seriously. The Brujah was at his most content onstage as the lead singer of the punk band Baby Chorus. The War of Chicago tore that away from him, shattering his found family, sending the surviving band members on a long hiatus, and leaving him adrift. Damien's lack of allegiance to the likes of Annabelle, Ballard, and DuSable drew Prince Jackson to him. Who better to serve as Sheriff than someone who knew the city and its power players, but was beholden to none of them?

Before he assumed the mantle, Damien traveled the United States on an unofficial solo tour, playing Baby Chorus' music and his own in cities across the country. Doing so, he's made contacts from coast to coast in both Camarilla- and Anarch-controlled cities.

Tonight, Damien's loyalties lie with Prince Jackson and the recently reunited Baby Chorus. He keeps dossiers on Chicago's Kindred, and sends his Hounds after those who threaten the Prince's agenda. In addition to those enforcers he inherited when he took the job, Damien continues to build up the Hound roster with fierce fighters, should the Lasombra prove a problem or his former Anarch associates make a move.

Damien is canny and self-reliant. He carved out a living for himself as a teenager and cobbled a family together out of those he trusted. He did the same after his Embrace, running with the Nihilists. Tonight, he fiercely protects the people he's closest to. He's lost enough family over the years. Now that he's Sheriff, he intends to use that power to keep the ones who remain safe.

LORE

- **Fan Club:** You've been a Baby Chorus fan for decades. You've collected their albums and have boxes full of bootlegged tapes and CDs from their shows. Damien recognizes you as a frequent face in the front row, and other fans see you as an authority on the band, giving you two dots of Influence among other Baby Chorus devotees.

•• Patroller: Damien frequently taps you for patrol duty, sending you out among Chicago's feeding grounds to keep an eye on Kindred activity. Your reports are clear and concise, alerting the Sheriff to potential trouble well before it lands on his — or worse, Prince Jackson's — plate. Once per story, add three dice to an Insight, Intimidation, or Streetwise roll. While this position grants you some authority, others consider you a snitch.

••• Guest Artist: Though its current roster is fairly solid, Damien spent several years trying to resurrect Baby Chorus without Kathy Glens and the other surviving members. You played with the band in one or several of those interim incarnations, and Damien occasionally invites you to open for them, or play a set. Once per story, you may use Damien as a three-dot Contact in the entertainment world.

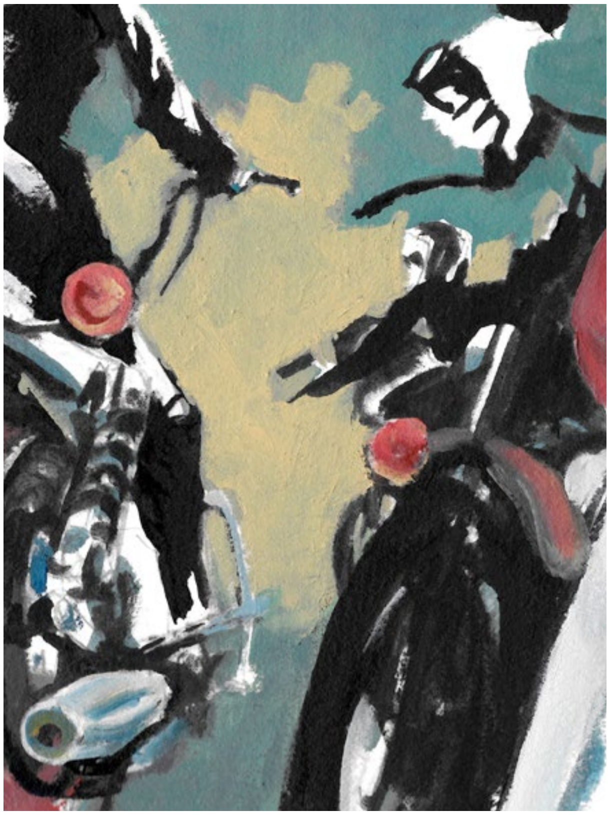
•••• Postcards From the Road: You've made a deep connection with Damien. Perhaps you've bonded over music, or had his back in a particularly ugly brawl. You have his respect, and Damien acts as your four-dot Mawla. Once per story, you may also ask him to put you in touch with one of his varying contacts around the country.

••••• Loyal Hound: Prince Jackson handed Damien a crew full of wannabe diplomat Hounds, but the Sheriff wants fighters and you've got a reputation for solving problems with your fists. Gain Contacts: Sheriff Damien (••••), Status: Camarilla (••). You may act with the Sheriff's authority on Kindred matters, and must respond when Damien requires your assistance.

THE WOLF PACK

Wind whips through their hair as the Wolf Pack stalks the lonely roads and cities of southern Illinois. They strike quickly, their presence marked by the roar of engines and wild laughter, leaving only vanishing pavement and broken Anarchs in their wake. The Wolf Pack has served the Camarilla for decades, rebels for a cause that reject their clan's abandonment of the Ivory Tower to bend rules and crack heads in service of the Traditions.

The Wolf Pack roams far and wide in their role as roving Archons, but are short a few members after the brutal War of Chicago against the Lupines. Maybe you met them on the open highway and rode with them a spell? Maybe they saw something in you and decided to make you a prospect? Whatever your interaction, it probably made you a little bit stronger, and a whole lot meaner.



LORE

• **Prospect:** Surviving Tyrus' "initiation" into the Wolf Pack requires a certain degree of resilience. Reduce the difficulty of all Survival rolls related to travel and outdoorsmanship by one.

•• **Member:** Rule one of joining the Wolf Pack is that you have to be able to ride. Your association with the Pack grants you a two-die bonus to all Drive tests while riding a motorcycle.

••• **White Line Nightmare:** The Wolf Pack lives frugally, but spares no expense on its bikes. Once per game, you can call on the Wolf Pack's contacts in the motorcycle community across the country to obtain immediate access to a custom motorcycle.

•••• **Dread Riders:** Your association with Anthius gives you access to a veritable army of Midwestern motorcycle gangs. Once per chronicle, you can call on Anthius' influence to assemble hundreds of Hell's Angels anywhere in the continental United States within three nights (although the first groups arrive within hours). These bikers provide you with a five-dot Ally group that can be roughly directed toward a single objective of your choosing. Be forewarned the potential for massive collateral damage and government involvement are high.

••••• **Gives no...:** Tyrus infuses you with a measure of his hard-headed, hard-hearted, and hard-riding personality. You never take anything from anybody and are willing to stare down Caine himself if he has the balls to challenge you. Once per session, you can ignore even the most formidable attempt to intimidate you. You become immune to any single attempt to intimidate, cow, or make you back down or retreat (mundane or supernatural). This ability disappears at the start of the next scene.

chapter seven

Blood Sorcery Rituals

> *"You can study much better in blissful solitude than with an entire chantry of apprentices whining about how you haven't fed them in a week."*
>
> — Abraham DuSable justifies the Tremere clan split to himself

The Tremere, Tzimisce, and Banu Haqim are always experimenting, always crafting, and always creating new rites of Blood Sorcery. Some are developed for unleashing on their enemies, others are designed for protection of the self or haven. Rituals might even find greater utilitarian use, for investigation, transportation of messages via discreet means, or swift transit of the body or blood of the practitioner.

The Rituals of Chicago

The Tremere have been refining their sorcerous craft for centuries and the Chicago chantry is no exception. Always the innovator, Nicolai and his chantry perfected a number of potent new Blood Sorcery rituals prior to his disappearance. These rituals are still available to the Tremere of Chicago and their chosen allies. They may also be available to Kindred who received instruction from Nicolai in the past, provided valuable services to the chantry, or took the liberty of "acquiring" them during the chaos of the recent Tremere schism. Players may select these rituals at character creation or during the chronicle at the Storyteller's discretion.

Level 2

Calling the Aura's Remnants

This ritual allows the caster to speak with the residual psychic aura of someone who has died.

- **Ingredients:** A human corpse or the corpse of a destroyed vampire.
- **Process:** The ritual must be cast within ten feet of a human corpse or the corpse of a destroyed vampire.
- **System:** A successful Ritual test allows the caster to speak with the animate reflection of the deceased for one scene as if they were still alive. This communication is not with the deceased spirit and only has access to the memories of the deceased up to the time of death. A Critical Win extends the duration of the speech to an entire evening.

Level 3

EYES OF THE PAST

This ritual shows what happened in the caster's present location at a specific time in the past up to five years ago.

- **Ingredients:** One drop of blood for each year the caster is trying to look backward in time (three or more drops requires a Rouse Check).
- **Process:** The caster selects the location for their ritual, cuts their hand, and allows the drops of blood to spill on the earth.
- **System:** A successful Ritual test allows the caster to see what happened in their present location at a specific time of their selection, up to five years ago. The caster can see what happened in the past as if they had been standing where they are now. Duration is one scene with clarity of vision determined by the number of successes scored. The vampire cannot recall the vision with any clarity after the scene elapses, meaning the Storyteller is not obligated to answer any questions about the vision after that time. A Critical Win permanently fixes the scene in their memory.

ILLUSION OF PEACEFUL DEATH

This ritual heals obvious wounds on a corpse, causing a body to appear as though it died a natural death.

- **Ingredients:** A white feather.
- **Process:** The caster must symbolically "dust" the body with a white feather.
- **System:** A successful Ritual test causes a corpse to appear as if it died a natural death. This ritual does not add blood to the corpse, but does reduce the chance that this blood loss will be discovered (increase difficulty of all rolls to determine cause of death by three). The body must have at least half its original blood for this ritual to succeed. A Critical Win increases the difficulty of all rolls to determine cause of death by five.

GENTLE MIND

This ritual fortifies the target's mind against frenzy.

- **Ingredients:** Crystal glass, Kindred vitae.
- **Process:** The caster shares blood with the target of the ritual while the caster whispers quietly into the target's ear, weaving a temporary cage around the target's beast.
- **System:** The caster must share a glass of blood with their target. A successful Ritual test grants the target a four-die bonus to resist frenzy for one scene. A Critical Win extends this duration to an evening. The caster must share blood with another and cannot cast this ritual upon themselves.

THE UNSEEN CHANGE

This ritual forces Lupines into their wolf form.

- **Ingredients:** Wolf blood, Kindred vitae, a silver jug.
- **Process:** The caster mixes Kindred vitae with wolf's blood and pours the mixture from a silver jug around a specific area. This can be as small as a meter or large enough to encircle a house.
- **System:** The caster makes three Rouse checks to summon the blood necessary for the ritual and marks out a closed area with a mixture of Kindred vitae and wolf's blood. A successful Ritual test forces all Lupines crossing the threshold defined by the caster to automatically transform into their Lupus form, unless they succeed on a contested Willpower test against the casters Intelligence + Blood Sorcery or the number of successes scored on the initial ritual roll (if year-long). The ritual dissipates at dawn unless the initial ritual roll is made at +2 to difficulty. If successful, the ritual lasts a year and a day. A Critical Win doubles the number of successes the Lupine needs on its roll to defeat the ritual. The Unseen Change forces the target Lupine into their form as a normal wolf, denying them the raw power of their dreaded half-wolf form.

Level 4

INNOCENCE OF THE CHILD'S HEART

Developed by Nicolai himself, this ritual allows the caster to conceal their Kindred aura from users of Auspex.

- **Ingredients:** A toy belonging to a mortal child.
- **Process:** The caster must acquire the toy of an innocent mortal child and use the ritual to mystically infuse it with the power of their Kindred vitae, drawing the child's innocence into their aura. The caster must then carry the toy on their person to mask themselves from the powers of Auspex.
- **System:** The caster makes a Rouse Check and makes their Ritual test. Upon success, the caster's aura is altered to a brilliant white, untainted by vampirism.

Auspex users employing Scry the Soul on the caster will perceive their aura as white until the effects of the ritual dissipate, unless they make a contested roll between their Intelligence + Auspex versus the caster's Intelligence + Blood Sorcery + four dice. The ritual lasts one night unless the ritual test is made at +2 to difficulty which extends it to a year and a day. A Critical Win doubles the ritual's duration. Note that there is no recorded instance of Nicolai sharing this ritual with his fellow Tremere and can only be learned by capturing Nicolai's notes or via other method of the Storyteller's determination.

RENDING THE SWEET EARTH

This ritual rends the earth to reveal a vampire concealed by Protean.

- **Ingredients:** A leather whip, Kindred vitae.
- **Process:** The caster locates the exact spot a user of Protean sank into the earth using Earth Meld. They then slit their palm, smearing vitae on the point of entry and repeatedly strike the ground with a leather whip.
- **System:** The caster makes a Rouse Check and a ritual test. Upon success, a 10-foot by 10-foot chasm opens, leading to the subterranean resting place of a vampire in an Earth Melded state. The ritual automatically awakens the target vampire if they are asleep, but will not do so if they are in torpor. A Critical Win opens the chasm without waking the target.

PROTEAN CURSE

This ritual transforms the target into a bat similar to the level four Protean ability. Metamorphosis.

- **Ingredients:** A vial of rabid vampire bat blood, Kindred vitae.
- **Process:** The target must drink a vial of blood from a rabid vampire bat, mixed with Kindred vitae.
- **System:** The caster makes a Rouse Check and mixes one Hunger worth of their blood with the blood of a rabid vampire bat and gives it to the target to drink. The ritual is cast, and upon a successful ritual roll vs. the target's Stamina + Occult roll, the target is transformed into a bat per the Metamorphosis ability of the Protean Discipline. The target may elect

to resist this transformation. If the target rolls more successes than the ritual's practitioner, they prevent the transformation, while their Dramatic Failure can leave them in a horrifically deformed, half-human, half-bat state. The ritual can be cast on both Kindred and humans and lasts for a full evening or until the caster dispels the ritual via a successful ritual test. The duration of Protean Curse can be extended by making a Rouse Check and a successful ritual roll at the beginning of each night the caster wants to maintain the ritual. A Critical Win for the practitioner doubles the duration of Protean Curse.

Rituals from the Milwaukee Chantry

The Tremere of Milwaukee were carefully selected for their sorcerous might and potential to penetrate the mysteries of the enigmatic "Null-Zone" surrounding Marquette University. Carna's schism and the disappearance of Victor and Dr. Mortius shortly thereafter left the chantry empty, but their rituals endure.

Level 3

SANGUINE WATCHER

This ritual forms a small rat out of Kindred vitae that goes wherever the caster instructs and observes whatever the caster desires.

- **Ingredients:** Kindred vitae, small quantities of alcohol, silver bowl.

- **Process:** The ritual is cast over the course of 20 minutes while the caster fills a silver bowl with vitae and measured doses of alcohol. A rat made of blood slowly forms as the caster stirs the mixture, becoming ever more solid until it scampers out of the bowl to serve its master.

- **System:** A successful Ritual test summons a rodent made of Kindred blood from the bowl that is bound to the caster and allows them to see through its eyes. The rat will go wherever the caster instructs it to go and observe whatever the caster tells it to look for. The rat can be instructed to steal small items, but the caster must be very explicit as to what they want stolen and where it is located. The rat remains in service until sunrise. A Critical Win allows the caster to provide the creature with extremely precise instructions.

BLADED HANDS

This ritual sharpens the caster's hands to a razor's edge.

- **Ingredients:** A pair of razor blades, two drops of Kindred vitae.

- **Process:** The caster places a razor blade in each palm, gripping them tightly as the ritual is cast. At the end of the ritual, they vanish into the caster's person, leaving a pair of supernaturally sharp hands in their wake.

- **System:** The caster must make a successful Ritual test and two Rouse Checks. Success grants the caster +2 damage on all Brawl attacks made with the caster's hands. The caster must be very careful about what they touch while employing Bladed Hands (+1 difficulty to all rolls to handle delicate objects). A Critical Win increases the damage to +3. The ritual lasts for a single evening.

ILLUSION OF PERFECTION

This ritual shrouds the caster in the illusion of a nondescript person that blends easily into crowds.

- **Ingredients:** A plain white mask.

- **Process:** The caster performs an hour-long ritual that concludes when they don a featureless white mask. A sweat of blood forms under the mask, spreading across the caster's body until they are coated in a ruby crust that mystically conceals their true identity. The mask itself slowly turns crimson until the ritual wears off.

- **System:** A successful Ritual test is required to activate this ritual. Upon success, the caster is cloaked in the illusion that they are an ordinary person in their mid-20s, with a nondescript face and average body similar to the Obfuscate ability Mask of a Thousand Faces. Illusion of Perfection can be pierced by the Auspex ability Sense the Unseen, with a contested Wits + Auspex vs. the successes scored on the ritual roll. Illusion of Perfection lasts one scene, but a Critical Win extends its duration to an entire evening.

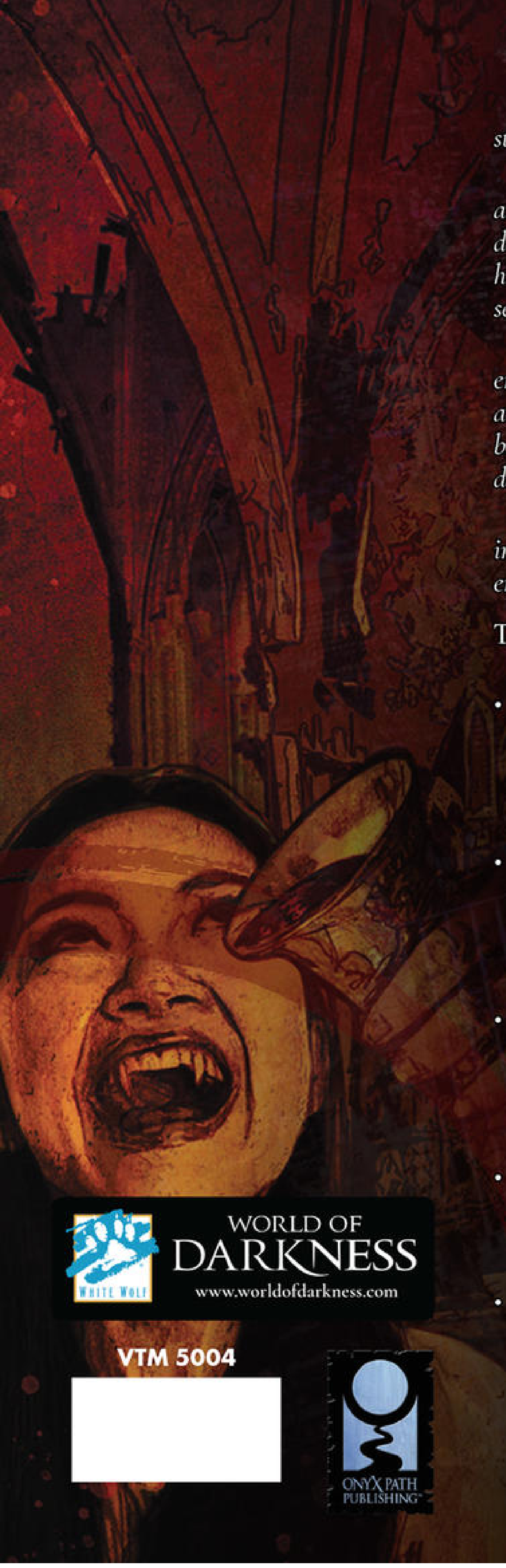
HAUNTED HOUSE

This ritual creates the illusion that a vampire's haven is haunted.

- **Ingredients:** Kindred vitae.

- **Process:** The caster places a drop of Kindred blood on all entrances and exits to the haven in addition to all exterior walls and the roof over the course of a three-hour ritual.

- **System:** The caster makes three Rouse Checks in addition to a Ritual test. Upon success, the haven assumes an ominous cast and rumors begin to circulate that the house in haunted. Casual passersby will avoid the house at all cost and even the most courageous mortals will think twice before entering. Mortals attempting to enter the haven must make a successful Composure + Resolve test against the number of successes the caster made on their ritual roll. Success indicates they can enter while failure bars their passage (although they can spend Willpower to enter temporarily). The effects of Haunted House last for 10 years, after which the haven appears strange and run down, but not "haunted." Dr. Mortius spent decades crafting this ritual with vampires of Clan Ravnos, inspiring Clan Tremere to forbid its use as a threat to the Masquerade (and their power), but knowledgeable Kindred may be willing to share it with others for a price.



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